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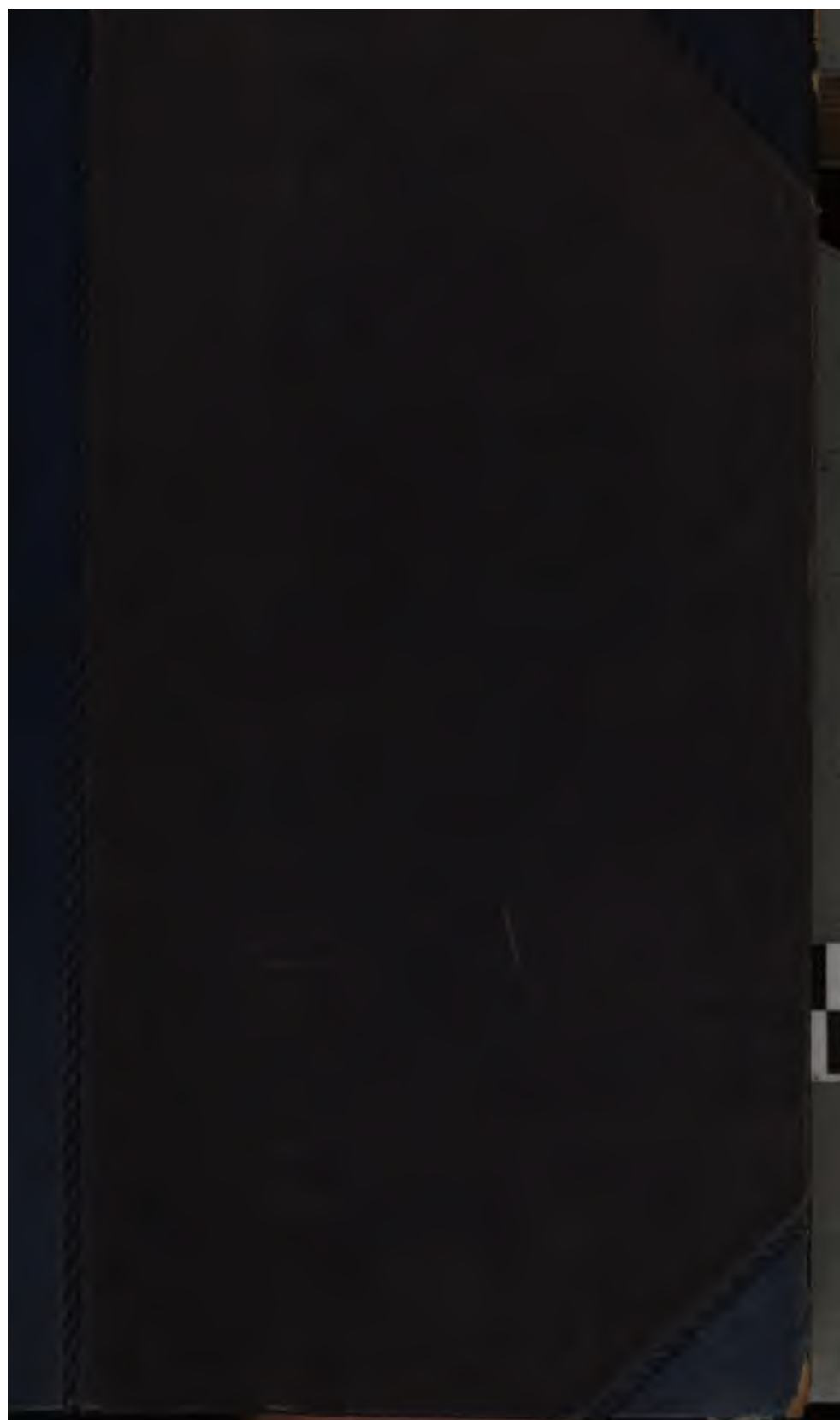
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1875

1876

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INTERESTING  
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,  
ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,  
AND  
POETICAL FRAGMENTS;  
TENDING  
TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE  
MORALITY.

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By MR. ADDISON.

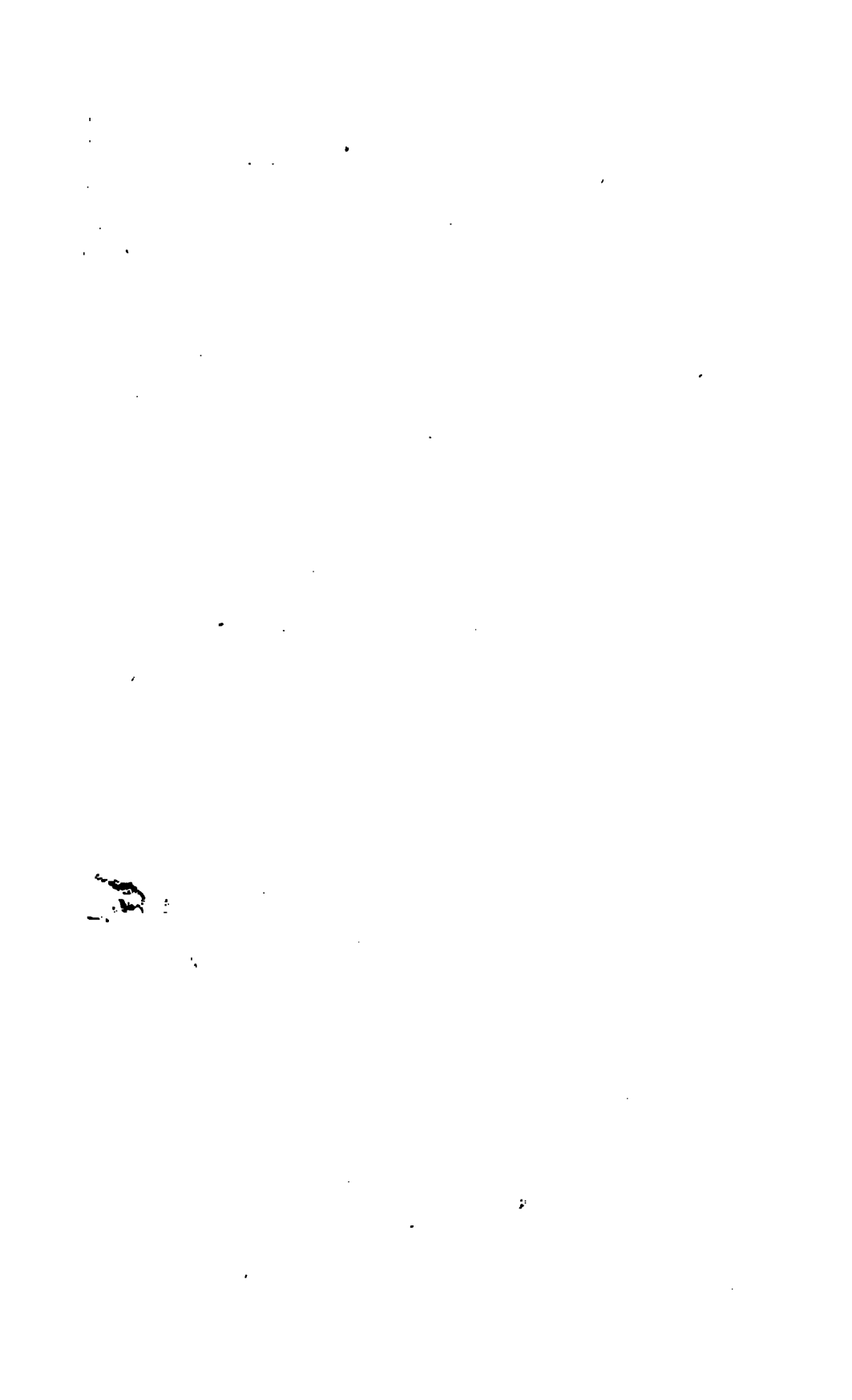
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London :  
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1795.



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A  
COLLECTION  
OF INTERESTING  
Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

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ANECDOTE  
OF THE  
*Bastard Son of RICHARD III.*

**I**N the walls of the ancient house of Sir Edward Dering, in the County of Kent, lately pulled down and rebuilt, a Latin manuscript was found, written by a bastard son of Richard III. not mentioned by any of our Historians. The occasion of its lodgment was as follows: This youth was privately educated in the Country, at a great expence, under the best masters in every science. The tuition answered the royal expectation. The night before the fatal battle of Bosworth Field, the King sent for him, and he was privately conducted

B

to

to his tent. The attendants being dismissed, he declared to him the grand secret—that he was his father, and presenting him with Fifteen hundred pounds (a large sum in those days) said, “Son, thou must wait the issue of to-morrow: if fortunate, I will acknowledge thee, and create thee Prince of Wales: if the battle goes against me, and I fall, forget what thou art and live retired: there is that (the money given) which will procure a maintenance.” The Son withdrew to a place of secrecy and observation. The fatal day came: the battle ensued; Richard fell: his son immediately set off for the capital, and, being about sixteen years of age, placed himself with a mason of great eminence. The gracefulness of his person and behaviour, bespoke that parentage, which, however, he had the art and address carefully to disguise and conceal. The master quickly discovered the genius of his apprentice, whose skill and judgment he relied upon in the nicest and most difficult parts of architecture. Being engaged in some alterations and repairs in this ancient house, Richard’s son was sent down to superintend the workmen, where his wit, not less than his ingenuity, was so engaging, that the owner of the seat retained him, and permitted him to build on his estate a little mansion to reside upon. He lived some years in this retirement, devoted to reading and contemplation, in  
great

great repute for his learning, piety and modesty; and during that period he wrote his life. At the approach of Death, he gave the manuscript to his patron, with a request not to read it till after his decease. He recovered, but soon after died; and the aforesaid manuscript (inclosed, as it is supposed, by his friend within the wall) was not known or discovered till so lately as 1768. It is now in the possession of the family of the Derings, to whom the lovers of history, and the public in general, would be greatly obliged for the publication.

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#### AN ANECDOTE OF A JUDGE.

**L**ORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT, who was very wild in his youth, was once out with some of his raking companions on a journey into the country. They had spent all their money; and, after many consultations what to do, it was resolved that they should part company, and try their fortunes separately. Holt got to an inn at the end of a straggling village; and, putting a good face on the matter, ordered his horse to be well taken care of, called for a room, bespoke a supper, and looked after his bed. He then strolled into the kitchen, where he saw a lass, about thirteen years of age, shivering with an ague. He enquired of his landlady, a widow, who the girl was, and how long



she had been ill. The good woman told him that she was her daughter, an only child, and that she had been ill near a year, notwithstanding all the assistance she could procure from physic, at an expence which had almost ruined her. Holt shook his head at the mention of the doctors, and bade the parent be under no farther concern, for that her daughter should never have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words in the court hand, on a scrap of parchment which had been used as the direction to a hamper; and rolling it up, ordered it to be bound on the girl's wrist, and remain there till she was quite recovered. The ague however, returned no more; and Holt, after having continued there a whole week, called for his bill with as much courage as if his pockets had been filled with gold. "Ah, God blefs you!" said the old woman, "you are nothing in my debt, I am sure; I wish I was able to pay you for the cure you have performed on my daughter; and, if I had had the happiness to have seen you ten months ago, it would have saved me forty pounds in my pocket." Holt after some altercation, accepted of his weeks accommodation as a gratuity, and rode away.

Many years afterwards, when he had become one of the judges of the King's Bench, he went on a circuit into the same county; and, among  
other

other criminals whom he was appointed to try, there was an old woman charged with witchcraft. To support this charge, several witnesses swore that she had a spell, with which she could either cure such cattle as were sick, or destroy those that were in health. In the use of this spell, they said, she had been lately detected, and, it having been found upon her, was ready to be produced in court. The judge then desired it might be handed up to him; when it appeared to be a dirty ball, covered with rags, and bound round with packthread. These coverings he removed, one after another, with great deliberation; and at last came to a piece of parchment, which he immediately perceived to be the same he had once used as an expedient to supply his want of money. At the recollection of this incident, he changed colour, and was silent for some time. At length, however, recovering himself, he addressed the jury in the following manner. "Gentlemen, I must now relate a circumstance of my life, which very ill suits my present character, and the station in which I sit: but, to conceal it, would be to endanger innocence, and to countenance superstition. This bauble which you suppose to have the power of life and death, is a senseless scrawl which I wrote with my own hand, and gave to this woman, whom, for no other cause they accuse

as guilty of witchcraft." He then related the particular circumstances of the transactions, which had such an effect on the minds of her accusers, that they blushed at their folly and cruelty of their zeal: and Judge Holt's quondam hostess was the last person ever tried for witchcraft in that county.

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*Life sufficient to all Purposes,*

IF WELL EMPLOYED.

**A**N ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "that its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom;

custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor, we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares — in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal it may reasonably be expected, that we shou'd be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable, that either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expences, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together.

gether. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of

the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps thro' intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary, that whenever that time is afforded, it will be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion, till the new acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of enquiry, but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity, than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities,

ibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this, it has probably proceeded, that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of *Erasmus* was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferments: hopes which always flattered, and always deceived him; he yet found means by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another, in the same condition, would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age. He joined to his knowledge of the world, such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank



of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained, he sufficiently discovers by informing us, that the *Praise of Folly*, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on his road to *Italy*; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*, lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An *Italian* philosopher expressed in his motto, that *time was his estate*; an estate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for shew rather than for use.

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## AN E C D O T E

OF A

### ROYAL VISIT TO BRISTOL,

IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK, the nominal King, consort to Queen Anne, in passing through this city, appeared on the Exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer,

officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as perhaps they might not be prepared to ask such a guest to their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him; for a person, whose name was J. Duddleston, a bodice maker, who lived at or near where Mr. J. R. Lucas now lives, in Corn Street, went up and asked him if he was not the husband of the Queen, ~~who~~ informed him he was. J. Duddleston told him, he had observed, with a good deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner, telling him he did not apprehend it was for want of love to the Queen or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man; but he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn and requested him to go and dine with him, and bring the gentleman along with him, informing him, that he had a piece of good beef and a plumpudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing.

The Prince ~~admired~~ the loyalty of the man; and, though he had bespoke a dinner at the White-Lion, went with him; and when they got to the house, Duddleston called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down stairs; for the Queen's husband and another gentleman

Woman were come to dine with them. She accordingly came down, with a clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the Prince. In course of the dinner, the Prince asked him if he ever went to London? He said, that since the ladies had worn stays instead of bodicies, he sometimes went to buy whalebone; whereupon the Prince desired him to take his wife with him when he went again, at the same time giving him a card to facilitate his introduction to him at Court.

In the course of a little time he took his wife behind him to London, and with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance to the Prince and by him they were introduced to the Queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informing them that they must have new cloaths for the occasion, allowing them to chuse for themselves: So they each chose purple velvet, such as the Prince had on, which was accordingly provided for them; and in that dress they were introduced by the Queen herself as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol, who had invited the Prince her husband to their house; and after the entertainment the Queen desiring him to kneel down, laid a sword on his head, and, to use Lady Duddelstone's own words, said to him, "*Ston up Sir Jan.*" He was offered money or a place under

under Government: But he did not chuse to accept of either, informing the Queen, that he had fifty pounds out at use, and he apprehended, that the number of people he saw about her must be very expensive. The Queen, however made Lady Duddelstone a present of her gold watch from her side, which my Lady considered as no small ornament, when she went to market, suspended over a blue apron.

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## THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

**H**OW long, ye miserable blind,  
 Shall idle dreams engage your mind;  
 How long the passions make their flight  
 At empty shadows of delight?  
 No more in paths of error stray,  
 The Lord thy Jesus is the way,  
 The spring of happiness, and where  
 Should men seek happiness but there?  
 Then run to meet him at your need,  
 Run with boldness, run with speed,  
 For he forsook his own abode  
 To meet thee more than half the road.  
 He laid aside his radiant crown,  
 And love for mankind brought him down

To

To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,  
 To wounds, to death itself below;  
 And he, that suffer'd these alone  
 For all the world, despises none.  
 To bid the soul that's sick be clean  
 To bring the lost to life again;  
 To comfort those that grieve for ill,  
 Is his peculiar goodness still  
 And, as the thoughts of parents run  
 Upon a dear and only son,  
 So kind a love his mercies show,  
 So kind and more extremely so.  
 Thrice happy men, (or find a phrase  
 That speaks your bliss with greater praise)  
 Who most obedient to thy call,  
 Leaving pleasure, leaving all,  
 With heart, with soul, with strength incline,  
 O sweetest Jesu! to be thine.  
 Who know thy will, observe thy ways,  
 And in thy service spend their days:  
 Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,  
 But brings them closer still to thee.



*A N E C D O T E.*

**A**BOUT eleven years ago a subaltern of the regiment of the Prince of Nassau Weilbourg, was impeached with a crime of great atrocity. He asserted his innocence with a firmness and composure which none but the guiltless can assume: however a Court Martial was demanded, and after a fair and impartial trial, he was convicted, and condemned to suffer death.

He was two and twenty years of age, brave, sincere, engaging in his manners, and handsome in his person; had lived beloved by his brother officers, and respected by the whole corps. The regiment at this time lay at Nimeguen; all ranks were interested in the fate of the young man, both on his own account, and that of his family. He had an only sister, who loved him with all the tenderness which the ties of consanguinity and the warmth of affection, peculiar to her age, could inspire.

Distracted with sorrow on hearing the fatal news, she rushed forth into the streets, her hair hanging loose on her shoulders, and regardless of the delicacy of her sex, bewailed the loss of her beloved brother, with all the horror of the most frantic woe. It was a sight too much for humanity: the hearts of

all were touched with pity. Unknowing what she did or whither she went, she approached the parade in an agony of grief; the evolutions of the troops were, for a moment, suspended; the eyes of the officers were suffused with tears, and compassion appeared in the looks of the soldiery.

She then turned towards the prison, and with an eager voice, demanded to see her brother. The guards, without any interruption, suffered her to pass; but what language can express the grief and despair of two such hearts! The remembrance of their former happiness opposed to their present misery, overwhelmed their spirits and they sunk motionless in each other's arms: they were with difficulty restored to life, but not to tranquillity, for their recovery was only a renewal of their sorrow.

It was necessary to have the sentence of the Court Martial confirmed by the Prince of Orange. The unhappy sister flew to the Hague, and threw herself at the prince's feet: a woman young and beautiful, is always eloquent; but her tears and sobs would only allow hers, in broken accents to beseech the prince to save her brother's life and honour. She defended his innocence, and in terms the most pathetic, pleaded, that a soul which always delighted

delighted in virtue, could never be guilty of the crime with which he was accused. The whole court were moved at the mournful scene.

The Prince, himself a young man, and of sentiments congenial with the feelings of youth, was melted into tenderness. His tears flowed with those of the disconsolate girl. He soothed—he comforted her, and promised all the aid which the circumstances of the case would admit.

But it was found there was no alternative. The presumptive proof was strong. The rigour of the law demanded a sacrifice, and the sentence of the Court Martial was put in execution.

The passions of the people, interested by so singular an event had scarce subsided, when all their sympathy and concern were again awakened by a full discovery of the affair.

The real delinquent, pierced by the enormity of his guilt, aggravated by the desolation into which he had plunged an innocent and respectable family, made a full confession of the crime,—which, from a fatal concurrence of circumstances, that sometimes happen in human affairs, was laid to the charge of the amiable youth who had suffered.

We



We shall draw a veil over the accumulated distresses of this young man's family. His sister, exhausted with grief and watching, survived his cruel fate but a very short time; and her last request was, that she might be buried in the same untimely grave with her unfortunate brother.

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## S P R I N G.

**W**HAT astonishing variety of artifices, what innumerable millions of exquisite works, is the God of nature engaged in every moment! How gloriously are his all pervading wisdom and power employed in this useful season of the year; this Spring of Nature! what infinite myriads of vegetable beings is he forming this very moment, in their roots and branches, in their leaves and blossoms, their seeds and fruit. Some, indeed, begun to discover their bloom amidst the snows of January, or under the rough cold blast of March; those flowers are withered and vanished in April, and their seeds are now ripening to perfection. Others are shewing themselves this day in all their blooming pride and beauty; and while they adorn the gardens and meadows with gay and glowing colours, they promise their fruits in the day of harvest. The whole nation of vegetables is under the  
Diving

Divine care and culture; his hand forms them day and night with admirable skill and unceasing operation, according to the natures he first gave them, and produces their buds and foliage, their flowery blossoms, and rich fruits, in their appointed months. Their progress in life is exceeding swift at this season of the year; and their successive appearances, and sweet changes of raiment, are visible almost hourly.

But these creatures are of lower life, and give but feeblér displays of the Maker's wisdom. Let us raise our contemplations another story, and survey a nobler theatre of Divine wonders. What endless armies of animals is the hand of God moulding and figuring this very moment, throughout his brutal dominions!—What immense flights of little birds are now fermenting in the egg, heaving and growing towards shape and life! What vast flocks of four footed creatures, what droves of large cattle, are now framed in their early embryos, imprisoned in the dark cells of nature! And others, perhaps, are moving towards liberty, and just preparing to see the light. What unknown myriads of insects, in their various cradles, and nesting places, are now working towards vitality and motion! And thousands of them with their painted wings just beginning to unfurl,  
and

and expand themselves into fluttering and day light; while other families of them have forsaken their husky beds, and exult and glitter in the warm sun beams! An exquisite world of wonders is complicated even in the body of every little insect, an ant, a gnat, a mite, that is scarce visible to the naked eye. Admirable engines! which a whole academy of philosophers could never contrive; which the nation of poets hath neither art nor colours to describe; nor has a world of mechanics skill enough to frame the plainest or coarsest of them. Their nerves, and muscles, and the minute atoms which compose the fluids fit to run in the little channels of their veins, escape the notice of the most sagacious mathematician, with all his aid of glasses. The active powers and curiosity of human nature are limited in their pursuit, and must be content and lie down in ignorance.

It is a sublime and constant triumph over all the intellectual powers of man, which the great God maintains every moment in these inimitable works of nature, in these impenetrable recesses and mysteries of Divine art! The flags and banners of Almighty wisdom are now displayed round half the globe, and the other half waits the return of the sun to spread the same triumph over the southern world. The very sun in the firmament is  
 God's

God's prime minister in this wondrous world of Beings, and he works with sovereign vigour on the surface of the earth, and spreads his influences deep under the clods to every root and fibre, moulding them into their proper forms, by Divine direction. There is not a plant, nor a leaf, nor one little branching thread, above or beneath the ground, that escapes the eye or influence of this benevolent star: an illustrious emblem of the Omnipotence and universal activity of the Creator.

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## On the INTENTION

OF

### *LIGHT and DARKNESS.*

**L**IGHT is intended by our Maker for action, and darkness for rest. In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present a shopkeeper is scarce awake at seven. The King of France dined at eight in the morning; and retired to his bed-chamber at the same hour in the evening; an early hour at present for public amusements.

The Spaniards adhere to ancient custom; for manners and fashions seldom change where women are locked up. Their King, to this day, dines precisely at noon, and sups no less precisely at nine in the evening.

During

During the reign of Henry VIII. fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility, gentry, and students dined at eleven in the morning, and supped between five and six in the afternoon. In the reign of Charles II. four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting plays. At present, even dinner is at a later hour.

The King of Yeman, the greatest prince in Arabia Felix, dines at nine in the morning, sups at five in the afternoon, and goes to rest at eleven.

From this short specimen it appears, that the occupations of day-light commence gradually later and later, as if there were a tendency, in polite nations, of converting night into day, and day into night.

Nothing happens without a cause. Light disposes to action, darkness to rest. The diversions of day are tournaments, tennis, hunting, racing, and other active exercises. The diversions of night are sedentary; plays, cards, and conversation. Balls are of a mixed nature, partly active in dancing, partly sedentary in conversing. Formerly active exercises prevailed among a robust and plain people. The milder pleasures of society prevail as manners refine. Hence it is, that candle-light

candle-light amusements are now fashionable in France, and in other polished countries; and when such amusements are much relished, they banish the robust exercises of the field. Balls, perhaps, were formerly more frequent in day-light. At present, candle-light is the favourable time. The active part is, at that time, equally agreeable, and the sedentary part, more so.

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*Thoughts on the Grave of a Child:*

By a FATHER.

**H**ERE, here she lies! Oh! could I once more  
view

Those dear remains; take one more fond adieu;  
Weep o'er that face of innocence, or save  
One darling feature, from the noisome grave!  
Vain wish!—now low in earth that form of love  
Decays, unseen, yet not forgot above.  
In angel light array'd, beyond the stars,  
Some more exalted form her spirit wears;  
The work of God, that beauteous clay, which here  
In infant charms so lovely could appear,  
As tho' in nature's nicest model cast,  
Exactly polish'd, wrought too fine to last—

By

By the same pow'rful hand again shall rise,  
 To bloom more gay, more lovely in the skies.  
 No sickness there can the pure frame annoy,  
 Nor death presume God's image to destroy.  
 Those seats of pleasure, not a tear shall stain,  
 In them not ev'n a wish shall glow in vain.  
 That active mind, intent on trifles here,  
 Enlarges now to objects worth its care;  
 Looks down with scorn upon the toys below,  
 And burns, with transport, better worlds to know,  
 Where scenes of glory open to her sight,  
 And new improvements furnish new delight;  
 Where friendly angels, for her guidance giv'n,  
 Lead her, admiring, thro' the courts of heav'n.

No wonder then her course so swiftly run,  
 Like the young eaglet, tow'ring to the sun.  
 Wing'd for eternal bliss, and plum'd for day,  
 Her soul, enraptur'd, made such haste away,  
 Impatient to regain its native shore,  
 Just smil'd at folly, and look'd back no more.  
 That winning nature, and obliging mien,  
 Pleas'd to see all, by all with pleasure seen,  
 Smiling and sweet as vernal flow'rs new blown,  
 Associates now with tempers like her own.

Her love to me (how artless and sincere!)  
 Rises from earth to heav'n, and centers there.

So

So pure a flame, heaven's gracious Sire will own,  
And with paternal love indulgent crown.

Cease, then, frail nature, to lament in vain,  
Reason forbids to wish her back again;  
Rather congratulate her happier fate,  
And new advancement to a better state.  
This blessing quick recall'd, can Heav'n bestow,  
No more in pity to a father's woe?  
Know the same God, who gave, hath tak'n away,  
He orders her to go, and thee to stay.  
Tho' in this vale of misery, alone,  
Deserted, weary, thou should'st travel on,  
Still be resign'd, my soul! his will be done. }

Escap'd from life, and all its train of ills,  
Which, ah! too sure, the hoary pilgrim feels,  
To shorter trial doom'd, and lighter toil,  
Ere sin could tempt her, or the world defile.  
She, favour'd innocent, retires to rest,  
Tastes but the cup of sorrow, and is blest.

Such the mild Saviour to his arms receives,  
And the full blessings of his kingdom gives.  
There angels wait, submissive, round his throne,  
To praise his goodness in these infants shewn.  
Amidst that gentle throng, how heav'nly bright  
Distinguish'd Lucy shines, fair star of light!

Short,



Short, yet how pleasing, was her visit here,  
 She's now remov'd to grace a nobler sphere,  
 There, while thy much lov'd parents mourn below,  
 Thou, happy child! shall not our sorrows know.  
 Eternal joys be thine, full anthems raise,  
 And glad all heav'n with thy Creator's praise.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

*Henry Plantagenet,*

DUKE OF LANCASTER.

THE Battle of Tarifa had raised the reputation of Don Alonzo XI. to such a pitch throughout Christendom, that Henry Plantagenet, duke of Lancaster, earl of Derby, Lincoln and Leicester, great grandson to Henry the III. and Grandfather to Henry IV. commanding at this time, the English forces in Guienne, obtained leave from Edward III. to serve a campaign under Don Alonzo, in the siege of Algeziras; of his acts of Chivalry the chronicle makes particular mention. An Anecdote which reflects honour on the English in general, a nation famous for heroic virtue, and noble deeds of arms, and on the august descendants

ants of this brave prince, whose valour and martial spirit brought him so many leagues to serve in the dangerous siege of a Town, defended by 30,000 men, and covered by the whole power of Granada, in a camp sickly and wanting necessaries.

On his arrival in Spain, being informed that a Battle was daily expected to be fought between the Christians and the united troops of the Benemarines and the King of Granada, he hastened his march, and made such diligence, that, when he arrived in Seville, only the Earl of Salisbury, and four of his knights, had been able to follow him. They were honourably received by the English factory, and lodged at their House.

Henry brought with him several companies of Horse, and was received by Don Alonzo XI. with all the marks of esteem due to his high Birth.—He soon signalized his valour, in an action, wherein the impetuosity of his courage carried him beyond his followers, and in the midst of the barbarians, but on being succoured he drove them back to the town.—Two English knights out of excess of valour, followed them within the gates, shewing to the astonished barbarians, the undaunted Spirit of our forefathers, which, transmitted without a blot or blemish to their sons, has raised the British empire

pire to its present pitch of greatness. The Moors fought (as the Chronicle tell us) to take them prisoners, and would not slay them, thereby evidencing a great sense of honour and courage in themselves, who could thus respect it in an enemy.

The Duke of Lancaster, in one of these Combats, had two of his knights slain, and was wounded himself by an arrow in the face, which honourable scar he carried with him to the grave. He was the Champion of the English cause in France, and learned the art of war under the invincible banners of his Cousin Edward the black prince : for his superior virtues he was stiled the *good duke*, and his glorious career was shortened by the plague in London, in 1361, five years before the birth of Henry IV. son of his daughter Blanch, and John of Gaunt.

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## A N E C D O T E.

**F**RANCESCO FRANCIA of Bologna, struck with the fame of Raphael, conceived a violent desire of seeing some of the works of that celebrated artist. His great age prevented him from undertaking a journey to Rome, he resolved therefore, to write to Raphael, and to inform him how great an esteem he entertained for his talents, after  
the

the character which had been given of him. Reciprocal marks of friendship passed between these artists, and they carried on a regular correspondence by letter. Raphael having about that time finished his famous painting of St. Cecilia, for the church of Bologna, sent it to his friend, begging him to put it in its proper place, and to correct whatever faults he might find in it. The artist of Bologna, transported with joy at seeing the work of Raphael, began to consider it with attention; when perceiving the great inferiority of his own talents to those of Raphael, melancholy took possession of his heart.—“He fell into a deep despondency, and died of grief, because he found that he had attained only to mediocrity in his art after all his labour.”

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### *GALLANTRY.*

**T**HOUSANDS of women of the best hearts and finest parts have been ruined by men who approach them under the specious name of friendship. But supposing a man to have the most undoubted honour, yet his friendship to woman is often so near a-kin to love, that if she be very agreeable in her person, she will probably very soon

soon find a lover, where she wished only to meet a friend. Yet women should be warned against that weakness so common among the vain, the imagination that every man who takes particular notice of them is a lover. Nothing can expose them more to ridicule, than taking up a man on the suspicion of being their lover, when perhaps he never once thought of them in that view, and giving themselves those airs so common to silly women on such occasions.

For there is a kind of unmeaning gallantry much practised by some men, which, by those who have any discernment, will readily be found harmless. The little observances, attentions, and compliments of such men, should be regarded as things of course, which they repeat to every agreeable woman of their acquaintance. There is a familiarity they are apt to assume, which a proper dignity of behaviour will be easily able to check.

But there are people whose sentiments, and particularly whose taste, correspond naturally, that like to associate together, although neither of them have the most distant view of any further connection. But this similarity of minds often gives rise to tenderness superior to what friendship demands; it will be prudent, in this case, to keep a watch-  
ful

ful eye over ourselves, lest our hearts become too far engaged before we are aware of that something more than friendly partiality, and experience the unsuspected power of a too interested attachment.

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## A N E P I T A P H

TO THE MEMORY OF

*LUCY LYTTLETON.*

**M**ADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;

Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;

Polite, as all her life in courts had been;

Yet good, as she the world had never seen;

The noble fire of an exalted mind,

With gentle female tenderness combin'd.

Her speech was the melodious voice of love;

Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;

Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,

Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;

Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;

Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

ANECDOTE

F

*A N E C D O T E*

OF

Dr. COLE.

QUEEN MARY, having dealt severely with the Protestants in England, about the latter end of her reign, signed a commission to take the same course with them in Ireland; and to execute the same with greater force, she nominated Dr. Cole one of the commissioners. This Doctor coming with the commission to Chester, on his journey, the Mayor of that city, hearing that her Majesty was sending a commission into Ireland, he being a churchman, waited on the Doctor; who, in discourse with the Mayor, took out of a cloak-bag a leather box, saying to him, "Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland:" (calling the Protestants by that title.) The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestant religion, and also having a brother named John Edmonds, of the same faith, then a citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the Doctor's words; therefore watched a convenient time when the Mayor took his leave, and the Dr. complimenting him down stairs, she opened the box, took the commission out, and placed in lieu thereof a sheet of paper with a pack of cards wrapped up therein, the

Knave

Knave of clubs being faced uppermost. The Doctor coming up to his chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day going to the water side, wind and weather serving him, he sailed to Ireland, and landed on the 7th of October, 1550, at Dublin. Then coming to the Castle, the Lord Fitz Walter, being Lord Deputy, sent for him to come before him and the Privy-Council: he, coming in, after he had made a speech upon what account he came over, presented the box to the Lord-Deputy, who causing it to be opened, that the secretary might read the commission, found nothing but a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost, which not only startled the Lord-Deputy and Council, but the Doctor, who assured them he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone. Then the Lord-Deputy made answer, 'Let us have another commission, and we shall shuffle the cards in the mean while! The Doctor being troubled in his mind, went away, and returned to England; and coming to the Court obtained another commission: but staying for a wind at the water's side, news came to him that the Queen was dead. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with this story, which was related to her by Lord Fitz Walter, on his return

to



to England, that she sent for Elizabeth Edmonds, and gave her a pension of forty Pounds a year during her life.

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### ANECDOTE.

**L**OUIS IVth. however reprehensible for the fatal consequences of his mad ambition, united with the most distinguished urbanity of manners a considerable share of real good nature. The following anecdote affords a striking instance of a polished and humane mind: This monarch was one day entertaining a select party of courtiers with the relations of a circumstance which he had announced as extremely laughable, but on the entrance of Prince Armagnac, he suppressed a fine repartee, which constituted the merit of the story. The whole circle felt themselves disappointed, which was seldom the case when his Majesty promised them entertainment, and were therefore surprised. The King observed it, but said nothing till the Prince departed. "Now Gentlemen I'll make you laugh," said he, and accordingly gave them the anecdote unmutated, which produced in a high degree the promised effect. "You see, subjoined Louis, "there was  
an

an oblique stroke that would have affected the Prince, and I suppressed it to prevent his being embarrassed; for I would rather lose the reputation of the best *bon mot*, that ever was uttered, than give a moment's pain to any individual. An example worthy the imitation of all who aspire to the character of really *fine gentlemen*.

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### A ROYAL BON MOT.

A CERTAIN captain, remarkable for his *uncommon height*, being one day in the rooms at Bath, the Princess Amelia saw him, and was surprised with the singularity: Upon enquiry she was told his name and family, and that he had been originally intended *for the church*. "Rather for the steeple," replied the royal humourist with her usual complacency.

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### BON MOT of Mr. MINGAY.

ON a late trial in the Court of King's Bench, in which it appeared, among other laughable circumstances, that pork chops had been offered to a Jew. Garrow, who held the junior brief on  
the

the opposite side, was very strenuous for the jury to give only a shilling damages, and asserted, that *twelve-pence* was enough for *pork chops*. It may be, returned the facetious Mingay, for your chops, but mine cannot wag for such a trifle.

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## ANECDOTE OF JUDGE DOMAT.

THE celebrated Charles Anthony Domat, author of a voluminous treatise on the civil Law, was promoted to the office of a judge of the Provincial Court of Clermont, in the territory of Auvergne, in the South of France, in which he presided, with the public applause, for twenty-four years. One day a poor widow brought an action of process against the Baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of possession of a mill which was her whole dependence. Mr. Domat heard the cause, and finding by the clearest evidence that she had ignorantly broke a covenant in the lease, which gave a power of re-entry, he recommended mercy to the Baron for a poor honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done  
him

him any material injury. But Nairac being inexorable, the judge pronounced a sentence of expulsion from the farm with the damages mentioned in the lease, and the costs of the suit. In delivering his conscience, Mr. Domat wiped his eyes, from which tears of compassion began plentifully to flow. When an order of seizure both of person and effects was decreed, the poor widow exclaimed, "O just and righteous God! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!" and immediately fainted away. The compassionate Judge assisted in raising the miserable woman, and after enquiring into her character, number of children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with 100 louis-d'ors the amount of her damages and costs, which he prevailed with the Baron to accept as a full recompence, and the widow again entered on her farm. "O! my Lord, said the poor woman, "when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?"—When *my* conscience," replied Domat, "shall tell me I have done an improper act.



## A N E C D O T E

O F

*Sir John Barber.*

SIR JOHN had a son, whose resemblance to his father was but very faint. In a course of extravagance, he had tired himself of this kingdom; and, as it was likewise the *fashion* to travel, he accordingly demanded an audience of Sir John, to whom he communicated his intention, and asked the Knight's assistance to enable him to perform it in *taste*. "I wish," added he, for nothing more than an opportunity of seeing the world." Sir John listened to him with great attention, and replied,—"Indeed, Jack, I am much pleased with your intention, and have not the least objection to your travelling and *seeing the world*, provided the world could not see you."

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*Anecdote of Monsieur de Sartine.*

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, who wished to purchase an estate in France, lodged his money in the hands of a banker, who took it, as common on the Continent, without giving the gentleman a voucher; but lodged it in an iron chest,  
and

and gave the gentleman the key. When the contract for the purchase was made, he called on his banker, to receive his cash; when the latter peremptorily denied his having received any such sum, or having any money transaction whatever with the gentleman. In this dilemma the injured party was advised to apply to M. de Sartine; and he accordingly did so, and told him his story. The minister sent for the banker, and asked him if he had not received such a sum. The banker steadily denied it. "Very well," replied M. de Sartine, "then sit down and write a letter which I will dictate to you, and you shall continue in the room with me until the answer arrives." Paper was brought, and Sartine dictated, and made him write a letter to his wife, to the following effect:—"My dear wife, you must immediately send to me the sum which Monsieur——left in my hands, and which was deposited originally in the iron chest in the counting house, but was removed you know whither. You must send it instantly, or else I shall be sent to the Bastille. I am already in the hands of justice." The banker stared. "*Mon Dieu!*" says he, "must I send this letter to my wife?"—"You must," says the minister. "I dare say, if you are guilty of the robbery, your wife, who is remarkable for her ingenuity, was privy to it,

it, and she will obey your commands. If you are innocent, she cannot comprehend the order which you send, and will say so in her answer. We will make the experiment ; and if you resist, you shall go immediately to the Bastile.

The resolution was decisive. The letter was sent; and in less than an hour the money was brought in the bags in which it was originally sealed; and restored to the original owner. M. de Sartine discharged the banker, telling him the matter should be kept a secret, provided he acted with more faith and honesty for the future.

## H Y M N

*For Easter-Sunday.*

**A** GAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray;  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom!  
O what a sun which broke this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb!

This

pay particular attention to what Voltaire should read. Voltaire came, and read his poem with much emphasis, in hopes of obtaining the King's warm approbation. But to his great disappointment, the King seemed perfectly cold and indifferent to what he was reading. The poem was finished. Voltaire asked the King his opinion of it, and received for answer—"That his Majesty had lately observed, that Monsieur Voltaire fathered the works of others, and gave them out for his own. This was a degree of effrontery he should not have thought him capable of, and he could not but be highly displeased at it."

Voltaire was astonished. He complained that he was wronged, and declared, that he did not deserve the reproach. "Well then," said the King, come forth, Sir, and repeat the verses of which Voltaire pretends to be author."—The Englishman came forward, and, with great composure, repeated the poem, without missing a single passage. "Now," cried the King, "are you not obliged to confess that my accusation is founded in truth?"—"Heavens!" cried Voltaire, "Why sleeps your lightning? Why is your vengeance withheld from punishing the crimes of a miscreant who dares to rob me of my laurels? Here secrecy is employed, and I am driven to despair!"—The  
King



Exalted high at God's right hand,  
 And Lord of all below;  
 Thro' him is pard'ning love dispens'd,  
 And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,  
 A brother's pity flows;  
 And still his bleeding heart is touch'd  
 With mem'ry of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,  
 Glad homage let me give;  
 And stand prepar'd like thee to die,  
 With thee that I may live.

## ANECDOTE

*Of John (the great)*

### DUKE OF ARGYLE.

**C**APTAIN HULL, of the horse Grenadiers, waiting one morning, on the Duke about business, was shewn into a large room, where he found his Grace walking about pensively, and so lost in thought, that at first he took no notice of Hull; but soon after turning his eyes that way, apologized for not seeing him sooner: to which  
 Captain

and gave the gentleman the key. When the contract for the purchase was made, he called on his banker, to receive his cash; when the latter peremptorily denied his having received any such sum, or having any money transaction whatever with the gentleman. In this dilemma the injured party was advised to apply to M. de Sartine; and he accordingly did so, and told him his story. The minister sent for the banker, and asked him if he had not received such a sum. The banker steadily denied it. "Very well," replied M. de Sartine, "then sit down and write a letter which I will dictate to you, and you shall continue in the room with me until the answer arrives." Paper was brought, and Sartine dictated, and made him write a letter to his wife, to the following effect:—"My dear wife, you must immediately send to me the sum which Monsieur——left in my hands, and which was deposited originally in the iron chest in the counting house, but was removed you know whither. You must send it instantly, or else I shall be sent to the Bastile. I am already in the hands of justice." The banker stared. "*Mon Dieu!*" says he, "must I send this letter to my wife?"—"You must," says the minister. "I dare say, if you are guilty of the robbery, your wife, who is remarkable for her ingenuity, was privy to it,

ing and science will lift under liberty, knowing men are by nature equal, and that all power is delegated from the people for their protection and security; and from hence convulsions may arise, which scarce you or I will live to see."

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### ANECDOTE.

**W**HEN Voltaire was at the Prussian court, and peaceably enjoyed the highest admiration and praise that superior talents and wit could insure, an English gentleman arrived at Berlin, who had so extraordinary a memory, that he could repeat a long composition, in prose or verse, if once read or recited to him, without missing a word. The King had the curiosity to put him to test. The Englishman appeared, and succeeded to the astonishment of the whole court. It happened, that immediately after this trial, Voltaire sent the King word, that, with the King's permission, he should do himself the honour to read to him a poem he had just finished. The King gave him permission to come; but, at the same time, resolved to divert himself at the expence of the poet. He accordingly placed the Englishman behind a screen, and ordered him to  
pay

pay particular attention to what Voltaire should read. Voltaire came, and read his poem with much emphasis, in hopes of obtaining the King's warm approbation. But to his great disappointment, the King seemed perfectly cold and indifferent to what he was reading. The poem was finished. Voltaire asked the King his opinion of it, and received for answer—"That his Majesty had lately observed, that Monsieur Voltaire fathered the works of others, and gave them out for his own. This was a degree of effrontery he should not have thought him capable of, and he could not but be highly displeased at it."

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King

King laughed heartily at this scene of poetic fury, and rewarded the Englishman liberally for the amusement he had procured him.

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### ANECDOTE.

A FRENCH Officer, at a general review before the King, *dans la Plaine des sablons* in Paris, whilst he was riding through the ranks, happened to let his hat fall on the ground. A dragoon, eager to pick it up, endeavoured to reach it to his officer with the point of his sword, which he did, but unfortunately made a hole through it. The officer was very angry, and declared he would rather have had the sword through his guts. His Majesty heard him make this declaration, and asked him what he meant? Sir, said he, if the sword had passed through my body, the surgeon of the regiment would have cured me, but I don't know any body that will give me credit for a new hat.



PRAYER.

*P R A Y E R.*

**P**RAYER unaccompanied with a fervent love of God, is like a lamp unlighted ; the words of the one without love being as unprofitable, as the oil and cotton of the other without flame. “ Our wants” says the late Bishop of London (Dr. Gibson) “ are daily, and the temptations which draw our hearts from God, to the things of this world are daily, and upon both these accounts our prayers ought also to be daily.”

The said doctor gives the following advice: “ Our morning prayers will always most properly begin with thanksgivings to Almighty God, our Creator and Preserver. In the next place, a solemn dedication of ourselves to his service. This followed by petitions, viz. for his grace and assistance to ourselves,—for the like in behalf of others. The evening prayers to begin in the same order, only a confession of sins at the end of the day, and petition must stand in the place of morning dedication—and the conclusion should be with a petition for rest and protection, instead of that for a blessing on our business.—For the Sabbath, the great day of rest, &c.” Let your prayers be ever so proper in the form and expression, or let your heart

heart accompany them with a devotion ever so intense, still be very careful to avoid the dangerous error of imagining that any merit arises from the most perfect performance of them. They become acceptable to God through Christ alone; and are the means, indeed, to make you good; but the goodness itself is not in them, no more than a favour among men can be said to be deserved, because asked with humility, propriety and elegance. If therefore you were to trust merely in them, 'twould be making idols of your prayers;—it would be putting them in the place of Christ's atonement, which is quite contrary to praying, (as an unworthy sinner) in the name of Christ. If we have not recourse to God with the mind and thoughts that we ought, it looks as if we expected nothing from him; or rather, (seeing our remissness and indolence,) it may be said, that we do not deserve to obtain,—that we do not value the things that we seem to ask. Yet, God would have what is asked of him, asked with earnestness; and far from taking our importunity ill, he is in some manner well pleased with it. For, in fine, He is the only debtor who thinks himself obliged for the demands that are made upon him. He is the only one that pays what we never lent him. The more he sees us press him, the more liberal he is. He even gives that he does not owe. If  
we

we coldly ask, he defers his liberalities; not because he does not love to give, but because he would be pressed, and because violence is agreeable to him.

TERTULLIAN says something like this, of the prayers that the primitive Christians made in common. We meet together, says he, as if we conspired to take by our Prayers what we ask of him; this violence is pleasing to him. St. Paul ingeniously explains what Christ teaches in the Gospel, that heaven is taken by violence; "do violence to God," says he, seize the kingdom of heaven. He that forbids us to touch another's goods, rejoices to have his own invaded: He that condemns the violence of avarice, praises that of faith. As the bones of the human frame connected together, form the skeleton of a man, repentance, faith, hope, charity, love, zeal, humility, patience, resignation, hatred of sin, purity of heart, and holiness of life, all united together, make a Christian; but must be accompanied with prayer, the breath of the new creature, or they will prove like dead corps, lifeless and inactive.

Going to prayer with bad affections, is like paying one's levee in an undress.

ALL



All prayer must be made with faith and hope: He who would pray with effect, must live with care and piety: Our prayers must be fervent, intense, earnest and importunate. Our desires must be lasting, and our prayers frequent and continual. God hears us not the sooner for our many words, but much the sooner for our earnest desire. A long prayer and a short differ not in their capacities of being accepted; for both of them take their value, according to the fervency of spirit, and the charity of the prayer. That prayer which is short, by reason of an impatient spirit, dullness, flight of holy things, or indifferency of desires, is very often criminal, always imperfect; and that prayer which is long out of ostentation, superstition, or a trifling spirit, is as criminal and imperfect, as the other in their several instances.

We must be careful in all our prayers to attend our present work, having a present mind, not wandering upon impertinent things, not distant from our words, much less contrary to them.

Often pray, and you shall pray oftner; and when you are accustomed to frequent devotion, it will so insensibly unite to your nature and affections, that it will become a trouble to you to omit your usual or appointed prayers; and what you obtain

at

at first by doing violence to your inclinations, at last will be left with as much uneasiness, as that by which at first it entered.

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*On a young Member of Parliament.*

A CERTAIN [member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself: It was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which public spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker, Have we laws, or have we not laws. If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?" So saying, he sat down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence; when another member rose up, and delivered his thoughts in those words "Mr. Speaker, —Did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not to the purpose: If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"—Which a-propos reply set the house in such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again,

TQ

TO THE MEMORY OF AN AMIABLE

*Young Gentleman,*

Who died soon after entering into Life.

**R**ELENTLESS fate! why crop this youthful  
flow'r,

Whose op'ning sweets gave lustre to the day?  
O grave voracious! why didst thou devour  
The noblest heart that ever warm'd our clay?

Tender his soul—compassion ever shone  
With moisten'd radiance in that piercing eye,  
When e'er affliction utters forth a groan,  
Or orphan misery was heard to cry.

Friendship unfeign'd did warm his gen'rous breast,  
For ever willing to partake our care;  
With him the wretched was a welcome guest—  
Receiv'd his counsel, and his purse did share.

Virtue and science own'd him for their son,  
His ev'ry action shew'd their kindly sway;  
But death forbade the laurels to be won,  
And snatch'd the scholar and the saint away.

What tho' no splendid titles deck'd his name,  
Yet he possess'd what pow'r nor gold can't buy—  
An honest conscience—an unspotted fame—  
These, these are honors which will never die.

Go,

Go, reader, go, and imitate this youth,  
 Set his example still before your eyes;  
 Like him delight in innocence and truth,  
 Then, like him too;—you'll triumph in the skies.

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### ANECDOTE.

**D**URING the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, a design was formed for re-establishing the Jews in England, with full liberty to carry on trade, and exercise their religion; but though this affair met with violent opposition from the heads of the different sectaries, yet Oliver so far carried his point, as to encourage a small body of them to settle in their old quarter, under the direction of Manasseh,—Ben Israel, a great Rabbi, who soon built a synagogue, and publicly performed divine worship.—The intelligence which the protector received, from time to time, by means of the extensive correspondence and close amity every where maintained throughout the world, among the scattered remains of the Jewish nation, contributed not a little to the success of his enterprise abroad, and particularly to that of his naval expeditions; an instance of which is thus related; as the Earl of Orrery was one day walking

ing with Cromwell, in one of the galleries at Whitehall, a man almost in rags, appeared in view; upon which Cromwell immediately left the Earl and took the man into his closet with him, who told him of a great sum of money that the Spaniards were sending over to Flanders in a Dutch ship, to pay their army; and also the very part of the ship where the money was secreted. The protector immediately sent an express to Smith (afterwards Sir Jeremy) who lay in the downs, informing him, that within two days such a Dutch Ship would pass the Channel, which he must search for the Spanish money. Accordingly, when the ship passed by Dover, Smith sent and demanded leave to search her. The Dutch captain answered, *that none but his master should search him.* Upon which Smith sent him word again, *that he had set up an hour glass, and if he did not submit before that was out he would sink him.* The Dutchman, seeing it was in vain to contend with superior force, submitted in time, and so all the money was found. The next time Cromwell saw the Lord Orrery, he told him, *he had his intelligence from that seemingly forgotten Jew he saw him go to some days before.*



AFFECTATION

## AFFECTATION of DELICACY

RIDICULED.

**T**HE *languid* Lady next appears in state,  
 Who ~~was~~ not born to carry her own weight;  
 She lolls, reels, staggers, 'till some foreign aid  
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.  
 Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,  
 She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room;  
 But knowing her own weakness, she despairs  
 To scale the *Alps*——that is, ascend the *stairs*.  
*My fan!* let others say who laugh at toil;  
*Fan! hood! glove! scarf!* is her *laconic* style;  
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,  
 That *Betty* rather *sees* than hears the call:  
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye  
 Piece out th' Idea her faint words deny.  
 O listen with attention most profound!  
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound:  
 And help! O help! her spirits are so dead;  
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.  
 If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,  
 She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.  
 Let the robust, and the gigantic *carve*,  
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*;  
 But *chew* she must herself; ah cruel fate!  
 That *Rosalinda* can't by *proxy* eat.

ANECDOTE

## A N E C D O T E.

**S**WIFT, like many who jest freely on others, could not bear a retort. Dining one day at a public dinner of the Mayor and corporation at Corke, he observed that Alderman Brown, father to the Bishop of that diocese, fed very heartily without speaking a word, and was so intent upon that business, as to become a proper object of ridicule. Accordingly he threw out many successful jests upon the alderman who fed with the silence of a still sow, neither seeming to regard what the dean said, nor at all moved by the repeated bursts of laughter at his expence. Toward the latter end of the meal, Swift happened to be helped to some roasted duck, and desired to have some Apple-sauce on the same plate; upon which the Alderman bawled out, "Mr. Dean, you eat your duck like a goose," This unexpected sally threw the company into a long fit of laughter, and Swift was silent the rest of the day.

## AN AUTUMNAL REFLECTION.

**I**N fading grandeur, lo! the trees  
 Their tarnish'd honour shed;  
 While every leaf-compelling breeze  
 Lays their dim verdure dead.

Ere

Ere while they shot a vigorous length,  
 Of flow'rs, and fruit, and greens;  
 Now, shorn of beauty and of strength,  
 They stand a shatter'd scene!

Ere long the genial breath of spring  
 Shall all their charms renew;  
 And flow'rs, and fruit, and foliage bring,  
 All pleasing to the view!

Thus round and round the seasons roll,  
 In one harmonious course,  
 And pour convictions on the soul  
 With unremitting force.

Not such is man's appointed fate—  
 One spring alone he knows!  
 One summer, one autumnal state,  
 One winter's dead repose.

Yet, not the dreary sleep of death,  
 Shall e'er his pow'rs destroy,  
 But man shall draw immortal breath  
 In endless pain or joy.

Important thought!—oh mortal! hear  
 On what thy peace depends;  
 The voice of truth invites thine ear,  
 And this the voice she sends.

“ When virtue glows with youthful charms,  
 How bright the vernal skies!



When virtue like the summer warms,  
What golden harvests rise?"

When vices spring without controul,  
What bitter fruits appear!

A wintry darkness wraps the soul  
And horrors close the year.

Let youth to virtue's shrine repair,  
And men their tribute bring,  
Old age shall lose its load of care,  
And death shall lose its sting.

Borne upwards on seraphic wing,  
Their happy souls shall soar,  
And there enjoy eternal spring,  
Nor fear a winter more.

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ANECDOTE<sup>O</sup>  
OF  
*SIR ISAAC NEWTON.*

**T**HE mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in one instance, perhaps, more than the following: Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification  
to

to find, that Diamond had thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years, which was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes.—This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet without once striking the dog, he only rebuk'd him with this exclamation, *Oh! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!*

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### ANECDOTE

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*Dr. Busby and one of his Scholars.*

A SCHOLAR of Dr. Busby's coming into the parlour where the doctor had laid a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, "I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it."

The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten the grapes to be taken up, or as they call'd it, horfed on another boy's

boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud as the delinquent had done; "I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breech, if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." "I forbid the banns," cried the boy, "Why so," says the doctor, "because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy; which answer so well pleased the doctor, who loved to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

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STOOD BY

### GENTLENESS of ADDRESS,

Successful in convincing our Opponents.

**T**HE softest and gentlest address to the erroneous, is the best way to convince them of their mistake. Sometimes 'tis necessary to represent to your opponent, that he is not far off from the truth, and that you would fain draw him a little nearer to it; commend and establish whatever he says that is just and true, as our blessed Saviour treated the young scribe, when he answered well concerning the two great commandments; "Thou art not far," says our Lord, "from the kingdom of heaven," Mark xii. 34. Imitate the

the mildness and conduct of the blessed Jesus. Come as near to your opponent as you can in all your propositions, and yield to him as much as you dare, in a consistence with truth and justice. 'Tis a very great and fatal mistake in persons who attempt to convince or reconcile others to their party, when they make the difference appear as wide as possible: this is shocking to any person who is to be convinced: he will choose rather to keep and maintain his own opinions, if he cannot come into yours without renouncing and abandoning every thing that he believed before. Human nature must be flattered a little as well as reasoned with, that so the argument may be able to come at his understanding, which otherwise will be thrust off at a distance. If you charge a man with nonsense and absurdities, with heresy and self contradiction, you take a very wrong step towards convincing him. Remember that error is not to be rooted out of the mind of man by reproaches and railings, by flashes of wit and biting jests, by loud exclamations or sharp ridicule: long declamations and triumph over our neighbour's mistake, will not prove the way to convince him; these are signs either of a bad cause, or of want of arguments, or capacity for the defence of a good one.

AN ESSAY  
ON  
*CARD-PLAYING.*

**H**AVING been present at many card parties during the Christmas festivities, I cannot forbear giving my thoughts upon that amusement: don't imagine I am going to condemn cards, I assure you I am not, for I think them not only innocent, but often useful. Of the number of both sexes who meet together, how few, how very few, are qualified for conversation! The weather, the fashion, the tale of the day, exhaust their whole fund: no one dares attempt to introduce a serious subject. The appellation of Methodist would certainly ensue. I am speaking of the Ladies' conversation you may be sure; though, to speak the truth, when I have been in a mixed company, and many of the wiser sex among us, I have observed with surprize, that it very little conduced to the improvement of our discourse; whether the gentlemen think our levity incorrigible, or that they despise us too much to attempt our improvement; or as I sometimes am charitably led to think, they are now and then glad of an excuse to talk nonsense themselves. From which soever of these causes it proceeds is of little consequence; the ladies,

ladies, imbibing no new ideas, go on in the same *routine*. But this is a digression, I was going to say, when the usual topics are exhausted, the actions and characters of our acquaintance come in as a fresh supply.

Till now we have been innocent, though trifling: one step farther—and we approach to guilt; how usefully then is the card table introduced? a vole, or four by honours, engross our whole attention; characters, and families, remain undisturbed. Behold us then set down to amuse ourselves; amusement is professedly our end; but how strangely pursued!

The peevish fretfulness of some, the passion or sullenness of others, too often frustrate that design: while all affect a total indifference, as to their loss or gain, the majority behave as if gain was their sole pursuit. If they have a bad run of cards, they can hardly be civil to any part of the company; but should you unfortunately play a wrong card, or in a manner different from what they think right, the storm bursts forth; and if (which is not always the case) their language keeps within the bounds of decency, their looks anawed by any restraint, express the strongest emotions.

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I never could see what right any one has to call another to account for not playing well. We are content to excel in music, dancing, every polite accomplishment, and look with complacent pity on those poor mortals whose inferior abilities prevent their arriving at such excellence: why must indifferent play be the only fault without excuse?

As it is every one's interest to play the best he can, so there is no doubt but every one does so. How is it then that people allow themselves on these occasions to make use of such expressions, as they would think the highest breach of common good manners in any other case?

If the supposed bad play should proceed from ignorance, or inattention, in the player, warmth and pettishness will but make it worse: to inform him better, with good nature and politeness, is the only possible method of improving him.

For my own part, who really play for amusement, I am all astonishment, when I see so many pleasing countenances set down to cards, and, in an hour's time, behold them wear so different an appearance; and wonder how reasonable creatures can conjure up all the troublesome passions they possess, at a time when they profess a design of amusing themselves.

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The likeliest way to avoid any share in these foolish altercations, is to sit down with a married pair: the gentleman's good manners generally keeps his ill-humour confined to his wife, who having taken him for better and for worse, must be content to bear the whole force of it.

I am particularly acquainted in a family where that is the case: the lady is not fond of cards, but plays sometimes to oblige her husband; and he good man, out of all patience, that his rib should not be a second Hoyle, by cross looks, and sharp speeches, totally banishes, every idea she ever had: the rest of the company feel themselves unhappy, and yet this is called amusement! Indeed I would advise every single lady, if possible, to attend her inamorato, pretty frequently at the card table; and however genteel and agreeable his behaviour should be to herself, if he is hasty or pettish with any one else in company, she may depend on the same fate when once the knot is tied.

I advise the gentlemen to pursue the same method, for I do not pretend to say the ladies play with more good humour than themselves. They may both, on these occasions, make sad discoveries; and she who can rage, fret, or pout at the trifling



trifling disappointments which happen at cards, gives small proof of that patience, fortitude, and resignation which, joined to sweetness of temper, make the chief ornaments of a female character, and are indispensably necessary in our passage through life. My design, is not to censure, indiscriminately, all who play: I am so happy as to be intimately acquainted with several families, whose chearfulness, good humour, and evenness of temper, make cards really a relaxation: but as I think, in our most trivial actions, we should aim at the pleasure or profit of each other, and even in trifles do as we would be done by, so I cannot help wishing every one to sit down with a determined resolution of being pleased himself, or at least to appear so, and contributing all in his power towards the pleasure of others.

I must confess I never could see the possibility of any person's being happy when he found he had given pain to another. I believe if we endeavour to govern our tempers in these lesser instances, we should find our account in it, and more easily behave with propriety in things of greater consequence, and then our very amusements would improve us. I have ever thought the inattention of most people to the foibles of their tempers, a very dangerous neglect, and often productive of  
the

the most fatal consequences. The regulation can never be begun too early. The disposition of children should be carefully watched, and whatever we find unamiable there, we should endeavour to correct, if we cannot totally eradicate it by our authority, till they are capable of reason, and when that period is arrived, by argument, convincing them, if possible, of the necessity of it; in a religious light, as well as in every other: but nothing will ever be so convincing as our own example.

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*The Folly and Misery of a Spendthrift.*

**T**HERE is scarcely among the evils of human life, any so generally dreaded as poverty. Every other species of misery, those who are not much accustomed to disturb the present moment with reflection, can easily forget, because it is not always forced upon their regard: but it is impossible to pass a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without seeing how much indigence is exposed to contumely, neglect, and insult; and, in its lowest state, to hunger and nakedness; to injuries against which every passion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot sustain.

Against

Against other evils the heart is often hardened by true or false notions of dignity and reputation: thus we see dangers of every kind faced with willingness, because bravery, in a good or bad cause, is never without its encomiasts and admirers. But in the prospect of poverty, there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body suffer together; its miseries bring no alleviations; it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach: a state in which cheerfulness is insensibility, and dejection fullness: of which the hardships are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of these calamities there seems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every side the noise of trade, and see the streets thronged with numberless multitudes, whose faces are clouded with anxiety, and whose steps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain: and the whole world is put in motion, by the desire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued, as it secures us from poverty; for it is more useful for defence than acquisition, and is not so much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always some whose passions or follies lead them to a conduct opposite to the general  
maxims

**maxims and practice of mankind ; some who seem to rush upon poverty, with the same eagerness with which others avoid it ; who see their revenues hourly lessened, and the estates which they inherit from their ancestors mouldering away, without resolution to change their course of life ; who persevere against all remonstrances, and go forward with full career, though they see before them the precipice of destruction.**

It is not my purpose, in this paper, to expostulate with such as ruin their fortunes by expensive schemes of buildings and gardens, which they carry on with the same vanity that prompted them to begin, chusing, as it happens in a thousand other cases, the remote evil before the lighter, and deferring the shame of repentance till they incur the miseries of distress. Those for whom I intend my present admonitions, are the thoughtless, the negligent, and the dissolute, who, having by the viciousness of their own inclinations, or the seducements of alluring companions, been engaged in habits of expense, and accustomed to move in a certain round of pleasures disproportioned to their condition, are without power to extricate themselves from the enchantments of custom, avoid thought because they know it will be painful, and continue, from day to day, and from month to  
month,

month, to anticipate their revenues, and sink every hour deeper into the gulphs of usury and extortion.

This folly has less claim to pity, because it cannot be imputed to the vehemence of sudden passion; nor can the mischief which it produces be extenuated as the effect of any single act, which rage, or desire, might execute before there could be time for an appeal to reason. These men are advancing towards misery by soft approaches, and destroying themselves, not by the violence of a blow, which, when once given, can never be recalled, but by a slow poison, hourly repeated, and obstinately continued.

This conduct is so absurd when it is examined by the unprejudiced eye of rational judgement, that nothing but experience could evince its possibility; yet, absurd as it is, the sudden fall of some families, and the sudden rise of others, prove it to be common; and every year sees many wretches reduced to contempt and want by their costly sacrifices to pleasure and vanity.

It is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection, too much eagerness

eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? by whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes, Sirens that entice him to shipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn, or pity, neither of which can afford him much gratification to pride, on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different  
ministers

ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by taylor and jockeys, vintners and attornies, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeit applause,

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is not yet discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest: men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied; but the time is always hastening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround them with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate, by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others.

others. To make any happiness sincere it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be imbibtered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wanted in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profusefulness?

It appears evident that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expence, there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly: having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments,

and.



and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications, and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance or impotent desire.

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### *MAN of BUSINESS.*

**A**N uninterrupted intercourse with the world, oppresses the man of business and ambition. The strongest spirit must at length fail and sink under it. The happiest temper must be soured by incessant

incessant returns of the opposition, the inconstancy and the treachery of men. For he who lives always in the bustle of the world, lives in a perpetual warfare: here, an enemy encounters; there a rival supplants him. The ingratitude of a friend flings him at this hour, and the pride of a superior wounds him the next. In vain he flies for relief to trifling amusements: These may afford a temporary opiate to cure, but they communicate no strength to the mind.—On the contrary, they leave it more soft and defenceless, when molestation and injuries renew the attack.

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### The PRAISE of GOD.

**W**HAT is praise? It is a part of that divine worship which we owe to the Power that made us; it is an acknowledgment of the perfections of God, ascribing all excellencies to him, and confessing all the works of nature and grace to proceed from him. Now, when we apply ourselves to this work, and dress up our notions of a God in magnificence of language,—when we furnish them out with shining figures, and pronounce them with sounding words,—we fancy ourselves to say great things, and are even charmed with our own forms of praise: but, alas! the highest and best of them,

them, set in a true light, are but the feeble voice of a creature, spreading before the Almighty Being that made him, some of his own low and little ideas, and telling him what he thinks of the Great God, and what God has done. When the holy Psalmist would express his honourable thoughts of his Maker, they amount only to this, "Thou art good, and thou doest good." Psal. CXIX. How inconsiderable an offering is this for a God! and yet so condescending is his love, that he looks down, and is well pleased to receive it.

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A True and Faithful Inventory of the  
*GOODS belonging to Dr. SWIFT;*

UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE

To the BISHOP of MEATH,  
 TILL HIS PALACE WAS REBUILT.

**A**N oaken, broken elbow-chair;  
 A caudle-cup without an ear;  
 A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;  
 A box of deal, without a lid;  
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint;  
 A back-sword poker, without point;  
 A pot that's crack'd across, around  
 With an old knotted garter bound;

An

An iron lock, without a key;  
 A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;  
 A curtain worn to half a stripe;  
 A pair of bellows, without pipe;  
 A dish which might good meat afford once;  
 An Ovid, and an old Concordance;  
 A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,  
 One is for meal, and one for water:  
 There likewise is a copper skillet,  
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it;  
 A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all:  
 And thus his household goods you have all.  
 These to your Lordship, as a friend,  
 Till you have built, I freely lend:  
 They'll serve your Lordship for a shift;  
 Why not as well as Doctor Swift.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

*Mr. ADDISON.*

**A**DDISON and Mr. Temple Stanyan were  
 very intimate. In the familiar conversation  
 which passed between them, they were accustomed  
 freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon  
 some occasions, Mr. Addison sent Stanyan five  
 hundred

hundred pounds. After this, Mr. Stanyan behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject, on which Mr. Stanyan had always been used strenuously to oppose his opinion. But, even upon this occasion, he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan, "*either contradict me, or pay me the money.*"

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### NATURAL BOUNTIES.

**I**F the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty, which the condition of life makes of greatest use; and that nothing is penuriously imparted, or placed from the reach of man, of which a more liberal distribution, or a more easy acquisition, would increase real and rational FELICITY.

LIFE

## LIFE IS SHORT.

**M**AN's life, like any weaver's shuttle flies,  
 Or like a tender flow'ret fades and dies,  
 Or like a race it ends without delay,  
 Or like a vapour vanishes away;  
 Or like a candle which each moment wastes,  
 Or like a vessel under sail it hastes;  
 Or like a post it gallops very fast,  
 Or like the shadow of a cloud 'tis past.  
 Our castle is but weak, and strong the foe,  
 Our breath is short, our death is certain too;  
 But as his coming is a secret still,  
 Let us be ready, come death when he will.

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## BEHAVIOUR.

**O**NE of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. For when a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charms of beauty. That extreme sensibility, which it indicates, is peculiarly engaging.

Silence in company particularly a large one, is never mistaken by the judicious and discerning for dulness, but bespeaks a modesty essential in the

the female sex. Dignity of behaviour is necessary at public places, but care must be taken not to mistake that confident ease, that unabashed countenance which seems to set the company at defiance.

Women should be cautious even in displaying their good sense. It is often thought assuming a superiority over the rest of the company; but their learning should be kept a profound secret, especially from men, who generally look with a jealous and malign eye on a woman of great parts, and a cultivated understanding.

The great art of pleasing in conversation, consists in making the company pleased with themselves. Detraction should be avoided, especially among women, where their own sex is concerned; it would be more noble for them to shew a compassionate sympathy to the unfortunate, especially to those who are rendered so by the villainy of men. It is a laudable pride, as well as secret pleasure, which ought to be indulged, in being the friend and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of shewing it.

Every species of indelicacy in conversation, should be considered as shameful, and highly disgusting. A Sacred regard should be ever had to  
truth,

truth, for lying is a mean and despicable vice; though a lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth, cannot be understood to fall under that head.

Gentleness of spirit and manners is extremely engaging; but not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. For this arises either from affectation of softness, or from perfect insipidity.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage. To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over men, by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in their eye at public places, by conversing with them with the same unreserved freedom as they do with one another; in short, by resembling men as near as they can. The folly of this expectation and conduct will soon be shown. For the power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the finest parts, is even beyond what she conceives.



conceives. They are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they cannot, nor do they wish to dissolve it. But if she is determined to dispel the charm, it is certainly in her power, she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity in ingenuous modesty to be expected in the gentler sex, which is their natural protection from the familiarity of men. The sentiment that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many who have confided too much in this fallacious doctrine. In fine, to form a complete lady, she should possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners, dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation.

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## ANECDOTE

### *Of HENRY IV. of FRANCE.*

**H**ENRY always shewed great intrepidity and generosity towards his enemies, even to those who, stimulated by a fanatic zeal, wished to take away his life. The historian Le Grain records an adventure

adventure which happened to this monarch with one captain Michau, who had pretended to desert from the Spanish service, and go over to that of Henry, in order to find an opportunity of assassinating him. One day, says that historian, as Henry was hunting in the forest of Ailas he perceives Captain Michau at his heels, well mounted, and with a couple of pistols cocked and primed: the king was alone, no assistance was at hand, as it is the custom of hunters to be scattered from one another. Henry, seeing Michau approach, said in a bold and determined manner, " Captain Michau, alight, I want to try whether your horse be as good a one as you say he is." Michau obeyed; the king mounted his horse, and, taking the two pistols, said, " Hast thou a mind to kill any one? I have been told that thou hadst a design to kill me; but it is in my power to kill thee, if I choose." As he said this, he fired the pistols into the air, and ordered Michau to follow him. The captain, after many excuses, took his leave in two days after, and never again made his appearance.



## THE CHURCH-YARD.

**G**O to the Church-yard, then, O sinful and thoughtless mortal;—go learn from every tomb-stone and every rising hillock, that, “the wages of sin is death.” Learn in silence, among the dead, that lesson which infinitely concerns all the living; nor let thy heart be ever at rest, till thou art acquainted with *JESUS, who is the resurrection and the life.*

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*PASSIONS influenced by different*

## SITUATIONS IN LIFE.

**D**IFFERENT employments, and different conditions in life, beget in us a tendency to our different passions. Those who are exalted above others in their daily stations, and especially if they have to do with many persons under them, and in many affairs, are too often tempted to the haughty, the morose, the surly, and the more unfriendly ruffles and disturbances of nature, unless they watch against them with daily care. The commanders in armies and navies, the governors in work-houses, the masters of public schools, or those who have a great number of servants under them, and a multitude of cares and concerns in human

human life, should continually set a guard upon themselves, lest they get a habit of affected superiority, pride, and vanity of mind, of fretfulness, impatience, and criminal anger.

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*The Wearisomeness of what is commonly*

CALLED

### A LIFE of PLEASURE.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;  
 The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,  
 And sullen sadness, that o'er shade, distort,  
 And mar the face of beauty, when no cause  
 For such immeasurable woe appears;  
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair  
 Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own.  
 It is the constant revolution, stale  
 And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,  
 That palls and satiates, and makes languid life  
 A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.  
 Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart  
 Recoils from its own choice at the full feast  
 Is famish'd-finds no music in the song,  
 No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.  
 Yet thousands still desire to journey on,  
 Though halt and weary of the path they tread.

The



The paralytic, who can hold her cards,  
 But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand  
 To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort  
 Her mingled suits and sequences, and fits  
 Spectatrefs both and spectacle, a sad  
 And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.  
 Others are dragg'd into the crowded room  
 Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,  
 Through downright inability to rise,  
 Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.  
 These speak aloud memento. Yet even these  
 Themselves love life, and cling to it; as he  
 That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.  
 They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,  
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.  
 Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,  
 The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds  
 Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,  
 And their inve'trate habits—all forbid.  
 Whom call we gay? That honour has been long  
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name.  
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,  
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,  
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams  
 Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.  
 The peasant too, a witness of his song,  
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.  
 But save me from the gaiety of those

Whose

Whose head aches nail them to a noon day bed;  
 And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes  
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs  
 For poverty stripp'd off by cruel chance,  
 From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,  
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

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ANECDOTE  
 OF  
*A SCOTCH PEDLAR.*

**A** SHORT time since, Sawney Frazer, a native of the northern part of this island, who, by vending of linen which he carried around the country on his back, had acquired a sum of one hundred pieces of gold, resolving to extend his business by the addition of other wares, set out for London, in order to purchase them to the best advantage. When he had arrived within a few miles of the end of his journey, he was obliged to take shelter in a house of entertainment, which stood in a lonely part of the road, from a violent storm of wind and rain; where he had not been long, before he was joined by two horsemen of genteel appearance who stopped on the same account.

As

N

As he was in possession of the fire-side, they were under a necessity of joining company with him, in order to dry themselves, which otherwise the meannefs of his appearance would probably have prevented their doing.

The new companions had not sat long together before the chearfulness of his temper, and something uncommonly droll in his conversation, made the others invite him to sup with them at their expence; where they entertained him so generously, that, forgetting his national prudence he could not forbear shewing his treasure, as a proof of his not being unworthy of the honour they had done him. The storm having obliged them to remain there all night, they departed together next morning; when, as a further mark of their regard, they kept company with him, though he travelled on foot, till they came into a solitary part of the road; when one of them, putting a pistol to his breast, took from him the bag which contained the earnings of his life, leaving him only a single piece of gold, which by good fortune he had happened to have loose in his pocket. His distress at such a loss may be easily conceived: however, he sunk not under it; a thought instantly occurred to him, how it might possibly be retrieved, which he lost not a moment to put in execution.

He

He had observed that the master of the house, where he had met these two plunderers, seemed to be perfectly acquainted with them: he returned therefore thither directly, and feigned to have been taken suddenly ill on the road with a disorder in his bowels; called for some wine, which he had heated, and rendered still stronger with spice: all the time he was drinking which, he did nothing but pray for his late companions, who, he said, had not only advised him to take it, but also been so generous as to give him a piece of gold which he produced to pay for it; and then, seeming to be much relieved, he lamented most heavily his not knowing where to return thanks to his benefactors, which he said, the violence of his pain had made him forget to enquire.

The master of the house, to whom his guests had not mentioned the man's having money, that he might not expect to share it with them, never suspecting the truth of his story, informed him, without scruple, who they were and where they lived.

This was directly what he had schemed for. He crawled away till he was out of sight from the house, in order to keep up the deceit; when he had made all the haste he could to town, and, enquiring for his spoilers, he had the satisfaction to hear,



hear they were people in trade, and of good repute for their wealth. The next morning, therefore, as soon as he thought they were stirring, he went to the house of one of them, whom he found in the room where his merchandize was exposed to sale.—The merchant instantly knew him; but, imagining he came on some other business, for he did not think it possible that he could have traced him, or even that he could know him in his altered appearance, asked him, in the usual way, what he wanted.

I want to speak a word wi' ye in private, Sir," he answered, getting between him and the door; and then, on the merchant's affecting surprize, "*In gude troth, Sir, he continued, I think it is somewhat strange that ye shud na ken Sawney, who supped with ye the neeght before laust, after av the keendnefs ye shewed to him!*" Then, lowering his voice, so as not to be overheard by the people present, he told him, with a determined accent, that if he did not instantly return him his money, he would apply to a Magistrate for redress.

This was a demand which admitted not of dispute. The money was paid him, with a hand. some gratuity for having lent it, and his receipt taken to that effect; after which he went directly to the other, upon whom he made a like demand with equal success.

ESSAY

( 93 )

*ESSAY*

ON

**FRIENDSHIP.**

**T**HE greatest happiness that we can possess in this world is in the enjoyment of friendship; but although its utility and pleasures have been celebrated and pointed out by the best ethical writers; and though it is universally admitted to promote our happiness and abate our misery, by doubling the former and dividing the latter, yet we seldom see this virtue practised. We are often indeed entertained with professions of friendship, but do these generally bring forth their fruit in due season?—The theory in general is pretty well understood, but the practical part lies dormant.

This truly noble virtue consists in an inclination and desire between two persons to promote the welfare and happiness of one another. Esteem is the principal basis on which it stands; for it is impossible to raise this virtue and feel its influence, however sensible we may be of a man's worth and merits, without we esteem him. To this qualification may be added three others, virtue, constancy, and faithfulness.

As

As to the necessity of these, little need be said; for virtue is singled out by most authors as essential in forming a tender and rational friendship, one of whom I shall only mention, and that is Cicero. Friendship (says he) cannot but be with the good, for friendship cannot be without virtue. As to constancy and faithfulness, they are so necessary, that it is utterly impossible for real friendship to subsist without them; for that is never like the mercury in the tube, rising and falling according to circumstances, such a friendship as this, with esteem for its basis, with virtue, constancy, faithfulness, and their concomitants, for its supporters, ever continues in its pure immaculate state, attuning all the soul to harmony and love, and uniting together what force can never part.

It has been asserted by some, and laid down as a rule, that there should be equality in age and resemblance of inclinations, in two persons, to raise a friendship towards each other. As to the first, I think I may venture to say, that most of us have known instances to the contrary; and as to the other, is it absolutely requisite? If we advert to history, we shall find numerous instances to prove the contrary; the mind is always pleased with novelty, and therefore it is a matter of no wonder to see it sometimes delighted with those good qualities,   
perfections,

perfections, and endowments, which it cannot enumerate among its own.

“ True friendship grows not with the lust of gain,  
Nor will she fort with pleasure’s sensual train;  
A conscious indigence can never prove  
The vig’rous source of such exalted love;  
Nor can like manners raise the generous fire  
In vicious minds, for vice can ne’er inspire  
The sacred flame: the slave of vice forlorn  
E’en on a brother looks with secret scorn.  
Hail, virtue, then! ’tis thy intrinsic worth  
That can alone give genuine friendship birth;  
Yet pleasure, profit and convenience join  
To aid its growth, and make it brighter shine.”

There is one thing very prevalent amongst mankind that often destroys this virtue in the bud, before maturity has crowned its state; I mean envy. Wherever the baneful influence of this demon extends, true friendship can never be found; and he that sees his friend happy, and envies him his lot, may depend upon it that this virtue abides not with him; for we should rejoice at the happiness of our friends as much as for our own, and love them as well as we love ourselves. A strong proof of the respectability of friendship, and how much it has been valued in every age, appears both from ancient

cient and modern writers. We often find them bestowing the warmest eulogiums on it, and almost every author who has written for the purpose of celebrating any particular person, seems to have thought it indispensably necessary, in the course of the work, to have a friend for his hero. In the *Æneid* and *Odyssey*, two of the most celebrated epic poems of the ancients we find *Æneas* has his *Achates*; *Achilles* his *Patroclus*. With regard to the latter there is a circumstance worthy of observation that reflects additional honour on my subject. *Achilles* being irritated at the behaviour of *Agamemnon* in taking *Briseis* away from him, forbore fighting, and withdrew from the Grecian camp. No intreaties could prevail on him to return, and he sees unmoved the Grecians upon the verge of ruin. At this crisis his friend *Patroclus* was slain, and we now find that friendship effected what nothing else could. Friendship only could bring him back again to assert his country's cause, and revenge his friend's death by that of *Hector's*.

Thus we see in what high estimation this virtue was held among the ancients, and numerous are the instances recorded in which it has produced amazing effects. But it seems now to have almost forsaken the abodes of mankind, and in my small experience is become rather a subject of admiration than

than of emulation. Friendship has ever been considered as a necessary ingredient in making the marriage state happy, and here, where it should always exist, is the most likely place to find it. Parity of rank and fortune, thought by some to be essential, is here found strengthened by mutual interests. Here concessions will not mortify, for they will not be those of pride, but of kindness; and here shall we meet with unfeigned attachment and reciprocal confidence.

“ True friendship warms, it raises, it transports,  
Like music pure the joy, without alloy,  
Whose very rapture is tranquillity.”

Having proceeded thus far, I must beg leave to select some few passages from the wisdom of the son of Sirach. This writer has related the advantages of friendship, and explained the method of gaining friends, in a plain and concise manner. How just are his cautions respecting the choice of them, and how plainly does his knowledge of nature appear in his descriptions of the perfidious and self interested.

In the first place, he has laid down the art of gaining friends by behaving affably. “ Sweet language will multiply friends, and a fair speaking tongue will increase kind greetings.” But in the following

following sentence, he directs us to have many well-wishers, but few friends. " Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand. " He next proceeds in his direction for the choice of friends, and in this particularly recommends prudence. Indeed in a matter of this consequence, when choosing this other self, we ought to proceed with caution, and choose among the good, for friendship, even its degenerate state, cannot exist in vicious minds. Experience tells us that we should not trust too much to professions, when there is such a scarcity of sincerity ; if we do, instead of the behaviour of a true friend, we may perhaps find that of the selfish and treacherous, which the writer above mentioned has so well described. " Some man is a friend, for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble ; and there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife will discover thy reproach. Again, some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thine affliction. In thy prosperity he will be as thyself. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face."

Here we see the false friend in all his odious colours, and justly has he been compared to the swallow. For that bird is seen among us in the  
delightful

delightful season of the year, when every scene is pleasing to the view but when winter comes on, it disappears. So is the false friend, whilst fortune's favour enriches us, our joys appear his own, and he seems to feel without alloy the sacred ardour of friendship, but should misfortune change the scene, should the winter of fortune come on, he disappears likewise, and his friendship is heard no more. How happy then ought we to think ourselves? To live in an age, when no such instances of perfidy occur!!!

But let us leave the faithless friend by adverting to the good, the faithful one, that has been tried, and stands like the foliage of the evergreen, as well in adversity as in prosperity, and conscious of his worth, ever obey the direction of the moralist. "Forfake not an old friend (says he) for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure."

A preference of liking or esteem merely seems to constitute and be the import of modern friendship. Viewing it in this light, it is reasonable to suppose that every one has a friend. *Solus est qui sine amico est.* Perhaps that friend has some faults,



faults, and the most delicate task in friendship is to point these out to him. Should necessity ever require it, let it be done in such a manner that he might see it is done for his advantage; but let not this be done too frequently; if so, the mind will naturally sink under the reproaches; and the esteem that it had for those that bestow them will consequently abate. The wise man so often mentioned, has described, with his usual accuracy and strength of allusion, the breaches and disagreements that sometimes happen between friends."

"Who so casteth a stone at the birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at thy friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour. If thou has opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation, except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for those things every friend will depart."

There are several qualifications necessary to make a good friend, the principal of which have been already enumerated, and the beautiful instances in the following passages point out the necessity of constancy. "Who so discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his  
his

his mind. Love thy friend and be faithful unto him: but if thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend. As one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and thou shalt not get him again. Follow after him no more for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound it may be bound up; and after reviling, there might be reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth secrets, is without hope."

In another part the same writer has pointed out the fruits of friendship in a just eulogy on it. "A faithful friend (says, he) is a strong defence, and he that hath found such a one has found a treasure. Nothing countervails a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life, and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Who so feareth the Lord, shall direct his friendship aright, for as he is, so shall his friend be also."

Among all the works of different authors on this subject, can there be any passage selected that excels or even equals that fine saying of this ancient writer? "A faithful friend is the medicine of life." Here we see the friend portrayed in a just and pleasing

pleasing light; and how can the advantages of friendship be more strongly expressed than in representing it to be the efficacious balm for healing the cares, pains and sorrows that attends us in this world. The good man is assured that he shall in due time meet with this blessing; and that ineffable virtue which gained it, when he quits this stage of life, shall render him worthy of a place in the abodes of the blest; where his hopes shall no more be cut off by disappointment; where the wicked cease from troubling; and where the weary are at rest.

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*The different Offices of Reason*

AND

**SELF-LOVE.**

**T**WO Principles in human nature reign;  
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;  
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,  
 Each works its end, to move or govern all:  
 And to their proper operation still,  
 Ascribe all Good, to their improper Ill.  
 Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;  
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.

Man,

Man, but for that, no action could attend,  
 And, but for this, were active to no end :  
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot :  
 Or meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,  
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.  
 Most strength the moving principle requires ;  
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.  
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,  
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.  
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh ;  
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :  
 That sees immediate good by present sense ;  
 Reason, the future and the consequence.  
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,  
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.  
 The Action of the stronger to suspend  
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend.  
 Attention, habit and experience gains ;  
 Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.  
 Let subtle school-men teach these friends to fight,  
 More studious to divide than to unite ;  
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,  
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.  
 Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,  
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.  
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,  
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire ;


But

But greedy That, its object would devour,  
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:  
 Pleasure or wrong or rightly understood,  
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

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### DECEIT.

**T**HAT darkness of character, where we can see no heart, those foldings of art through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew itself free and open, we can already smile and deceive, what is to be expected when we shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men, when interest shall have completed the obduracy of our hearts, and experience shall have improved us in all the arts of guile? Diffimulation in youth, is the forerunner of perfidy in old age: its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt with God and man. The path of falshood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one  
 artifice



artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth encreases, we are left entangled in our own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays a dastardly spirit: it is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life. He may be fortunate,—he cannot be happy: the eye of a good man will weep at his error; he cannot taste the sweets of confidential friendship, and his evening of life will be embittered by universal contempt.

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### Y O U T H.

**Y**OUTH is of long duration; and in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us therefore stop, while to stop is in our power. Let us live as men, who are some time to be old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils, to count their former luxuriance of health, only by the maladies which riot has produced.

P

That

That the highest degree of reverence should be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent should be suffered to approach their eyes, or ears, are precepts extorted by sense and virtue from an ancient writer, by no means eminent for chastity of thought. The same kind, though not the same degree of caution is required in every thing which is laid before them, to secure them from unjust prejudices, perverse opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

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#### ANECDOTE

#### *Of HENRY IV. of FRANCE.*

**I**N 1596, the Spaniards threatened the city of Calais; Henry IV. dispatched Sancy, one of his officers, to England, in order to engage queen Elizabeth to succour it, which she could do the more readily, as the earl of Essex was in the Channel with a powerful fleet. The queen told Sancy, that she would let the King know her intentions by her ambassador then at his court. This was Lord Sidney, who plainly told his majesty, that the queen had designs of more importance for the welfare of her dominions, than the relief of Calais; that she would, nevertheless, make some efforts

efforts to prevent the Spaniards from taking it, provided he would consent to pledge it to the crown of England, until those sums were repaid which she had lent his majesty, since she first began to assist him to maintain the war against his enemies. The king received this proposal very ill, and said, turning his back upon Lord Sidney, "that if he was to be bitten, he would as soon it should be by a lion as by a lioness."

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*Remarkable Instance of Resolution*

IN LADY HILL,

Abbess of an English Nunnery at Lisbon.

**T**HIS Lady took the veil, because, like the rest of her sister-hood, her circumstances did not permit a more agreeable choice. Soon after having made profession, a good estate in Ireland was vacated by a relation that died intestate, and devolved to her by right of consanguinity. To get the estate without going to Ireland herself, was thought difficult, and subject to much delay. Her Abbess therefore represented her case to the Patriarch, who alone could dispense with her vow of constant



constant confinement. The Patriarch, upon a simple promise of return, gave her leave to secularize her dress, and depart: she did so, arrived in Ireland, produced her title, took possession, and found herself at once in a condition to live in ease, and even splendor, in her native country. The temptation of staying where one is, must be allowed to be almost irresistible in such a case, especially to a lady not quite three and twenty, and handsome: however, if she was tempted, she was tempted in vain; for she sold the estate as speedily as she could, and, faithful to her vow and promise, hastened back to the nunnery with the money, which she laid out in such a manner as to contribute much to the ease and convenience of her beloved community.—This was done by a woman! This superiority to worldly pleasure, and this fidelity to an honourous engagement, was found in a female breast! Would any Friar, in similar circumstances, have behaved so nobly, and have returned to his less heavy fetter, after so lucky an escape?—The lady's companions were so struck with admiration, as well as gratitude, that they chose her immediately for their superior, and never after ceased to pay her veneration so undoubtedly due to her unshaken virtue.



THE

**The CONSOLATIONS of RELIGION,**  
*Written by a Young Lady in her last Illness,*  
**TO A FEMALE FRIEND.**

My dear and much loved friend,

**Y**OU will undoubtedly be surprized, when I inform you this will, in all human probability, be the last letter I shall ever send or trouble you with; but your surprize will cease, when I tell you the threatenng disorder you know I have laboured under for some weeks past, is now drawing near to a termination, having done its worst, and brought me to the brink of the grave: the grave! yes, that dreary house appointed for all living, where sorrow, grief, and trouble are known no more. I doubt not but you pity me; but for what reason? Can that person be an object of pity, who is going to exchange a life of vanity and distress, for an eternity, she hopes, of everlasting bliss? No, my dear friend, rather wish me joy, as the common phrase is, that I am in the near prospect of so much happiness, and never-ending felicity. It is matter of concern to leave those who are near and dear to us on earth, and take a long farewell of them, and every pleasing enjoyment we partake of here below; but how reviving and comfortable is the reflection, even in the agonies of dissolving nature?

That

That death is the christian's last and best friend, as it opens the door into life eternal, while the grave, as Dr. Young beautifully styles it, is,

" Our subterranean road to blifs."

My dear Maria, believe me when I assure you, life with all its fleeting pleasures, wealth with all its alluring charms, youth with all its gaiety and delights, ambition with all her towering schemes, and nobility with all the dazzling titles in its train, have nothing in them so captivating and ensnaring, as to excite in me the least desire or most distant wish (in the views of eternal glory beyond the grave) to continue any longer in this state of trial and probation, however flattering my prospects of affluence and independent fortune may be: no, I can safely say, from felt experience, and after taking a calm retrospective view of the brightest scenes and gayest pleasures I have ever enjoyed in past life, "to die is gain; to be dissolved, and to be with Christ is best of all."

You, my dear, have often shared with me in the diversions and amusements common to our age, and so eagerly pursued by too many young persons of both sexes, to the waste of their most precious time, and the total destruction of serious reflection. You have, I hope, as well as I, seen the folly and vanity of what the world calls pleasure. May we  
always

always entertain a suitable contempt of every thing short of real piety, and genuine godliness: what is all that this world can bestow, compared with the joys and felicity of an expiring christian? but my strength fails me, forgive my breaking off rather here abruptly, I wish you the best of blessings for time and eternity. My dear, a long farewell.

E. HARCOURT.

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**M A M**

**M**AN's study of himself, and the knowledge of his own station in the ranks of being, and his various relations to the innumerable multitudes which surround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united, for the reception and communication of happiness, should begin with the first glimpe of reason, and only end with life itself. Other acquisitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illustrate the knowledge, and confirm the practice, of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and increase our happiness through endless duration.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE  
OF PRINCE MENZIKOFF.

**T**HE rise of Prince Menzikoff, from a low condition, was owing to his being instrumental in saving the life of the Czar Peter I. Menzikoff was born of gentle, but very poor parents; and they dying, left him very young, without any education, inasmuch that he could neither read nor write; nor ever did he to the day of his death. His poverty obliged him to seek service in Moscow, where he was taken into the house of a Pastry-cook, who employed him in crying minced-pies about the streets; and having a good voice, he also sung ballads, whereby he was so generally known, that he had access into all the gentlemens' houses. The Czar, by invitation, was to dine one day at a Boyar's, or Lord's house; and Menzikoff, happening to be in the kitchen that day, observed the Boyar giving directions to his cook about a dish of meat he said the Czar was fond of, and took notice that the Boyar himself put some kind of powder into it by way of spice. Taking particular notice what meat that dish was composed of, he took himself away to sing his ballads, and kept sauntering in the street till the Czar arrived; when exalting his voice, his Majesty took notice of it, sent for him, and asked if he would sell his  
basket

basket with his pies? the boy replied, he had power only to sell the pies; as for the basket he must first ask his master's leave; but, as every thing belonged to his Majesty, he needed only to lay his commands upon him. This reply pleased the Czar so much, that he ordered Alexander to stay and attend him, which he obeyed with great joy. Menzikoff waited behind the Czar's chair at dinner, and seeing the before-mentioned dish served up and placed before him, in a whisper begged his Majesty not to eat thereof. The Czar went into another room with the boy, and asked his reason for what he had whispered to him; when he informed his Majesty what he had seen in the kitchen; and the Boyar's putting in the powder himself, without the cook's perceiving him, made him suspect that dish in particular: he therefore thought it his duty to put his Majesty on his guard. The Czar returned to the table without the least discomposure in his countenance, and with his usual cheerfulness: the Boyar recommended this dish to him, saying it was very good: The Czar ordered the Boyar to sit down by him, (for it is a custom in Muscow for the master of the house to wait at table when he entertains his friends,) and, putting some of it on a plate, desired him to eat and shew him a good example. The Boyar, with the

the utmost confusion, replied, " that it did not become the servant to eat with his master:" whereupon the plate was set down to a dog, who soon dispatched its contents, which, in a very short time, threw him into convulsions, and soon deprived him of life: the dog being opened, the effects of the poison were clearly discovered, and the Boyar was immediately secured, but was found next morning dead in his bed, which prevented all farther discovery.

Menzikoff's remarkable introduction soon gained him credit and confidence with his Royal master; which, from being one of the meanest and poorest, raised him to be one of the richest subjects in the Russian Empire. He was not only dignified with the title of a Prince in Russia, but also declared a Prince of the Roman Empire.

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### C O N T E N T.

**H**APPY the man (but oh! how few we find)  
 Who feels the pleasures of a tranquil mind;  
 Who meets all blessings in content alone,  
 Nor knows a station happier than his own!  
 No anxious cares disturb his peaceful breast,  
 With life content, and with contentment blest;  
No

No pangs he feels to break his calm repose ;  
 No envy fears, for he no envy knows.  
 To man still faithful, and to God resign'd,  
 His body subject to its lord, the mind.  
 He must be good—for surely Heav'n ne'er meant,  
 Without strict virtue, to bestow content.  
 'Tis not the glory false ambition brings.  
 The wealth of misers, or the pow'r of kings;  
 Nor all the fleeting joys by man possess'd,  
 Can give this earthly frame that heavenly guest.  
 Whate'er the muse of love or glory sings,  
 Virtue alone the sacred stranger brings.

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## ANECDOTE

### *Of King James Ist. and a Bishop.*

**S**OON after the accession of King James Ist.  
 to the crown of England, in one of the tours  
 he made round his kingdom, he was entertained  
 by the Earl of Scarborough at his seat of Lumley  
 Castle. A right reverend bishop, a relation of his  
 Lordship's, who was there on a visit, thinking, no  
 doubt, to possess his majesty with a grand idea of  
 the importance of the family of his noble relative,  
 began to acquaint the king with a genealogical  
 detail



detail of every person who had existed in a long continued line of his Lordship's progenitors, and attempted to deduce the origin of the family from a period so remote, that it exceeded every degree of credibility; the king, whose patience was quite exhausted, stopped short the reverend genealogist, by saying, "O man! go no further: let me digest this knowledge I have gained: for by my soul, I did not know that Adam's name was Lumley."

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### *A N E C D O T E.*

**M**R. David Hume often met with illiberal treatment from the Clergy of Scotland, who took every opportunity to asperse his character, on account of his free opinions. Observing a certain zealot of this class always leave the room when he entered it, he one day took an opportunity to address him as follows: "I am surprized, friend, to find you express an aversion to me; I would wish to be upon good terms with you here, as it is very probable we shall be doomed to the same place hereafter: you believe I shall be damned for want of faith, and I fear you will be damned for want of Charity."

PERRIN

**PERRIN AND LUCETTA,**

OR

***RURAL PROBITT.***

**P**ERRIN was born in Brittany, in a village near Vitre; when he came into the world, poverty received him into her cold embrace; he lost his father and mother before he could pronounce their names; he owed his subsistence to public charity; he learned to read and write; this was the utmost extent of his education. At the age of fifteen he hired himself to a farmer; he was intrusted with the care of a flock. Lucetta, a young girl of the neighbourhood, at the same time tended her father's sheep. She led them to pastures, where she often met Perrin, who paid her all the little services and assiduities that were possible at his age and in his situation. Their custom of being together, their quiet occupations, their innocence, and goodness of heart, their officious attention to each other, produced a mutual attachment: They were fond of each other's company; they waited with impatience for the hour at which they usually met in the meadow; they quitted it with regret; because, when they were to leave it, they were to separate. Their young hearts were susceptible; they already felt the passion of love, though they were ignorant of its nature and its tendency.

tendency. Five years glided away in innocent amusements; their sentiments grew more animated and ardent; they never met now without the warmest emotions, which were heightened by the artless expressions of their love. Lucetta frequently checked Perrin's passion, not without regretting the constraint to which she was subjected by her conscious and ingenuous modesty; Perrin sighed, and imitated her cautious behaviour. They both wished to be united by wedlock, and communicated to each other their mutual desire. Marriage is the final object of rural love. Seducement is not known in the innocent village; the coquette and the man of intrigue are characters not to be met with there. Perrin intended to ask Lucetta of her father; he communicated his intention to his mistress, who blushed at the proposal, yet frankly acknowledged that it gave her a very sensible pleasure. She did not however chuse to be present at the interview betwixt him and her father; she told her lover that she was to go to the neighbouring town the next day; she desired him to avail himself of her absence, and to acquaint her in the evening with his success.

The young man, at the appointed time, flew to Lucetta's father. He opened his mind to him without reserve. Studied persuasion and art are not the talents of rustic orators. He frankly told  
him

him that he loved Lucetta.—You love my daughter, answered the old man abruptly!—you would marry her!—are you in earnest, Perrin?—How do you propose to live? Have you cloaths to give her? Have you a roof to cover her? Have you food to support her? You are a servant; you have nothing. Lucetta is not rich enough to maintain herself and you. Perrin, you are not in a condition to keep a wife and family. I have hands, replied Perrin; I have health and strength; a man who loves his wife never wants employment; and what industry would I not exert to maintain Lucetta! Hitherto I have gained five crowns every year; I have saved twenty; they will defray the expences of the wedding. I will work more diligently; my savings will augment; I shall be able to take a little farm; the richest inhabitants of our village have begun as poorly as I shall set off in life; why may I not succeed as well as they?—Very true, Perrin; you are young; you may wait yet for some time; when I find you are a rich man; my daughter is yours; but till then make me no more absurd and romantic proposals.

Perrin could obtain no other answer; he ran to meet Lucetta; he soon found her; he was deeply affected with his disappointment, she read on his face the tidings he was going to announce.—My father

father then has refused you!—Ah Lucetta, how unhappy I am to have been born poor! But I have not lost all hope; my situation may change: Your husband would have spared no pains to procure you a comfortable subsistence; will not your lover do as much to have the happiness of one day possessing you? We shall yet be united; I will not quit the delightful prospect. I conjure you to keep your heart for me; remember you have pledged it to me. Should your father propose a match for you;—Lucetta!—That is the only misfortune I can fear: Your compliance would terminate my life.—And could I, Perrin, marry any one but you? No! If I am not your wife, I will be the wife of no other man upon earth.

They held this conversation on the road to Vitre. Night advancing obliged them to quicken their pace. The evening was dark. Perrin's foot hits against something in the road, and he falls. He searches for what occasioned his fall; he finds it; 'tis a heavy bag; he takes it up; and, curious to know what it contains, he goes with Lucetta into a field where a fire, which the peasants had lighted in the day time, was yet burning. By the light of this fire he opens the bag, and finds gold in it.—What do I see, cried Lucetta!—Ah! Perrin you are become rich!—Is it possible, replied Perrin, that

that it is now in my power to possess you! Can Heaven have been so propitious to our love as to bestow upon me what will procure your father's consent to our marriage, and make us happy! This idea infuses joy into their souls. They view the gold with eagerness almost distrustful of their own eyes; sometimes they quit the shining object, and look on each other with tenderness and transport. Their first surprize being abated, they count the sum; it amounts to twelve thousand livres. They are enchanted with their immense treasure.—Ah, Lucetta, cries Perrin, your father can no longer oppose my happiness.—Lucetta cannot find words to answer him; but her eyes are animated and eloquent; she presses her lover's hand with rapture. Perrin is now certain that his bliss will soon be ratified: He embraces his mistress with ardour and ecstasy: He is absorbed in the idea of his approaching felicity.—Amiable Lucetta, cries he, how dear is this fortune to me; for I shall share it with you!

They tie up their treasure, and proceed towards Lucetta's father's; for they were determined immediately to shew it to the old man. They were now near his house, when on a sudden Perrin stopped.—By this gold, says he, we expect to be  
happy;

happy; but is it ours? It undoubtedly belongs to a traveller: The fair of Vitre is just ended. Some merchant has probably lost it in his return home; at this very moment, whilst we are giving up ourselves to joy, he, perhaps, is a prey to despair.—Your reflection is terrible, answered Lucetta; The unhappy man without doubt, is in the utmost distress; can we enjoy what belongs to him? You make me tremble.—We were carrying this money to your father; through his influence, he would unquestionably have consented to make us happy: But could we have been happy in usurping the property of another? Let us go to the rector of our parish; he has always shewn me great humanity; he recommended me to the master whom I serve; I should take no material step without consulting him.

The rector was at home. Perrin gave him the bag which he had found. He owned that he at first looked upon it as a gift from Heaven. He acquainted him with his love of Lucetta, and with the obstacle which his poverty had proved to their union. The good man was all attention to the story; he gave them looks of paternal affection; their behaviour awoke the sensibility of his soul; he saw the ardour of a mutual passion glisten in their eyes; he admired their passion; but he more  
admired

admired their probity. He applauded their generous conduct.—Perrin, said he, cherish these sentiments as long as you live. The consciousness of them will make you happy, and they will draw down from providence a blessing on your endeavours. We shall find the owner of this money; he will recompence your integrity; to his reward I will add a part of the money I have saved; Lucretia shall be yours; I will take upon me to gain her father's consent; you are worthy of each other. If the money which you have deposited with me is not claimed, it belongs to the poor; you are poor; in restoring it to you I shall think that I act in obedience to Providence, who by your finding it, and lodging it with me, has already marked you out as an object of his favour.

The two lovers retired, satisfied with having done their duty, and enlivened with the hope of being yet united. The bag was proclaimed in the rector's parish; advertisements of it were posted up at Vitre, and all the neighbouring villages. It was claimed by many avaricious and selfish persons; but none of them gave an accurate account of the sum, the specie, and the bag which contained it.

In the mean time the rector did not forget that he had promised to espouse Perrin's interest. He



took a little farm for him; he bought him cattle, and implements of husbandry, and, two months after, he married him to Lucetta. The hearts of the fortunate couple, who had now arrived at the summit of their wishes, daily overflowed with gratitude to heaven, and to the rector. Perrin was industrious; Lucetta was attentive to her domestic affairs. They paid their landlord with the most rigid punctuality; they lived moderately on their profits and were happy.

Two years expired, and the money was not reclaimed by the owner. The rector thought it superfluous to wait any longer; he took it to the virtuous pair whom he had united. My children, said he, enjoy the bounty of Providence without abusing it: These twelve thousand livres are dead with me; employ them to your honest advantage. If you should discover the lawful owner of them, you ought undoubtedly to restore them to him: Dispose of them in such a way that, though you change their substance you may retain their value. Perrin followed his advice; he resolved to purchase the farm which he rented. It was to be sold; it was estimated at more than twelve thousand livres; But for ready money Perrin hoped to buy it for that sum. The gold which he found he only looked upon as a deposit; it could not,  
he

he thought, be better secured: and the rightful possessor if he should ever meet with him, could not be a loser.

The rector approved the project, and the purchase was soon made. As Perrin was now proprietor of the land which he had farmed, he bestowed more pains in the cultivation of it. His fields kept in better order, and more improved, yielded a larger produce; he lived in that ease and abundance which he had been ambitious to maintain for Lucetta. Two children successively blessed their union; they rejoiced to see themselves renewed in those tender pledges of their love. Perrin, in returning from the field, was usually met by his wife, who presented his children to him; he embraced them with transport and then clasped Lucetta in his arms. The children were eagerly officious about their father; one wiped the sweat from his face; the other attempted to ease him of the spade. He smiled at their feeble efforts; he caressed them again, and thanked Heaven for having given him an affectionate wife and children who resembled him.

Some years after the old rector died. Perrin and Lucetta lamented his death; their minds dwelt afresh on what they owed to his humanity; the reflection made them contemplate their own situation,

ation.—We too shall die, said they, and we shall leave our farm to our children. It is not our property. If he to whom it belongs should return, he would be deprived of it for ever; we shall take the right of another with us to the grave. This idea they could not support; delicate in their integrity, they could not be happy while their consciences charged them with the least appearance of fraud. They immediately had a declaration drawn, and signed by the principle inhabitants of the village, which set forth the tenure by which they held their farm. They lodged the declaration in the hands of the new rector. This precaution, which they thought necessary to enforce a restitution that justice might exact of their children, set their minds at ease.

Perrin had now been settled ten years in his farm. One day, after a forenoon's hard labour, as he was going home to dinner, he saw two men overturned in a chaise, on the high road, at a small distance from his house. He ran to their assistance; he offered them his draught horses to convey their baggage; he begged of them to go with him, and accept such refreshment as his humble roof afforded. The travellers were not hurt by their fall.—This is a very unlucky place to me, said one of them; I cannot pass it without some misfortune.

A great

A great mischance befell me here about twelve years ago; I was returning from the fair of Vitre, and near this spot I lost twelve thousand livres in gold. But did you neglect, said Perrin, who heard him with attention to make proper enquiries for your money? It was not in my power replied the stranger, to take the usual ways to recover it. I was just going to make a voyage to the East-Indies; the vessel in which I was to sail would not have waited for me; all the expedients I could have fallen upon, to regain my money, would undoubtedly have been fruitless; and the delay which they would have occasioned would have been more prejudicial to me than the loss of it.

This discourse made Perrin's heart leap for joy; he repeated his invitation with more earnestness; he intreated the gentlemen to accept of the asylum which he offered them; he assured them that his house was the nearest, and the most commodious habitation of the place: They complied with his request: He went on the first to shew them the way. He soon met his wife, who according to custom, came to meet him. He desired her to hasten home, and prepare a dinner for his guests. On their arrival at his house, he brought them a refreshment, and renewed the conversation on the loss of the twelve thousand livres. By the sequel  
of

of the traveller's discourse, he was convinced that he was the man to whom he owed a restitution; he went to the new rector, informed him of what he had learned, and begged that he would do him the favour to dine with him. He accepted his invitation, and accompanied him; admiring, as he went, the joy of the peasant on a discovery which would be his ruin.

Dinner is served up: the travellers are charmed with the hospitality of Perrin: They admire his domestic œconomy, the benevolence of his heart, the frankness of his behaviour, the ingenuous and engaging manner of Lucetta, her assiduities, and her kindness; they caress the children. After dinner Perrin shews them his house, his garden, and his cattle; he informs them of the situation, the fertility, and the produce of his fields.—All this, added he to the traveller, on whose account he was so particular, belongs to you. The money which you lost fell into my hands; when I found it was not likely to be reclaimed, I bought this farm with it; which I always intended to give up to him who should convince me that he had a right to it.—I now resign it to you; if I had died without finding you, the rector has a deed which confirms your property.

The

The stranger was for some moments lost in amazement.—He read the writing which the rector put into his hands.—He looked earnestly on Perrin, on Lucetta, and their children.—Where am I, at length exclaimed he! and what have I heard! What an uncommon manner of proceeding! What virtue, what nobleness of soul, and in what a station of life do I find them!—Have you nothing to depend upon but this farm, added he?—No; but, if you do not sell it, you will need a farmer, and I hope you will give me the preference.—Your probity deserves a different recompence. It is now twelve years since I lost the sum which you found: In that time God has blessed my commerce, it has been greatly extended; it has prospered. It is long since I ceased to feel the effects of my loss. Your restitution now would not make me richer. You merit this little fortune; Providence has made you a present of it: I could not take it from you without offending my Creator. Keep it; it belongs to you; or, if I must have a right to it, I give it to you. You might have kept it; I should never have reclaimed it; what man would have acted like you!

He immediately tore the deed which the rector had given him. The world, said he, should be acquainted with your generous action. A deed

to ratify my resignation in your favour, your right to the farm, and that of your children, is not necessary: However, it shall be executed, to perpetuate the remembrance of your disinterestedness and honour.

Perrin and Lucetta fell at the feet of the traveller. He raised and embraced them. A notary was sent for; he engrossed the deed; he had never drawn one of such noble contents. Perrin shed tears of gratitude and joy. My children, said he, kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, by the generosity of this worthy man, the farm is now become our own; henceforth we may enjoy it without anxiety and without remorse. Perrin and Lucetta in their vacant hours, often paid encomiums to the memory of the old rector, the guardian of their innocence, and the first promoter of their happiness. While they dwelt on the pleasing subject, they felt the best emotions of human nature; tears of gratitude and affection started from their eyes. His precepts had made an indelible impression upon their minds, and, by their constant observance of them, they hoped to rejoin him in a better world.

#### ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE  
OF  
SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

**D**URING the building of St. Paul's church, a country carpenter applied to the overseer of the workmen for employment as a carver. The overseer smiling at the man's temerity, hearing he had never worked in London, it was observed by Sir Christopher, who was present, who calling the man to him, asked what he had chiefly worked at in the country? Pig-trough, &c. was the answer. Well then, says Sir Christopher, let us see a specimen of your workmanship in a sow and pigs. The man returned in a few days, having performed his part with such exquisite skill, that he was immediately employed; and in fine, executed some of the most difficult parts in the cathedral to the astonishment of all that knew the circumstance.

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*THE MOUSE'S PETITION.*

**O**H! hear a pensive captive's prayer,  
For liberty that sighs;  
And never let thine heart be shut  
Against the prisoner's cries,

For



For here forlorn and sad I sit,  
Within the wiry grate;  
And trembling at th' approaching morn,  
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,  
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,  
Let not thy strong oppressive force  
A free-born mouse detain.

Oh! do not stain with guilty blood  
Thy hospitable hearth;  
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd  
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast  
My scanty meals supply;  
But if thine unrelenting heart  
That slender boon deny.

The chearful light, the vital air,  
Are blessings widely given;  
Let Nature's commoners enjoy  
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind  
To all compassion gives;  
Casts round the world an equal eye,  
And feels for all that lives.

If

If mind, as ancient sages taught,  
A never dying flame,  
Still shifts thro' matter's varying forms,  
In every form the same.

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,  
A brother's soul you find;  
And tremble, lest thy luckless hand  
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day  
Be all of life we share,  
Let pity plead within thy breast,  
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board  
With health and peace be crown'd,  
And every charm of heartfelt ease  
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when unseen destruction lurks,  
Which men like mice may share,  
May some kind angel clear thy path,  
And break the hidden snare.

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*A N E C D O T E.*

**M**ISS SMITH, who lately played the character of Aurelia, in the Comedy of the Twin Rivals at Covent Garden theatre, died lately at  
Norwich,

Norwich, in the following extraordinary manner:—A young Gentleman of good family and great expectancy, had long had a *tendresse* for her, but desisted from making her any serious offers, because he feared his friends would object to the match, on account of the young lady's want of fortune; she having given up every shilling of some thousands which had been bequeathed her, to rescue a parent from ruin. Her theatrical prospects not appearing very promising, the young gentleman generously told her, that if she would quit the stage, he would make her his wife, in spite of any objection of his friends. As she tenderly loved him, the excess of her joy was such on hearing the declaration, that she sunk into his arms and died immediately.

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*On the Death of Mr. THOMAS ROWE.*

By Mrs. ROWE.

IN what soft language shall my thoughts get free,  
 My dear Alexis, when I talk of thee?  
 Ye muses, graces, all ye gentle train  
 Of weeping loves, assist the pensive strain!  
 But why should I implore your moving art?  
 'Tis but to speak the dictates of my heart.

And

And all that knew the charming youth will join  
 Their friendly sighs, and pious tears to mine :  
 For all that knew his merit must confess,  
 In grief for him there can be no excess.  
 His soul was form'd to act each glorious part  
 Of life, unstain'd with vanity, or art.  
 No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,  
 But what he might have own'd to heaven and earth.  
 Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,  
 And shone with more than its own native light.  
 Whatever noble warmth could recommend  
 The just, the active, and the constant friend,  
 Was all his own—but oh! a dearer name,  
 And softer ties my endless sorrow claim;  
 Lost in despair, distracted, and forlorn,  
 The lover I, and tender husband mourn.  
 What'er to such superior worth was due,  
 What'er excess the fondest passion knew,  
 I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,  
 My prayers themselves were thine, and only where }  
 Thou wast concern'd, my virtue was sincere.  
 When 'er I begg'd for blessings on thy head,  
 Nothing was cold, or formal, that I said;  
 My warmest vows to heaven were made for thee,  
 And love still mingled with my piety.  
 O thou wast all my glory, all my pride!  
 Thro' life's uncertain paths, my constant guide :  
Regardless

Regardless of the world, to gain thy praise,  
Was all that could my just ambition raise.

Why has my heart this fond engagement known?  
Or why has heaven dissolv'd the tie so soon?  
Why was the charming youth so form'd to move?  
Or why was all my soul so turn'd for love?  
But virtue here a vain defence had made,  
Where so much worth and eloquence could plead.  
For he could talk—'twas ecstacy to hear,  
'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to every ear!  
Eternal music dwelt upon his tongue,  
Soft and transporting as the muse's song:  
List'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to rest,  
And love, and silent rapture fill'd my breast;  
Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,  
And time was only measured by delight,  
I hear the lov'd, the melting accents still,  
And still the kind, the tender transport feel:  
Again I see the sprightly passions rise,  
And life and pleasure sparkle in his eyes.  
My fancy paints him now with every grace,  
But, ah! the dear delusion mocks my fond embrace:  
The smiling vision takes its hasty flight,  
And scenes of horror swim before my sight,  
Grief and despair in all their terrors rise,  
A dying lover pale and gasping lies;  
Each dismal circumstance appears in view,  
The fatal object is for ever new:

His

His anguish, with the quickest sense I feel,  
 And hear this sad, this moving language still.  
 My dearest wife! my last, my fondest care!  
 Sure Heaven for thee will hear a dying prayer:  
 Be thou the charge of sacred providence,  
 When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;  
 Ten thousand smiling blessings crown thy head,  
 When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.  
 Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry just,  
 My future fame and honor are thy trust.  
 From all engagements here I now am free,  
 But that which keeps my lingering soul with thee.  
 How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,  
 Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel:  
 But haste to meet me on those happy plains,  
 Where mighty love in endless triumphs reigns.

He ceas'd; then gently yielded up his breath,  
 And fell a blooming sacrifice to death:  
 But, oh! what words, what numbers can express,  
 What thought conceive the height of my distress!  
 Why did they tear me from thy breathless clay?  
 I should have staid, and wept my life away.  
 Yet, gentle shade, whether thou now dost rove,  
 Thro' some blest vale, or ever verdant grove;  
 One moment listen to my grief, and take  
 The softest vows that constant love can make.

For

For thee all thoughts of pleasure I forego;  
 To thee my years shall never cease to flow;  
 For thee at once I from the world retire,  
 To feed, in silent shades, a hopeless fire.  
 My bosom all thy image shall retain,  
 The full impression there shall still remain:  
 As thou hast taught my constant heart to prove,  
 The noblest height and elegance of love;  
 That sacred passion I to thee confine,  
 My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.

#### AN E C D O T E.

**T**HE late Lord Richard Cavendish, a few weeks before his death, went a hunting with the King of Naples; when the sport was over, his Majesty invited him to dinner in the country. Lord R. desired permission to sit in his great coat, on account of his ill health. This the King immediately granted. His Sicilian Majesty (who, though ill educated, possesses great natural talents, and is an enemy to every species of affectation) was extremely pleased with the simplicity of Lord Richard's character, and conversed with him in a manner the most free, cheerful and engaging. This Lord Richard was so much taken with, that on a sudden

a sudden he cried out, "I admire your Majesty excessively, because you are not the least like a King." His Majesty often mentioned the circumstance with pleasure, and declares that he looks upon it to have been the most flattering speech that ever was made him.

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### *IMPERIAL CLEMENCY.*

**T**HE Maréchal de Sabran had retired from the service of his king and country at the age of sixty-five, having been equally distinguished for undaunted valour, and the most extensive knowledge of military affairs. The place of his retreat was a solitary romantic château, the splendor and hospitality of which were every way worthy of so noble and illustrious a guest: to this abode Fame attended her hoary warrior, after having led him secure, through a series of dangers, to the highest honours which a grateful monarch could bestow. Here he proposed enjoying the bright evening of that day, the meridian splendor of which had never been obscured by a cloud. Under this friendly roof, that cordial hospitality was realized, which is now seldom heard of, but in times remote, or  
legendary



legendary tales. No surly Swiss, in all the pride of upstart insolence, was placed, like a dragon, before the gate of this seat of affluence; nor was it ever closed against the foot of even vagrant misery. Every eye invited the stranger with a condescension suited to his rank and pretensions; and the very dogs themselves (as if influenced by their Lord's example) seemed to tell him he was welcome; whilst the board of plenty, at which he was placed without ceremony, effectually convinced him he was so.

Ye, whose days flow on in one dull scene of useless inactivity, or roll in a continued torrent of voluptuous enjoyment; who bask in the sunshine of fortune due to virtues which can alone be traced in the annals of your fires; compare your frivolous existence with that of the old Maréchal de Sabran, and whilst ambition excites you to envy his fame, let reason urge you to the imitation of his virtues.

Of all those who from friendship or want sought his protection none were received with more apparent satisfaction than those, who, like himself, had devoted their lives to arms. Scarcely any distinction was known among persons of this description. It was enough that the stranger either was, or had been, a soldier: his arrival was announced; the Maréchal ran to meet him; and all his necessities

fities were relieved as soon as known. The account which his guests had to give of their several exploits in the field brought back the remembrance of what he had himself been, and what he hoped his son might prove when he should be no more. To educate this youth in the early knowledge and Practice of true virtue and honour, was the chief pleasure and occupation of his age. This he did not attempt by implanting on the unprepared soil abstruse and metaphysical notions of this world or the next, which never can be learned too late; but, by the insertion of such plain truths as naturally spring from the harmony and order of things. Was the point, for instance, to investigate the Deity? his existence was proved by that of creation; his benevolence, by the blessings diffused around it. The lily of the vale served as an emblem of his purity, and every spontaneous note which warbled from the spray or grove, seemed to indicate, that praise which is due to his sacred name. All dark and disconsolate ideas, by which superstition is too apt to cast a gloom over the present, or cloud the prospect of futurity, were either wholly rejected as dangerous, or reserved till the powers of reason should be sufficiently strong to compare ideas with a proper degree of just and philosophical discrimination. By these cares and attention from a fond, but not a too fond parent,

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the young Comte de Sabran, at a very early period, had acquired a fund of real knowledge, which few others attain after all the labour of what is called a compleat system of education. His ideas, naturally fluent and extensive, were confined within proper bounds by the aids of a well informed judgment: though a tenant of the shade, he conversed with men; nor, in his choice of a companion, gave that preference to a brute, which can only be supposed to originate in a similarity of temper and manners. The enraptured Maréchal, who saw this plant of his care flourish beneath his fostering hand, already received the reward of his labours in the shade he foresaw it would in time afford to the wretched, and the fruits it would in due season bring forth to his country.

The Comte, who was now entering on his fifteenth year, was impatient for the time when his father's expectations should be put to the desired test. With what transport did he listen to him, when addressed in the following manly terms! Sabran, 'said the hoary sage and warrior, (for the two characters were equally blinded in his soul) "a new scene is now opening before you; and I hope you are prepared to act your part in it agreeably to the maxims you have received from me. If so my boy," continued he, a tear of auspicious presentment

sliding down his aged cheek, then shall  
 his hairs go down with resignation to the  
 and my last breath be expired in calling  
 blessings on thy head. Remember, my son,  
 every man, however free by nature, is born  
 servant of that society in which he is a subject:  
 the slave be led on by mercenary views; a gen-  
 tleman should act from nobler motives. Duty and  
 fame are the two objects he must have in view;  
 nor can he without forfeiting his claim to true no-  
 bility, attend to any other.

Take, "added he, as he delivered his sword into  
 his hands, " this faithful companion of thy father's  
 labours; and with that keep clear the path to glo-  
 ry, which his arm has hewn out for thee, the for-  
 tune, the rank, the titles, it has gained me, must,  
 I know, be thine; but that is not enough, I expect  
 thee to deserve them. Take, then, this trusty  
 sword; not to be polluted by the streams of private  
 vengeance: reserve it, with thyself, for what alone  
 has a claim to both, thy country. Be this, in a  
 word, thy rule on every occurrence; never to un-  
 sheath this sword but with mercy, never to resign  
 it but with life!"

The Comte received the present with his eyes  
 that for a while alone spoke the language of his  
 heart: then, drawing it on a sudden, and pointing  
 to

to the blade, he exclaimed, with all the fer youth, ' Let the enemies of my country appea the blood in which I hope to see tinged, prove if yours has degenerated in my veins!'

Every thing being prepared for the young hero's equipment, he took leave of a parent from which he till then had never been absent a day, and joined the regiment in which a commission was assigned him.

Three years of peaceful inactivity lingered away ere war gave scope to his valour and releived the torment of impatience.

Of this delay he never failed to complain with energy, when a temporary indulgence, or the customary leave of absence, permitted him to visit the place of his nativity, and the venerable author of his being. It was during one of these pleasing intervals that an accidental circumstance took place which determined the happiness of his life.

Sequestered from the village, but nearly adjoining to his father's park, stood a small neat mansion, that contained a treasure he had occasionally seen, but the intrinsic value of which he had till now little suspected. Maria, if some eyes might not deem her in every sense the most beautiful, must  
be

be universally allowed the most lovely of her sex. She was formed to shine in courts: but the envy of a maiden aunt condemned this flower to droop unseen, and wither in the shade. In this dull scene of vegetative existence, her only resource against Ennui was in books; and by these she endeavoured, as much as possible, to beguile those slow paced hours which ever attend on the steps of melancholy. Having wandered through the fields one evening, to taste such faint relief as the beauties of nature could afford to her pensive mind, she had seated herself in the shade, to read that part of Sterne's Sentimental Journey which so pathetically describes her disconsolate namesake at Moulins. Insensibly, the drowsy god had given a respite to her cares, and closed those eyes which the less tranquil state of her mind had condemned to too tedious vigils. The book lay open at her side; and the name of Maria was half blotted from the page by a tear of sympathy which had fallen upon it: her cheek, more beauteous in langour, was gently reclined on her left hand and the breeze that seemed to wanton around her with delight, had half removed the lawn which before concealed her bosom. What wonder the unpractised heart of young Sabran was moved with a sight that would have thawed the coldest anchorite to warm desires! to see, to admire, and for  
the

the first time to love, were the revolutions of a moment; the next conveyed him imprudently into her arms. In that auspicious, and yet unlucky minute, appeared the ill-boding figure of Miss Dorotheé de Taillis, the very pious and discreet aunt of whom honourable mention has already been made.

Her ideas, at best, were seldom of the most charitable kind, the reader may, therefore, form a tolerable guess at their import, on witnessing the scene just described: and, indeed, it must be granted, that a young fellow in regimentals, in a grove, and in such a situation, gave but little room for favorable conjectures.

Aunt Dorotheé flew to the charge like an Amazon: with her left-hand she seized the unexpected Comte by the neck; and, with her right, firmly clenched, began to buffet him with unremitting zeal and assiduity. This unexpected attack in the rear, obliged the young hero to face about; and would have afforded poor Maria an opportunity of flight, had not the manner in which she was surprised caused her instantaneously to faint away, and she remained in a state of insensibility till the contest between her aunt and Lover was brought to a crisis.

The first object that presented itself to her waking eyes was her enraged kinswoman, who would  
not

not have been ill-watched with the Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Maria gave a shriek, and again fainted. Young Sabran would have flown to her relief: when Aunt Dorotheé immediately interposed; and, by this manœuvre, received the embrace intended for Maria, in which position they both fell to the ground. Aunt Dorotheé exclaimed, in a tone much less unpleasing than usual, that she was undone, ruined, violated! and, in spite of all efforts, kept the Comte on the turf, close locked and nearly suffocated in her arms.

By this time the alarm was spread to some peasants in a neighbouring field, who came running to the spot, armed with clubs, forks, and such other weapons as their labour afforded. With some difficulty they relieved the enraged Comte from his critical situation. An explanation immediately ensued, in which Aunt Dorotheé was by far the most distinguished speaker; who, after having exhausted her rage, and the patience of her auditors, in threats and invectives against the Comte and Maria, was proceeding to less gentle usage of the latter; when her lover stepped in, and declared his resolution, in a tone that proved him to be in earnest, of sacrificing Aunt Dorotheé to immediate retaliation, unless she instantaneously desisted from her purpose.



purpose. Having gained this first point, he soon insisted on a second; and, after a few preliminary articles bore away his prize in triumph. The peasants, who had not the highest opinion of Aunt Dorothea's character, refused to interfere; and even gave Sabran three cheers of approbation, which they knew would not go unrewarded. Thus they parted; Sabran more elate than Alexander at his return from the conquest of India; Aunt Dorothea, with all that rancour, spite and malice, in her heart which the reader may suppose in a woman agitated by so many and such violent passions.

The Comte, who was to the full as much in love as if he had been making it for years, and whose intentions towards the object of his wishes were every way honourable, was by no means desirous, as yet, to discover the secret to his father. After some deliberation, he procured lodgings for Maria in the neighbourhood. But who can stop fame in a country village?

The short space of two hours brought the whole affair with additions, to the Maréchal! who immediately surprized the couple tête-a-tête in their new apartments. 'Heighday!' exclaimed he, at entering but not in a tone of passion; 'what! Monsieur le Comte, getting the girls into a corner already!' The Comte made no answer; and he proceeded,  
'Well,

' Well, Miss! and so I find you have been laying love-baits for my son; but—' Here Maria, trembling in every limb, threw herself at his feet, and entreated him, with a voice of supplication which must have touched even a Negro, not to condemn her unheard. There was something even in Maria's aspect that pleaded irresistibly in her favor, before her lips uttered a single syllable, and so sweet were the accents which flowed from that source of candour and truth, that, had she asked for empires, no other idea would have resulted from the request than how they might be procured for her. Maria was suffered to proceed: she told the Maréchal, in a few words, not one of which failed to reach his heart, that she presumed he was equally mistaken as to her designs and character. She said, that, like Lavina, she had been left a solitary shepherdess of the woods; with this difference, that Lavina found comfort in the arms of a tender parent, whilst she had been consigned to the care of a relation who seemed to find a malicious pleasure in aggravating her distresses. At the mention of the park-scene, the Maréchal could not help exclaiming to his son, What! attempt the virtue of an innocent female, and steal a march upon her when she was asleep, too!"

The Comte soon undeceived the Maréchal in his hasty conjectures: and when he came to the  
part

part Aunt Dorothee had acted in the affair, the old gentleman's muscles took a very different turn; and gravity was the least prevailing passion in his face. Maria then discovered her name and family, (at which the Maréchal seemed greatly affected,) protesting, in a tone of angelic sweetness, that she had none of those base designs on the Comte his son, which the Maréchal had unkindly suggested. I believe you, child, most sincerely! said the Maréchal taking one of her hands in both his: "But what do you suppose were my son's designs on you?" Maria blushed, and was silent. The Comte, on being asked the same question, immediately replied, "Matrimony," Matrimony! exclaimed the Maréchal: "what, no sooner enlisted in the service of Mars, than that of Venus must follow! Well; I always asserted that they were closely connected together. The pause of a minute which followed these apostrophes, made the two young lovers tremble for the event. Maria conceived the old gentleman's hesitation to originate in her want of fortune: but how different would her presentiments have proved, had she known what passed in the Maréchal's heart during that short interval! He seized Maria's trembling hand, with an emotion that appeared evidently in every feature, and pressed and kissed it with an ardour that shewed at once the fullness and candour of his heart.

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“ And are you really, Maria, the virtuous orphan, of my friend?” Was my father your friend, Sir? returned Maria with surprize. “ Yes,” cried the Maréchal, “ he was, indeed, my friend; nay, more, my benefactor! Nor is there a name under Heaven more dear to me than that of Clancy! your father, it is true, was unfortunate; but where is the virtuous man who has not been so? Oh, Maria! Maria! (continued the Maréchal de Sabran,) “ now no longer an orphan, now no longer the wretched child of sorrow, let me wipe away that tear which duteous recollection has drawn from its chrystal source!” And he in vain strove to hide those which stole down the furrows Time had made in his own ancient cheeks. “ Here my son,” said he to the Comte, “ take this fair hand which monarchs may envy thee; and could I suppose the want of fortune would render it less precious in thy eyes, dear as thou art, and must be, to my paternal fondness, by Heaven I could discard thee for ever! “ And, by Heaven! added the enraptured Comte, “ I should, in that case, well deserve your severest repentment, with every other curse that could be heaped upon my devoted head!” Nothing now remained but to fix the day of their happy union.

“ You are both yet very young,” said the Maréchal to his son, when pressed on the subject, merely,  
to

to tantalize him, 'and marriage, after all, is a serious affair.' 'Ah, Sir!' exclaimed young Sabran, 'it is so! and let us therefore get over it as soon as we can.' The Maréchal gave a smile of approbation and immediately named the day which was to render his son the happiest of mortals.

One puff of fame conveyed this news to Aunt Dorotheé; whose ears were ever open to intelligence, as her tongue was on the rack till employed in liquidating the debt to others.

What pen could describe her agitated mind at that moment! It was, indeed, painted on her face in colours equal in numbers, though not in lustre, to those of the Rainbow, and would have baffled the art of every painter in Europe. The tea equi-page was overset in her first paroxysm of rage; her cap was rent away like a sail in a storm, and the motley locks that mantled like ivy round her temples, at once to hide and mark out the ravages of Time, were strewed like autumnal leaves on the carpet. In this attracting deshabille she sallied forth from her solitary mansion, followed by her monkey, parrot, squirrel, and a whole groupe of cats, the only objects that ever experienced one single mark of her benevolence; and, with the hasty strides of a Virago, made the best of her way to the Chateau de Marli.

God

God of my father's! exclaimed the Maréchal, who first observed her at a distance, 'what infernal spectre presents itself to my view?' 'Ah!' cried Maria, 'it is my aunt! shield me from a resentment of which I have so repeatedly been the trembling victim!' Fear nothing, my angel! said young Sabran clasping her to his bosom! 'thou art mine! and from this hour my arm is to be thy protection.' Aunt Dorothee entered; and, had an artist been present, the portrait he might have taken of a Fury would have immortalized his pencil. Finding it vain to reason with so desperate a being, who began to exercise her vengeance in effectual depredations on the Maréchal's superb furniture, he ordered his servants to escort her to the door; from which she retired, railing at beauty, marriage, and mankind.

The eve of the bridal day now arrived, and every thing was in readiness for the celebration of the nuptials on the ensuing morn, when the Comte received orders to join the regiment, which was ordered abroad, without a moment's delay. War had been suddenly declared, and every thing prepared for the most vigorous exertions. No plea for neglect of duty could appear admissible to the old Maréchal, who had always been a strenuous promoter of rigid discipline; and however painful

the task necessarily proved to his son, he knew he must not hesitate to obey. The tender Maria, heedless of her sex and weakness, was now resolved to accompany her lover in disguise to the field and share all his dangers. ‘ My presence, ‘ said she to the Maréchal, who very properly opposed her design, ‘ will animate him to heroic deeds!’ No, my child, ‘replied the Maréchal, (though evidently pleased with her spirit,) ‘ no, I am persuaded he will require no other incitement to duty, than that of honour: when this is satisfied he will return still more worthy of the rewards which love has in your person, destined for him. Your Charming society, Maria, ‘ added he, embracing her, ‘ will be necessary to console me in his absence.

The two armies met early in the campaign; a most obstinate engagement ensued; ‘ and never did victory more deeply tinge her laurels in human gore, than on this awful occasion. The Comte de Sabran, who performed all that fame or his fire could wish, received several dangerous wounds in the conflict; and Rumour, who, like a river increases as she goes, proclaimed them to be mortal.

The Maréchal's grief was every way suited to the calamity. In feeling himself a parent, he did not, however, forget that he was a hero. ‘ He is gone!’

gone!' said he; 'but not without his share of glory! He is no more! but he died, as I ever wished him, in the service of his country.'

The disconsolate Maria heard these sentiments; but, alas! they conveyed no balm to her wounded heart. She had lost all that was dear to her, in a world which had ever afforded her but too little enjoyment; and, to indulge her sorrows in solitude, was now the only object that claimed her attention. In a few words she disappeared; and a letter informed the Maréchal that her resolution was to end her wretched remnant of life in the gloom of a cloyster. As she had not mentioned the place of her destination, the Maréchal was unable to prevent this fatal step; and, after many fruitless researches and enquiries, gave up all hopes of ever seeing or hearing from her more.

But what was his joy and surprize, when, after a short interval of melancholy, a letter from his son convinced him that the youth was still in being, and in a fair way of recovery! The report of his death had been premature; though accounts were received from the army in which he was numbered with the slain.

The Maréchal's answer announced the sudden retreat of Maria, in consequence of her error; and



a truce of six months being agreed on by the contending powers, the Comte de Sabran obtained leave of absence, and determined never to return till he had found out the spot which contained the treasure of his soul. With this view, he visited every convent where he supposed she might be concealed; and, after incredible fatigues and anxiety, (during which he seldom tasted food, or suffered sleep to approach his eyelids) he at length traced her to Vienna, whither she had been invited by a boarding-school friend, whom alone she had made the confidante of her intentions, under the feigned title of her brother, he was first allowed an audience at the grate; and he even obtained permission, under that sanction, to visit her within the inclosure.

There he found she had already taken the veil, and even her last vows; but love prevailed over all the dictates of religion; and a plan was concerted for her release, which he immediately put into execution.

Night was the time fixed on for this desperate attempt, and every precaution was taken to prevent a discovery. The guard was secured by an ample bribe; the Comte scaled the walls as the clock struck twelve, and found Maria prepared to second his exertions. Many obstacles, however, retarded his designs; nor were they accomplished before

before the centinel was relieved on whose aid and secrecy he had relied. The soldier now on duty observing him and Maria descend from the wall by a rope ladder the Comte had taken care to provide, immediately fired; when poor Maria fell at his feet. Not doubting that she was mortally wounded, he sacrificed the guard: by whom he supposed he had been basely betrayed, to the first impulse of his resentment; and, in the distraction of his soul, was meditating the like vengeance on himself, when Maria (who by this time had recovered from her swoon) arrived soon enough to prevent the fatal stroke. Once more he clasped her in his arms; but the report of the centinel's musquet having given a general alarm to the guards, he was conveyed, with Maria, to a place of security. Murder and sacrilege were the two crimes of which he stood clearly convicted; crimes which excluded the most distant hope of mercy: He was accordingly ordered to prepare for inevitable death; and the lovely Maria was condemned to share his fate.

The day was come, the awful preparations were made, and the vile arm of an executioner was already raised to cut off two persons in the bloom of health and youth, culpable in the eyes of erring man, but more than innocent in those of Heaven, when the old Maréchal de Sabran, doubtless conducted

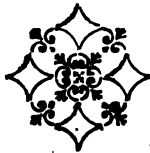
ducted by Providence, arrived at the melancholy spot, just in time to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. His name and virtues were respected even by those enemies who had so often shrunk before his valour; and no sooner had he claimed the two culprits, and declared his intentions of appealing to the feelings of the Emperor, than orders were given to defer the execution till the event of his suit should be known.

Being admitted to the Imperial Presence, what was his conduct? Did he rend his grey locks in token of affliction, or descend to more abject acts of humiliation in order to excite pity? No; he appeared, he looked, he spoke, with the confidence of a man who felt his claim to attention. The words he made use of were few: Sire, 'said he, 'I am a father, alas! I must soon cease to be so, for my son and daughter have offended you; I come not hither in the forlorn hope of defrauding the claims of justice, which I have ever respected; but of pleading for honour, which has been equally dear to me. If my children are guilty, let them perish, but not by a vulgar hand: mine, Sire, shall do the office of an executioner; and the same sword that pierces their hearts, shall soon find access to mine. I am a Maréchal of France; my name is Sabran: and this request, I trust will not be refused to the fame of my ancestors and to my own!'

The

The emperor heard him with astonishment; nor was it till after a pause of some minutes, that he could make him this gracious reply. ‘ Go, it is impossible that your children can have been guilty; or if they have been so unfortunate, whatever be their crimes, I forgive them for your sake.

This sentence was highly extolled by all but the biggotted clergy, ever enraged to see victims snatched from their vengeance; these complained that the interests of Heaven were sacrificed to those of humanity: but, in spite of their influence, Sabran and his beloved Maria were restored to the arms of their now enraptured parent, and soon after united in the softest bands that Hymen ever entwined. The sovereign, to whose benevolence they owed these blessings, was not long without his reward: in the very next campaign the young heir to his throne was rescued from his fate by the Comte de Sabran; who never failed to tread in the footsteps of his father, and seemed still more to inherit his god-like virtues, than his titles, his rank, and most ample fortune.



ELEGY ON A YOUNG WOMAN

WHO WAS FOUND

*Murdered in St. George's Fields, and carried  
to a neighbouring bone-house to be owned.*

UNHAPPY daughter of distress and woe,  
Whate'er thy sorrows, and whoe'er thou art  
To thee the tear of charity shall flow,  
Warm from the purest fountain of the heart.

Perhaps, though now neglected and forlorn,  
A parent once survey'd thee with delight,  
The idol of a father's heart alone,  
Or the lov'd darling of a mother's sight.

For thee, perhaps, they watch'd, and toil'd, and  
pray'd,  
On thy sweet innocence with transport hung;  
And well they thought their tenderest care repaid,  
To hear the artless music of thy tongue.

When dawning reason shed her ray benign,  
And all thy excellence became reveal'd,  
How did they see thy opening virtues shine!  
How hear thy praise with transport ill conceal'd!

For who, alas! can tell thy secret worth?  
What soft, angelic graces might appear!  
The bosom, laid defenceless on the earth,  
Might once be grateful, generous, and sincere!

The

The tongue, that knew no friend to bid farewell,  
 Might once the noblest sentiments express!  
 The wretched head, that unsupported fell,  
 Might once be turn'd to stories of distress!

Some base deceiver, practis'd to betray,  
 Might win thy easy faith, destroy thy fame;  
 Then cast thee, like a loathsome weed away,  
 The sport of fortune, and the child of shame!

Poor wanderer! perhaps thou couldst not find  
 One generous hand the slender gift to spare!  
 Insatiate avarice the soul confin'd,  
 Or timid prudence disbeliev'd thy prayer.

Whate'er thy lot has been, unhappy shade!  
 From sin, at least, and sorrow, thou art free;  
 Thy debt to virtue it has fully paid,  
 And wounded pity pays her debt to thee.

### A N E C D O T E.

A Commotion was stirred up by some COMMONERS, in Ireland, against engrossing their grounds, when King James I. in a hunting journey happened to pass that way, and turning short at the corner of a common, happened to come near a countryman sitting by the heels in the stocks, who cried *HOSANNAH!* to his Majesty; which invited

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the King to ask the reason of his restraint. One of his attendants said, " It is for stealing geese from the common." The fellow replied, " I beseech your Majesty, who is the greater thief, I, for stealing geese from the common ; or his worship, for stealing the common from the geese?" The King immediately ordered the witty fellow to be released, and the common to be restored to the poor.

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### *Religious and Moral Reflections* *On the Practice of Gaming.*

**M**ANY young gentlemen have been there bubbled and cheated of large sums of money, which were given them by their parents to support them honourably in their stations. In such sort of shops young ladies are tempted to squander away too large a share of their yearly allowance, if not of the provision their parents have made for their whole lives. It is a fatal snare to both sexes: if they win they are allured still onward, while, according to their language, luck runs on their side: if they lose they are tempted to another cast of the die, and enticed on still to fresh games by a delusive hope, that fortune will turn, and they shall recover all that they have lost. In the midst  
of

of these scenes their passions rise shamefully, a greedy desire of gain makes them warm and eager, and new losses plunge them sometimes into vexation and fury, till the soul is quite beaten off from its guard, and virtue and reason have no manner of command over them.

Mr. Neal, in his Reformation Sermon, has taken occasion not only to inform us, that "Merchants and tradesmen mix themselves "at these tables with men of desperate fortunes, and throw the dice for their estates." But in a very decent and soft manner of address, has enquired, "Whether public gaming in virtuous ladies is not a little out of character. "Whether it does not draw them into mixed company, and give them an "air of boldness, which is perfectly inconsistent with that modesty, which is the ornament of the fair sex? Whether it does not engage them in an habit of idleness, and of keeping ill hours? Whether their passions are not sometimes disordered, and whether the losses they sustain, have not a tendency to breed ill blood in their families, and between their nearest relations?" It has been often observed, that gaming in a lady has usually been attended with the loss of reputation, and sometimes of that which is still more valuable, her virtue and honour.



Now, if these be the dismal and frequent consequences of the gaming-table, the loss of a little money is one of the least injuries you sustain by it. But what if you should still come off gainers! Is this the way God has taught or allowed us to procure the necessary comforts of life? Is this a sort of labour or traffick on which you can ask the blessing of heaven? Can you lift up your face to God, and pray that he would succeed the cast of the die? the drawing of the lot, or the dealing out of the cards, so as to increase your gain, while it is the very sense and language of the prayer, that your neighbour may sustain so much loss. This is a sad and guilty circumstance which belongs to gaming, that one can gain nothing but what another loses; and consequently we cannot ask a blessing upon ourselves, but at the same time pray for a blast upon our neighbour.

Will you hope to excuse it by saying, that my neighbour consents to this blast or loss by entering into the game, and there is no injury where there is consent?

I answer, that though he consents to lose conditionally and upon a venturous hope of gain, yet he is not willing to sustain the loss absolutely; but when either chance, or his neighbour's skill in the game has determined against him, then he is constrained

strained to lose, and does it unwillingly; so that he still sustains it as a loss, or misfortune, or evil. Now, if you ask a blessing from heaven on this way of your getting money, you ask rather absolutely that your neighbour may sustain a loss, without any regard to the condition of his hope of gain. Your wish and prayer is directly that you may get, and he may lose: you cannot wish this good to yourself but you wish the contrary evil to him: and therefore I think gaming for gain cannot be consistent with the laws of Christ, which certainly forbid us to wish evil to our neighbour.

And if you cannot so much as in thought ask God's blessing on this, as you certainly may on such recreations as have an evident tendency innocently to exercise the body and relax the mind, it seems your conscience secretly condemns it, and there is an additional proof of its being evil to you.

All the justest writers of morality, and the best casuists, have generally, if not universally, determined against these methods of gain. Whatsoever game may be indulged as lawful, it is still as a recreation, and not as a calling or business of life: and therefore no larger sums ought to be risked or ventured in this manner, than what may be lawfully laid out by any persons for their present recreation, according to their different circumstances in the world.

Besides

Besides all this, think of the loss of time, and the waste of life that is continually made by some who frequent these gaming places. Think how it calls away many a youth from their proper business, and tempts them to throw away what is not their own, and risque the substance, as well as the displeasure of their parents, or of their master, at all the uncertain hazards of a dice box.

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### Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

**I**N June or July, 1762, his Majesty, willing to reward literary merit, granted the pension of 300*l.* a year. Sir John Hawkins, perhaps in a hurry to relieve the distresses of his friend, places this transaction in the year 1760, when, he says, Lord Bute was not Minister till the rising of the Parliament in 1762. Of this affair, as far as it is known, the real state is as follows: Mr. Wedderburn (now Lord Loughborough) had authority to mention it. He was well acquainted with Johnson, but he had heard much of his fierce independence and also of the downfall of Osborne the Bookseller. He did not know but a folio might be thrown at his own head, and, to avoid all untoward accidents, desired Mr. Murphy, who was intimate with  
Johnson,

Johnson, to open the matter to him. Mr. Murphy went, without delay, to the Doctor's chambers in the Inner Temple Lane. By due degrees and artful approaches, and after waiting for some time for the *mollia tempora fandi*, the message was disclosed. Johnson was overwhelmed with the tidings. He made a long pause: he asked if it was seriously intended? He fell into profound meditation, and at last his own definition of a pensioner occurred to him. He did not say a syllable about the House of Hanover. It was enough to observe to him that he, at least, did not come within the definition. The result was, he took a short time to consider of it: he desired that Mr. Murphy and he might dine at the Mitre Tavern on the following day. The parties met at the appointed hour. The matter was fully discussed, and ended in Johnson's acknowledging himself highly honoured by his Majesty's liberal offer. It was then fixed that he was to be dressed the next day at eleven o'clock, when a carriage would be ready to convey him to a house at the west end of the town, where Mr. Wedderburn would meet him, in order to proceed to the Earl of Bute. On the next day, Mr. Murphy was in the Temple-Lane soon after nine: he got Johnson up, and dressed in due time, and saw him set off at eleven. Of the conversation between Lord Bute and Johnson, the substance

substance was this: The pension was notified; Johnson expressed his sense of the royal munificence, and thought himself the more highly honoured, as the offer was not made to him for having dipped his pen in faction. No, Sir, said Lord Bute, it is not offered to you for having dipped your pen in faction, nor with a desire that you ever should. Sir John Hawkins says, that after this interview, Johnson was often pressed to wait on Lord Bute but he never knocked at his door. Of Johnson's intimates there are many living to whom this is entirely new. Certain it is, he was never heard to utter a disrespectful word of that Nobleman. Mrs. Piozzi has related a dispute with the late Dr. Rose of Chiswick, about the Scotch and English writers. Dr. Rose contended for the pre-eminence of his countrymen: and Ferguson's book upon Civil Society, he said, would give the laurel to the Authors of North-Britain. "Alas! what can he do upon the subject? Aristotle, Polybius, Grotius, Puffendorf, and Burlamaqui have been before him. He will treat it, said Dr. Rose, in a new manner."—"A new manner!—Buckinger had no hands, and he wrote his name with his toes, for half a crown a time, at Charing-cross; that was a new manner of writing!" Mrs. Piozzi has omitted the reply. If that will not satisfy you, said Dr. Rose, I will name a writer, whom you must allow to be the best in  
the

the kingdom.—“ Who is that?—The Earl of Bute, when he wrote an order for your pension. There, Sir, replied Johnson, you have me in the toil: to Lord Bute I must allow whatever praise you claim for him.—Ingratitude was no part of Johnson’s character.

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# S O N G.

A

## M O R A L T H O U G H T.

**T**HRO’ groves sequester’d, dark, and still,  
 Low vales, and mossy cells among,  
 In silent paths the careless rill  
 With languid murmurs steals along.  
 Awhile it plays with circling sweep,  
 And ling’ring leaves its native plain!  
 Then pours impetuous down the steep,  
 And mingles with the boundless main.  
 O let my years thus devious glide,  
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm;  
 Nor wealth, nor strife pollute the tide,  
 Nor honor’s sanguinary palm.  
 When labour tires, and pleasure palls,  
 Still let the stream untroubled be,  
 As down the steep of age it falls,  
 And mingles with eternity.

Z

ESSAY

( 170 )

E S S A Y

O N

R E A D I N G.

ALL the pursuits of man in this world, have one universal goal—*happiness*: various indeed are the meandering paths of different travellers to reach this so much desired spot. As our passions prompt, and our desires excite, we rush on, but often find ourselves in the road directly opposite to that which leads to the temple of felicity. All corporeal pleasures, as they are transitory, cannot communicate a lasting satisfaction; mental gratification can alone be of any duration, or furnish us with agreeable reflection.

Of all the amusements of the mind, there is none more agreeable, more useful, or more easily obtained than reading. Plautus, the poet and philosopher, was in his youth much addicted to the vanities of the world; and being naturally vivacious and mercurial, he was very inconstant and excentric in his conduct. His first vocation in life was that of a soldier; he then tried his fortune at sea; he afterwards turned baker; then he commenced taylor; but this profession not answering, he became a merchant; at length, after having  
tried

tried almost every calling and profession, he pursued philosophy. Being one day asked which of his various pursuits had afforded him the most satisfaction, repose, and content? he replied in these terms: " Know there is no state in which man can be placed that he will not desire a change; there is no post of honor without danger, no riches to be obtain'd without fatigue and uneasiness, no prosperity that is immutable and endless, nor any pleasure, however agreeable, which is not tiresome in the end; so that if ever I have had any repose and tranquillity, it is since I have entirely devoted myself to reading."

The truth of this philosopher's assertion cannot be contested; for whilst we are engaged in the other idle pursuits of this world, we are like a horse in a mill, going the constant round of desires, ungratified, hopes often frustrated, and wishes seldom satisfied; but constantly accompanied by fears, apprehensions, and uneasiness: nay, when our most sanguine expectations are crowned with success, after we have obtained all we can crave, a few moments of enjoyment are enough to satiate, or, as the poet finely expresses it,

*The very wish is in possession lost,*

The reason is obvious, though seldom adverted to; those things we are possessed of, we do not suf-



sufficiently appreciate, whilst we highly, far too highly, over-rate the properties of others. A just and impartial estimation of our possessions and deficiencies, is the summit of philosophy.

Application to books relieves us from all these agitations. They make us acquainted with the frivolity, the futility, and the vanity of worldly pursuits: we are taught this useful knowledge from the grave, which can have no interest in deceiving us; the experience of the dead is unquestionable. The solidity of their conversation is infinitely preferable to the vivacity of the living. Are we desirous of knowing what is necessary for our future happiness? They instruct us without hypocrisy. Are the sciences the objects of our researches? they communicate the depths of learning, without exacting a salary. Are we inquisitive about the politics of states? they reveal them without the asperity of party, or the ostentation of pedants. Is theology the subject of our attention? in them we find teachers without priestly pride, or bigotted ambition.

These, among many others, are the advantages we derive from reading, by which we converse familiarly with the greatest geniuses of antiquity, and make Homer, Virgil, Horace, and Martial our friends and companions; and this agreeable, amusing, and instructive society diverts us from  
other

other living associates, who are often, by their example and acquaintance, fatal to our health, our fortunes, and our time.

In a word, reading is a preservative against every mental, and most corporeal evils; and may, therefore, be justly stiled the universal remedy or grand panacea.

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### LAW ANECDOTE.

**A** RICH old country neighbour of the late Counsellor Fazakerly, who had often endeavoured to steal his advice, taking an opportunity one day, in the course of a morning's ride, to ask his opinion upon a point of some consequence; he gave it very fully, upon the business: but some time afterwards, the Squire coming to the other's chambers in town in a great hurry, says, "Zounds, Mr. Fazakerly! I have lost four or five thousand pounds by your advice. By my advice, neighbour! how so?" replied Fazakerly. "Why, you were in the wrong in the opinion you gave me relative to the manor of S——." "My opinion!" says the Counsellor, turning to one of his books; "I don't remember giving you any opinion upon the subject; I don't remember having had any such

such thing before me; I see nothing of it in my book." "Book! No, (says the other) it was as we were riding out together at Preston last summer." "O!" says the Counsellor, "I remember it now; but that was only my travelling opinion; and to tell you truly, neighbour, my opinion is never to be relied upon unless the case appears in my see book!!!"

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### F R I E N D S H I P.

**T**HEY who would confine Friendship to two persons, seem to confound the wise security of Friendship with the jealousy and folly of love. The hasty, fond and foolish intimacies of young people, founded commonly upon some slight similarity of character, altogether unconnected with good conduct, upon a taste perhaps for the same studies, the same amusement, the same diversions, or upon their agreement in some singular principles or opinion, not commonly adopted: those intimacies which a freak begins, and which a freak puts an end to; how agreeable soever they may appear, whilst they last, can by no means deserve the sacred and venerable name of Friendship.

It were happy if, in forming Friendships, virtue could concur with pleasure: but the greatest part  
of

of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid dissingenuous compliances; yet, certainly, he that suffers himself to be driven or allured from virtue, mistakes his own interest, since he gains succour by means, for which his friends, if ever he becomes wise, must scorn him, and for which, at last, he must scorn himself.

He that hopes for that advantage which is to be gained by unrestrained communication, must sometimes hazard, by unpleasing truths, that Friendship which he aspires to merit. The chief rule to be observed in the execution of this dangerous office, is to preserve it pure from all mixture of interest or vanity, to forbear admonition or reproof, when our consciences tell us, that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the desire of shewing our discernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. The fondest and firmest Friendships are often dissolved by such openness and sincerity as interrupt our enjoyment of our own approbation, or recall us to the remembrance of those failings which we are more willing to indulge than to correct.

Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing our grief.

The

The Friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel,  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

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### QUEEN OF FRANCE.

**W**HEN her Majesty went to visit the famous ~~manufactory~~ of plate glass in Paris, in 1790 she was received every where as she passed through the streets, with expressions of love and respect so strong and so repeated, that she could not help saying to one of her attendants, "How good those people are when we come among them!" "True," answered the attendant, "but they are not quite so good when they come among us." This handsome defence of the people, shewed that her Majesty had not only a just and nice discernment, but a good and forgiving heart.

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### *Anecdote of the Princess Elizabeth.*

**W**HEN this Princess came forth from her confinement in the Tower, she went into the Church of Allhallows-Staining, the first church she found open, to return thanks for her deliverance from prison. As soon as this pious work was concluded

cluded, and the thanksgiving finished, the Princess and her attendants retired to the King's-Head in Fenchurch-Street to take some refreshment; and here her Royal Highness was regaled with pork and peas. The memory of this visit is still preserved at the King's-Head in Fenchurch-Street; and on the 17th of November, her Highness's birthday, certain people still meet to eat pork and peas in honour of the visit of the day. A Print of the Princess Elizabeth, from a picture by Hans Holbein, is hung up in the great room in the tavern; and the dish, that appears to be of a mixed metal, in which the pork and peas were served up, still remains affixed to the dresser in the kitchen.

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A LETTER from ITALY,

T O

LORD HALIFAX,

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

**W**HILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,

And from Britannia's public posts retire,  
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;  
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,  
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,

A a

Where

Where the soft season and inviting clime  
 Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.  
 For where'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;  
 Poetic fields encompass me around,  
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground;  
 For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,  
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung;  
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
 And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.  
 How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods  
 For rising springs and celebrated floods!  
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,  
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,  
 To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store  
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,  
 And hoary Albula's infected tide  
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.  
 Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey  
 Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,  
 The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,  
 The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,  
 And, proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,  
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.  
 Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,  
 That lost in silence an' oblivion lie  
 (Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry,)

Yet

Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,  
 And in the smooth description murmur still,  
 Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,  
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,  
 That, destitute of strength, derives its course  
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;  
 Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,  
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;  
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!  
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,  
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,  
 And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd;  
 Till, by your lines and Nasau's sword renown'd;  
 It's rising billows through the world resound;  
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,  
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.  
 Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire  
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,  
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,  
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!  
 See how the golden groves around me smile,  
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,  
 Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,  
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.  
 Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments  
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;  
 E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,  
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.



Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,  
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;  
 Where western gales eternally reside,  
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride;  
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,  
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.  
 Immortal glories in my mind revive,  
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,  
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry  
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.  
 An ampitheatre's amazing height  
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,  
 That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,  
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb;  
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies;  
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,  
 Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd  
 Their base degen'rate progeny upbraid;  
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,  
 And, wond'ring at their height, through airy chan-  
 nels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,  
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;  
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shewn,  
 And softened into flesh the rugged stone.  
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,  
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;  
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,

And

And emperors, in Parian marble frown;  
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly  
fled,

Still shew the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,  
And shew th' immortal labours in my verse,  
Where, from the mingled strength of shade and  
light,

A new creation rises to my sight;  
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,  
So warm with life his blendid colours glow,  
From theme to theme with secret pleasures tost,  
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.

Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound  
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;  
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,  
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,  
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!

But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
With all the gifts that Heaven and earth impart,  
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,  
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,  
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;

Joyless

Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;  
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.  
 Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!  
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling Plenty leads thy winter train;  
 Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,  
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,  
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the Day.  
 Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;  
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
 How oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought,  
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!  
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;  
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;  
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;  
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,  
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:  
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak moun-  
 tains smile.  
 Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,  
And

And in their proud aspiring domes delight;  
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,  
 Or teach their animated rocks to live;  
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state;  
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,  
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.  
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;  
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.  
 Th' ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret dread,  
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
 And fain her godlikê sons would disunite  
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;  
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,  
 Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.  
 Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found  
 The distant climes and different tongues resound,  
 I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,  
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.  
 But I've already troubled you too long,  
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.  
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream;  
 Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,  
 And lines like Virgil's or like yours, should praise.

AN

*An ANECDOTE.*

**D**R. Hugh Latimer, one of the primitive reformers, was raised to the Bishoprick of Worcester in the reign of Henry the Eighth. It was the custom of those times for each of the Bishops to make presents to the King of a purse of gold on New Year's day. Bishop Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offerings, but instead of a purse of gold, presented the King with the New Testament, in which was a leaf doubled down to the following passage, *Whoremongers and Adulterers God will judge.*

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*AN E C D O T E*

O F

*Dr. Jardine and Mr. Hume.*

**M**R. Hume, and the late Rev. Dr. Jardine, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, lived in habits of much intimacy. Religion, *natural and revealed*, was frequently the subject of conversation. It happened one night, after they had entertained themselves with theological controversy, that Mr. Hume's politeness, when bidding adieu, would not permit Dr. Jardine (whose œconomy was not incumbered

cumbered with many domesticks) to light him down the stairs. Mr. Hume stumbled in the dark and the Doctor hearing it, ran to his assistance with a candle, and when he had recovered, his guest said to him, " David, I have often told you not to rely too much upon yourself, and that *natural light* is not *sufficient*. This pleasantry Mr. Hume never relished.

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## THE HAPPY PAIR,

O R

*Virtue and Constancy rewarded.*

**E**RASTUS, at the expiration of his clerkship to a merchant, saw himself in possession of a fortune, which in a few years, with success, might have increased to the height of his ambition. He made a favourable impression on the heart of the fair Eliza, his master's daughter, and married her soon after he was settled, with the consent of her father, who retired from business, and passed the remainder of his days in ease and calmness.

They had but a few years enjoyed the happiness they imparted to each other, before Erastus, by unexpected losses, and the bankruptcy of a house

B b

abroad,



abroad, was robbed of all his fortune. He now for ever look'd on the lovely Eliza with pain. " Canst thou still love the man who has reduced thee to poverty?—Indeed, thou canst! " said he, pressing her hand with all imaginable tendernefs. " Heaven knows I have not brought my misfortunes on myself."—we must not repine, and yet so lovely a family—at which time he cast his eyes on his little rogues, who were playing on the carpet, and then on his Eliza. He saw the tear flow down her cheek, and wept. Whatever she could suggest to give him ease, she spoke with all the tendernefs imaginable. " We will not weep, then, my Eliza; perhaps we may yet know happier hours." The attention of the little ones was drawn by their tears. One asked the mother why she wept; and another, with inquisitive love, why papa cried. Erastus kissed them; said he would weep no more; bade them be good and Heaven would bless them.

Thus passed their hours till his affairs were settled, when he paid to the utmost whatever he owed to mankind. Such was his character, that many offered him money; which he declined, as he had already found that industry could not insure success. By others he was advised to go abroad, and look into the affairs of the house by the bankruptcy

cy of which he had so considerably suffered. This he resolved on. When he told his intention to Eliza, she wept at the thoughts of parting; she dreaded the danger he would be exposed to more than poverty itself, and would not listen to him, unless he would consent to her accompanying him on the voyage. "Alas! thou best of women, you forget your condition; Eliza cannot think that any thing but the hopes of bettering our fortunes could prevail on me to leave her. Were I to wait till the time was past when you might accompany me without hazarding your life, the delay might be dangerous; even then thy tender limbs could but poorly endure the fatigue. I go, that Eliza, her little ones, and that infant which will soon claim its share of my affection, may never taste the bitter cup of poverty. The little remainder of our fortunes I will leave with thee; if that should be exhausted, which heaven forbid, before I am enabled to congratulate thee on our happier circumstances, surely even then thou couldest not know the misery of absolute want! Thy Erastus still has friends; I have been unfortunate, my Eliza, but not base."

By arguments of this kind he prevailed on her to acquiesce in his design. Support yourself in my absence, said he; we shall not long labour under



misfortunes we have not deserved. If any thing advantageous should happen to fix me abroad, will Eliza follow me?—"Will! how can Eraustus doubt it!" said the lovely wife: "with you no climate can be displeasing; without you no circumstances can make me happy."—"Thou dear, dear woman! said he, clasping her in his arms, how have I deserved thy love!"

At length the time came which was to separate them from each other; no words can express the pain they felt at parting: Eraustus, who had, without knowing it, supported himself by endeavouring to support his Eliza, wept when he embraced the best of wives. The tears choaked his voice, when he told his little ones to be dutiful to their mother. At the last embrace he would have spoke, but found the efforts vain; he gazed on her a few moments with a look which may be much easier conceived than described, and silent left her in all the grief a human breast can know.

Eliza now retired to one of the environs, where her thoughts were generally employed upon Eraustus. Sometimes when they had wandered from their usual subject, they were recalled to it by one of the little ones asking where papa was. Upon which she could not help pointing out the distant hills,


hills, and saying that he was a thousand times more distant than they were; an idea but seldom awak'd without producing tears.

Happily for her, she received a letter from him with assurances of his welfare, at a time when she most wanted consolation; and some months after came to her hands the following :

MY DEAREST ELIZA,

You will naturally believe I write this with the utmost joy, since I can inform you, my dearest wife, that I am now settled in such a way, as will soon make up for our late ill fortune. A more particular account I reserve till I am happy in thy conversation. I have sent a bill, though I cannot suppose you want it, that nothing may possibly detain you from my arms. Haste to a Husband, who loves you better than himself; and I believe that absence has made you dearer to him than ever.

Eliza no sooner received this welcome letter, than she began to prepare for her departure; by the first vessel therefore that was ready she set sail, and took with her a female servant to assist her in the care of the children. She found no other, scarce indeed so many inconveniences as she expected; which arose from the humanity of the captain,



tain, who, unlike most of his brethren, compassionated the inconveniences which attend those who are unaccustomed to the sea.

The wished-for shore was now in view, and Eliza's heart exulted at the thoughts of her approaching happiness. Scarce however was she landed, before her spirits sunk at the appearance of a funeral which passed by her. Her ill-boding fancy immediately suggested to her, that it might possibly be her husband; she could not avoid inquiring who it was, when she heard that it was a stranger whose name was Erasmus. The colour left her cheek; she fainted in the arms of her maid, and recovering, found herself in the house of a stranger whose hospitality was awakened by the appearance of her distress. 'Was it for this' said she, 'I passed the danger of the sea? Unhappy woman in having escaped its perils! Alas, I promised myself some years of uninterrupted happiness! Good Heaven, my sorrow will end but with my life!' Thus did she exclaim in broken sentences, till again she sunk her fainting head, and found herself supported at her recovery by the husband she imagined to be no more, at first she spoke to him with an incoherent wildness which indicated the disorder of her mind; till at length grown calmer, she said—'Was it delusion all! and do I live

live once more to behold the man I love!—‘ It was, it was Eliza!’ said he, pressing her to his bosom: thy husband lives, and we shall now be blessed.

When their excess of joy began to be somewhat abated Eliza desired an account of what had happened to him since he left her; and asked if he knew how she came to receive that melancholy information which made her the most miserable of human beings.

As soon, my dear,’ said he, ‘ as I came over, I found that the affairs of the house were not, by much, in so bad a way as was first imagined, and some time after received a larger sum from it than ever I expected. This and an opportunity which now presented itself of my settling greatly to my advantage, gave me excessive spirits, and I began to hope, as I wrote to my Eliza, that happier hours might now await us.

It was not long after my writing that letter, which bade thee hasten to my arms, that a stranger came to this part of the Island, in hopes of improving his health. Amongst others, I went to pay him my respects. Can you conceive what pleasure, mingled with surprize and pain I felt, when in this stranger I beheld a brother? this was that brother

brother whom Eliza has heard me mention. He was banished by my Father for some indiscretion of youth, and left his native country with the little fortune which had been given him by his grandfather. He settled on a distant part of this island, where he made a conquest—for his person was remarkably fine—of a widow, who possessed one of the largest estates upon it.

He was overjoyed to see me. “I cannot much longer continue here,” said he; “I am going to the eternal abode appointed for human nature. Since my banishment from my father’s House, Heaven has blessed me with success. I am told he forgave me with his dying breath: good old man! You are now, Eraustus, the only remaining hope of our family: I little dreamed of ever seeing you again; but heaven is kind. The terrors of dissolution are lessened at the sight of thee. It is not an unpleasing reflection, that thy friendly hand will close my eyes. Beware, Eraustus, nor misemploy the wealth I shall leave thee; it was got with honour. I can scarcely advise thee to marry; it is to the loss of the best of wives, which was soon followed by that of an only child, that I owe my present disorder. We were happy. She was the best of women!” at these words Eraustus fixed his eyes upon Eliza: “May Heaven continue our lives,”

lives," said he; "may we never know the pang of separation till age has silvered o'er our heads and then it must be short!"

The brother asked Eraſtus what accident had brought him to that part of the world; who told him that, upon the firſt appearance of his illneſs, he had written to England, to enquire whether he was ſtill living and that he had already made a will in his favour, and left him the entire fortune he poſſeſſed.

"It was not long after his arrival" reſumed Eraſtus, "that he died, and left me an eſtate even beyond the ambition of my wiſhes. It was his funeral you met: it was Eraſtus they were bearing to his grave, but not Eliza's Eraſtus: he lives to be once more happy with the partner of his joys!" At theſe words he preſſed her to his boſom with a warmth expreſſive of the moſt perfect love. "Upon my return from the funeral, I was told, by ſome one whom I met, the ſtory of a woman's fainting, with ſuch circumſtances as made me think it was thee. I haſtened to the houſe where the hofpitable ſtranger had conducted thee, and found thee funk into the arms of thy maid. Shall I tell my Eliza, that even this circumſtance at preſent affords me a degree of pleaſure? Indeed, it does; it convinces me that I ſtill am bleſſed with thy ten-

dearest love, without which, as Eliza once said to me, no circumstances could make me happy!

Erastus was now possessed of a fortune which might enable him to pass his remaining days independent of the cares of business. He sold his estate to advantage, and returned to his native country; where he now lives in all the felicity of elegant ease. The greatest part of their time, they spend in the country, and now and then a winter in the rational amusement of the town: wealthy without arrogance, œconomist without avarice and liberal without profusion; universally beloved by those who have any connection with them, and admired by the few who are happy in their intimacy.

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## ORIGINAL ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

Dr. SHEBBEARE.

**W**HEN the Doctor was adjudged to stand on the pillory, on account of his sixth letter to the People of England: towards the close of executing his sentence, it began to rain, and as the Doctor was particularly well dressed, some of his friends

friends sent up an Irish chairman with an umbrella to hold over him. Next day Paddy appeared at the Doctor's lodgings, "hoping his honour was very well, and that he got no cold the day before."—"Pray, my friend, (says the Doctor) have not you been paid for your services yesterday?"—"O yes, your honour; I got a guinea."—"And don't you think that sufficient for a quarter of an hour's standing?"—"Why, to be sure, in regard to *work*, I can't say but it is—but G—Z—ns, your honour, *consider the disgrace.*"

The Doctor, so far from being displeased with the reply, gave him a crown more, for which the man was so thankful, that he left him his address if ever he should have occasion for his services again.

## T H E

### IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUALITY.

BOYLE has observed, that the excellency of manufactures, and the facility of labour, would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands, were by reciprocal communications



made generally known; for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with some peculiar advantages, which though singly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

There are, in like manner, several moral excellencies distributed among the different classes of a community. It was said by *Cujacius*, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not instructed; and he that shall enquire after virtue with ardour and attention, will seldom find a man by whose example or sentiments he may not be improved.

Every profession has some essential and appropriate virtue, without which there can be no hope of honor or success, and which, as it is more or less cultivated, confers within its sphere of activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the astrologers range the subdivisions of mankind under the planets which they suppose to influence their lives, the moralist may distribute them according to the virtues which they necessarily practise, and consider them as distinguished by prudence or fortitude, diligence or patience.

So much are the modes of excellence settled by  
time

time and place, that men may be heard boasting in one street of that which they would anxiously conceal in another. The grounds of scorn and esteem, the topics of praise and satire, are varied according to the several virtues or vices which the course of life has disposed men to admire or abhor; but he who is solicitous for his own improvement, must not be limited by local reputation, but select from every tribe of mortals their characteristical virtues, and constellate in himself the scattered graces which shine single in other men.

The chief praise to which a trader aspires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous observance of commercial engagements; nor is there any vice of which he so much dreads the imputation, as of negligence and instability. This is a quality which the interest of mankind requires to be diffused through all the ranks of life, but which many seem to consider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatest or attention of wit, scarcely requisite among men of gaiety and spirit, and sold at its highest rate when it is sacrificed to a frolick or a jest.

Every man has daily occasion to remark what vexations arise from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have so long disdained the restraints of truth, that promises

ses and appointments have lost their cogency, and both parties neglect their stipulations, because each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

Negligence is first admitted in small affairs and strengthened by petty indulgences. He that is not yet hardened by custom, ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himself bound by his word in cases of property or danger, though he allows himself to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honor would be more tolerable, if it could be restrained to the play house, the ball room, or the card-table; yet even there it is sufficiently troublesome, and darkens those moments with expectation, suspense, and resentment, which are set aside for pleasure, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment and total relaxation. But he that suffers the slightest breach in his morality, can seldom tell what shall enter it, or how wide it shall be made; when a passage is open, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down opposition, and by slow degrees deluges the heart.

*Aliger* entered the world a youth of lively imagination,

gination, extensive views, and untainted principles. His curiosity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of conversation; his elegance of address and fertility of ideas, gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at least he found the general kindness of reception always shewn to a young man whose birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly destroyed his privileges. *Aliger* was pleased with this general smile of mankind, and was industrious to preserve it by compliance and officiousness, but did not suffer his desire of pleasing to vitiate his integrity. It was his established maxim, that a promise is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once suffered himself to be drawn away from a festal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He spent the evening, as is usual, in the rudiments of vice, in peturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his disappointed friends in the morning with confusion and excuses. His companions, not accustomed to such scrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneasiness, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty.

He

He ventured the same experiment upon another society, and found them equally ready to consider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickness and gaiety; till by degrees he began to think himself at liberty to follow the invitation, and was no longer shocked at the turpitude of falsehood. He made no difficulty to promise his presence at distant places, and if listlessness happened to creep upon him, would sit at home with great tranquillity, and has often sunk to sleep in a chair, while he held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

It was so pleasant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he soon dismissed his attention as an useless incumbrance, and resigned himself to carelessness and dissipation, without any regard to the future or the past, or any other motive of action than the impulse of a sudden desire, or the attraction of immediate pleasure. The absent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by others, had no influence upon his conduct. He was in speculation completely just, but never kept his promise to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived those friends whom he undertook to patronize or assist; he was prudent, but suffered his affairs to be embarrassed for want of regulating his accounts at stated times. He courted a  
 young

young lady, and when the settlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to sign them. He resolved to travel, and sent his chest on shipboard, but delayed to follow them till he lost his passage. He was summoned as an evidence in a cause of great importance, and loitered on the way till the trial was past. It is said, that when he had, with great expence, formed an interest in a borough, his opponent contrived, by some agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the commission of a thousand crimes, which others less kind or civil would escape. His courtesy invites application; his promises produce dependence; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends some time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of request, with which he purposes to comply; but time slips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or busy; his friends lose their opportunities, and charge upon him their miscarriages and calamities.

This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to *Alger*. They whose activity of imagination is often shifting the scenes of expectation, are frequently subject to such sallies of caprice as

D d

make



make all their actions fortuitous, destroy the value of their friendship, obstruct the efficacy of their virtues, and set them below the meanest of those that persist in their resolutions, execute what they design, and perform what they have promised.

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### A HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE.

A Young gentleman from one of the universities, on paying a visit to a lady, a relation of his, in the country, found her in great affliction for the loss of a diamond ring of considerable value. She was certain that some of the servants must have got it, but she knew not against whom the accusation should be directed. The young gentleman, on hearing the circumstances, undertook the recovery of it, provided the lady would humour the stratagem he proposed to make use of: she readily consented. At dinner, therefore, the conversation turning upon the loss, the scholar boasted so much of his skill in the *black art*, that she, as they had previously agreed, desired him to exert it for the detection of the person who had stolen her ring.—He promised to make the best exertion of his powers, and after dinner, proceeded to business.—He ordered a white cock to be procured (no other colour would do) and a kettle to  
be

be placed on a table in the hall. The cock, he told them, was to be put under the kettle; adding, that all the servants one after another, were to touch it, and that as soon as the guilty person laid his hand upon it, the cock would crow three times. Every thing being thus prepared with the greatest solemnity, the young gentleman opened the scene. The hall was darkened, and the procession began. As soon as they had each of them declared that they had fulfilled the directions given, and touched the cock, the light was restored, and the gentleman examined the hands of them all: he found them all smutted except those of one servant, who had taken care not to touch the kettle, and was beginning to hug himself for having outwitted the conjuror, who, ~~fixing~~ upon this circumstance, charged him closely with the robbery: as he could not deny it, he fell down on his knees, and asked his lady's pardon, which she granted upon the restoration of her ring.

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## ON SOLITUDE.

**H**APPY the man whom fate ordains  
 To dwell in some lone spot,  
 His flock to tend upon the plains,  
 Contented with his lot.



A small estate, from mortgage clear,  
Suffices all his care,  
T' carry him through the chequer'd year,  
Enough, tho' none to spare.

He seeks with care his love-fraught spot,  
Where peace and virtue dwell,  
The rich and great he envies not,  
His palace is his cell.

Beneath his low-roof'd cot he finds  
True peace and lasting joys,  
In philosophic ease reclin'd,  
Unknown to pompous noise.

To him no pleasure yields the town,  
Where folly keeps her court,  
Where crowds in search of false renown,  
And fashion's slaves resort.

Ambition ne'er can taint his mind,  
Nor envy wound his breast ;  
His guileless thoughts to fate resign'd,  
Secure his peaceful rest.

While for the air-blown bubble fame,  
Fond folly gilds the ray,  
Of wealth or honors, empty name,  
And leads mankind astray.

He

He in his humble cot, at ease  
Pursues more lasting joy,  
And while in search of blameless bliss,  
No cares his peace annoy.


This blissful lot, ye pow'rs, be mine,  
My devious footsteps lead,  
While others croud thy sacred shrine,  
Alike request thy aid.

Thus in some distant calm retreat,  
In solitude and ease,  
Let me beneath my straw-roof'd seat,  
In silence end my days.

Free from the clam'rous mad'ning noise,  
Of Pride's ambitious strife;  
Free from the pomp of splendid joys,  
Direct my peaceful life.

Thus thro' life's mazy paths I'd go,  
While Time's smooth sand shall pass,  
My destin'd fate ne'er search to know,  
Nor wish to stop the glass.

And when the fates my life shall claim,  
Unnotic'd let me die;  
Except some friend's congenial fame,  
May heave one pitying sigh.



## A CURIOUS

*NORTH AMERICAN ANECDOTE.*

TO prove the natural goodness of Attakul-lakulla, or, the Little Carpenter, he was shy of being stared at, and therefore always chose to go incog, to any public place. "They are welcome, said he, once to his interpreter; to look upon me as a strange creature; they see but one, and in return, ~~they~~ give me an opportunity to look upon thousands." He was respected and countenanced by the court, the greatest people in the nation did not disdain to hold conversation with him, as far as they were able through the medium of an interpreter. Some particular state officers were, indeed, shy of his company, as they often found themselves, by the shrewdness of his questions, the mere dictates of nature, puzzled to give an honest direct answer. King George himself, (the Second) once asked him, whether the people in his nation were free. "Yes, surely, said the noble savage, for I, who am their chief, am free." The king was silent, and, a certain minister left the room.

THE

*THE HANDSOME PUPPY,*

## A TALE.

**T**IS not, perhaps, possible for a father to behold all his children with equal eyes: he will naturally feel sensations more in favour of one than of another; but he may behave, and ought to behave, in such a manner as not to let his partiality appear, Parental partiality is: always attended with disagreeable, frequently with dangerous, and sometimes with dreadful consequences.

The behaviour of a Mr. Meredith to his sons was highly exceptionable: it was quite sufficient to crush every spark of fraternal affection in their bosoms; and, indeed, they did not, from their boyish days, discover themselves to be any way related but by the table of consanguinity; they were brothers by blood, but their hearts were as far asunder as the poles. And yet, as they were neither of them ill-tempered lads; as they, each of them, were virtuously inclined, it is extremely probable that if their father had not, by a preposterous partiality, set them at variance, had not made invidious distinctions between them, they would have grown up with that sort of friendship which commonly subsists among brothers (if they have not very bad dispositions indeed) whose pas-  
sions

fions and affections have fair play, and are not turned to wrong objects by a mistaken education.

The first instance of partiality which Mr. Meredith shewed for his eldest son, was occasioned by the superiority which nature had given him, in point of person, over his brother: a partiality which originated, no doubt from the striking resemblance of Harry to himself, having been very much admired for his own exterior when he was in his prime, he was flattered by the reflection of his beauty, grace, &c. in his son, and too often made mortifying comparisons between him and his Brother (who was not at all happy in his outward form, though not frightful,) before their faces. Tom, it is true, had great reason to be satisfied with his intellectual powers, in which Harry was exceedingly deficient, and he now and then was provoked to throw out a sarcasm at his brother for his insolent and-coxcomical airs; but while he pointed his satire at him, it was clear enough to the most careless observer, that he was not a little pained by the consciousness of his own personal defects. Had he been blessed with the temper which guided the late ingenious and amiable Mr. Hay, when he wrote his Essay on Deformity, he would have rather pitied than envied his brother for his feminine aspect and manners, and derived the most solid satisfaction,

satisfaction from his own masculine understanding, bright parts, and deep penetration. However, Tom was not so far pained by his brother's superior beauty, as to neglect the culture of those talents with which nature had liberally furnished him. By culture he gradually improved his mind to such a degree, that few young fellows ever went to the University with a better fundamental stock of learning. To the University also Harry was sent; but as the fatigue was insupportable, and as his ideas of a gentleman were very unacademical, he only amused himself in the idleneſſes of literature. Knowing that he ſhould inherit a conſiderable eſtate, he thought it altogether unneceſſary to qualify himſelf for any of the learned profeſſions; and finding that he was extravagantly courted by the fair ſex, he paid much more attention to his face than to his head. Tom, on the contrary, being very well aſſured, from his father's ruling paſſion, his family pride, that he had no chance for a genteel ſettlement in life, without procuring it by dint of application, ſtuck cloſe to his ſtudies; and feeling that he ſhould make but an indifferent figure in the pulpit, or at the bar, threw himſelf into the phyſical line, that he might be able to do ſomething for a ſubſiſtence at the death of his father; who frequently told him, that as he had given him a liberal education, he muſt make his way in the

world as well as he could, and not rely upon him for a fortune sufficient to keep him in a state of lazy independence.

Just when his sons were going to leave the University, Mr. Meredith died. It was then that the opposite characters of the two brothers appeared with the most striking discriminations. Harry took possession of his paternal estate with a silly kind of joy, and by the levity of his conduct, betrayed the weakness of his understanding. The sums which he laid out upon his dress, did him no honour; they only served to make him appear in a more ridiculous light than he had yet been seen; and he did not in the disposal of his money in any shape, acquire any reputation. At every public place he brought himself forward to the eye of criticism: to that eye he was continually offensive, by that eye he was universally condemned; but not having sagacity enough to discern his imperfections, he was every moment affording new matter for ridicule to work upon. His pursuits were of the most trifling kind, but they were expensive ones, and he was perpetually surrounded by a set of summer-friends, who artfully availed themselves of his excessive vanity, to promote the circulation of his running cash.

But

But the measure of his folly was not yet full. A seducing little gipsy, with no pretensions to beauty, but with a large share of cunning, flattered him so much by making him believe she was in a dying condition for him, that he, through mere pity, married her.

The moment Miss Snarewell had secured her gudgeon, she pulled off the mask, and soon convinced him that he had not only married a woman with nothing but a woman deeply in debt, he then, instead of beholding her with eyes of compassion, (love was out of the question, for no Narcissus can love another person,) looked at her with more than disgust, with detestation, with abhorrence. Viewing her in the most odious light, he treated her with the most opprobrious language; forgetting, while he loaded her with reproaches for having deceived him, that he had brought the grievance of which he so loudly complained, upon himself by his own folly.

Mrs. Meredith having gained her point by marrying him, was very little concerned about his feelings, in consequence of his disappointment: she therefore, answered all his vituperative addresses to her with equal virulence, and sometimes adopted phrases which would have put a Billingsgate water-nymph to the blush. Harry, in a few



months after this very imprudent marriage, being hard pushed by his wife's creditors, as well as his own, found himself under a necessity of selling the family estate, in order to satisfy their clamorous demands.

The conduct of Tom Meredith, upon his father's death, was very different from his brother's. Having while he pursued his studies, made some useful friendships, and strengthened the credit which his abilities gave him, by the integrity of his life, and the propriety of his whole carriage, he, though a young man, met with much more encouragement than he could have expected. He had not, like his brother a handsome person ; neither was he, like his brother, a puppy. With regard to their capacities, nature had made a wide difference between them; and Tom, by the diligent cultivation of his natural parts, raised himself in the world, in spite of his unpromising appearance. By his extensive knowledge and unblemished character, he made his circumstances, in a few years, perfectly easy, and, by a prudent alliance, affluent.

Tom, who could not feel a cordial affection for a brother by whom he had been grossly insulted when he came to his inheritance, saw him driving fast



fast to ruin without pity; he did not, indeed, deserve any pity: and attended to the encrease of his own fortune with redoubled activity. The moment he heard from a friend that Harry was obliged to sell his estate, and had given the necessary orders to Christie concerning it, he desired that friend to purchase, it in his own name, for him~~at~~ all events. "I cannot bear the thoughts (said he) of seeing the estate go out of my family, after having been such a number of years in it. Besides, I shall, by the purchase of it, have an opportunity to triumph in my turn over my brother. I will behave to him as he would, I imagine, behave to me upon a similar occasion: he deserves to be mortified, and he shall be severely mortified," In a short time afterwards, Tom took possession of his brother's estate. Harry had met with innumerable mortifications during his right and title to it, but this was the least supportable; he was now more painfully than ever sensible of the difference between an ugly man of sense, and a handsome puppy without brains.

ANECDOTE.

## A N E C D O T E.

A Correspondent informs us, that the late proposition of a Member of the French Convention, to issue a decree for the destruction of WOLVES, &c. reminds him of a conversation at which he happened to be present, in New Jersey, soon after the commencement of the troubles which occasioned the rebellion in America. It was at the table of Governor FRANKLIN, son of the celebrated Doctor FRANKLIN. A foreign gentleman, one of the company, who was then on a tour through the middle colonies, with the intent of purchasing a plantation, and becoming a settler, was very inquisitive of the Governor (to whom it seems he had been particularly recommended) respecting the soil, climate, &c. Among a variety of questions, he asked, if there were any *mischievous animals* in America? which being answered in the affirmative, he then requested to know what they were called, and was told by the Governor (with all the assum'd gravity of a profound naturalist) that those species most distinguished for their mischievous qualities were, *wolves, foxes and patriots.*

Not being sufficiently conversant in the English language, to know the meaning of the word *patriot*, and imagining it was really the name of some wild  
beast,

beast, the foreigner desired to be informed of its nature, and what kind of animal it resembled. "Why, Sir," said the Governor, "his general resemblance, is that of a human creature; he walks on two legs, has the power of occasionally assuming various forms and hues, infomuch that I have known him, the better to inveigle and seize on his destined prey, not only put on the appearance of a man, but even the countenance of an *honest man*; at which time he is far more dangerous than the rattle-snake, who always gives previous notice of his malignant intentions. But what, perhaps, Sir, will surprise you more than all, is, that though our wise assemblers have passed acts in every province, giving a bounty for the destruction of *wolves*, and *foxes* and even *squirrels*, yet they at the same time permit the *patriots* to go at large, and roam throughout the continent without molestation, notwithstanding they evidently do more mischief to the inhabitants in one year, than all the other animals could accomplish in an age." "Hah! hah!" cried the Foreigner, "me now understand, I shall never see de *Wolf*, or de *Fox*, but I shall tink "of de *Patriot*, nor de *Patriot*, without tinkling of de *Wolf* or de *Fox*."

"Mine Got! added he, it is von terrable animal indeed! I tinks I must co back to mine own country..

country. But, pray, Sir, hab you not try to get de Assembly of dis province to pass de law for destroying dose monsters?"—"No, Sir, I have not," replied the Governor, "and, indeed; I am so peculiarly circumstanced, that I could not do it with propriety; for, should they comply with my request, I might be instrumental in *killing my own father*, who is, at this very instant, travelling through the settlements in Canada, in the guise of a patriot, endeavouring by his incendiary tales to do at least as much mischief, as Samson did with his 300 foxes' tails in the land of the Philistines."

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## ANECDOTE

### OF THE EARL OF BEAULIEU.

WHEN his Lordship was only Mr. Hufsey, he was introduced to the acquaintance of the Dutchess Dowager of Manchester, one of the two daughters and coheiresses of the late Duke of Montague. A certain Welsh Baronet, who delighted much more in the shades of Parnassus, than the exercises of the *Campus Martius*, was pleased to give Mr. Hufsey, a very conspicuous place, in a very biting satire, expressed in very well turned verses. Mr. Hufsey, though at that time possessed  
of

of a very old paternal estate in Ireland, worth above 8000*l.* a year, was represented in this satire as a needy adventurer, who paid his addresses to the Dutchess, merely with a view of obtaining a livelihood in the possession of her fortune. The satire was published, and was in every one's hands; consequently both the Dutchess and Mr. Hufsey saw it. The latter flew immediately to the Baronet's house, and left a message for him, to meet him upon serious business at a certain tavern in two hours. In the mean time he went to pay a visit to her Grace; and to his great surprize, found the satirist in conversation with her. Mr. Hufsey, without any ceremony walked up to him, took him by the nose, pulled him to the door, and absolutely kicked him out, the Baronet, who was of a very *peaceable* disposition, not making the least resistance, or seeming to feel an atom of resentment, which probably was absorbed by his fear. Mr. Hufsey then turned to the Dutchess, and begged her pardon for the liberty he had taken in her house, and in her presence: he said the indignation he felt at seeing so scurrilous a rascal in a company of which he was so unworthy, had been too strong for his reason; and he begged she would be assured that it was respect for her grace that had hurried him to do what might be thought a violation of it. The Dutchess was far from being offended; on the

contrary she was charmed with the proof she had just seen, that the gentleman upon whom she had already resolved to bestow her hand was a man of spirit, under whose protection she might rest secure from insult. She assured him of a full pardon; and as a proof of her sincerity, she then did what she had long declined to do before—she named the day on which she would make him the master of her person and her fortune: they were accordingly married; and had two children, a daughter, who died soon after her birth, and a son (Lord Montagu) who died last month, in the South of France, unmarried. Mr. Hufsey, soon after his marriage was made a Knight of the Bath, and a Baron; and afterwards was raised to the dignity of an Earl by the title of *Beaulieu*; but all his honours will die with him, as his Lordship is now, by the death of his only son, left without any issue. As for the Welsh Baronet, he posted away to his seat in Wales, where he buried himself for three years, and ever after kept his nose out of the reach of Mr. Hufsey's hand.



DAPHNE

## DAPHNE AND AMINTOR:

*Or Rural Simplicity.*

THE singular happiness of Daphne and Amintor has often excited the enquiries of curiosity, and given food to the asps of envy. They who are acquainted with them, wish to be like them; they who envy them, are concerned to find them so blessed with each other. Daphne might have been the ornament of a court, if she had not preferred the obscurity of a village. Her stature is somewhat of the tallest, yet formed with the greatest delicacy: the smiles of innocence irradiate her countenance, and the symmetry of her features are only an index to the harmony in her soul; she always captivated without design: she always reaped happiness from communicating it to others. Grateful to that Being which has lavished its favours upon her, she made use of those favours only to turn the thoughts of others towards him.

Amintor was early the choice of her heart. Their friendship commenced in the lisping days of infancy; and when age had matured the blossoms of beauty, and the bud of discretion, their friendship was exalted into love. The first dawning of the passion alarmed both their hearts; they looked





upon it as a kind of sacrilege to dispose of their hearts without parental sanction and they determined to ask that, before they would permit the fire to rise into a blaze. An affection, which is thus founded, will inevitably secure happiness. Heaven, which inculcates obedience to parents, cannot fail to reward it.

The two friends, with all the reluctance of anxiety, applied to the awful tribunal, determined to abide by the decision. They both received that answer which they wished to receive. Confidence in a parent is never misplaced.

Though fond of each other, they avoided every approach to what might be incompatible with the most scrupulous modesty. Their love was like that of our first parents in paradise: it had all the fervour of affection, without the least mixture of vice.

No liberties were suffered; no liberties were offered. They deferred their transport to the connubial day, from a persuasion that the sacred ceremony only could authorize them.

Yet such endearments as *rustic simplicity* would allow, they frequently tasted: their employments were congenial with their souls; their fleecy care was an emblem of their own innocence.

On

On the morn which was to unite them for ever, they walked abroad to view the beauties of nature. Amintor caught this opportunity of shewing both his attachment and his simplicity. The summer had enamelled the plain with its gaudiest flowers, which ravished the sight. Daphne admired the gay profusion with a heart dilated with spiritual gratitude. Amintor watched her eye; and finding how her thoughts were employed, anticipated his future happiness, and poured out an ejaculation of thanks for the prospect of being master of a fairer flower than any of the vegetable tribe. He quitted her to gather a chaplet, for her head, which he placed thereon with the most distant respect. Seeing how much grace she both received from, and imparted to the flowers, he gathered others, which he formed into festoons, and hung around her waist. This little embellishment appeared to him to heighten her charms: he was so overpowered with her beauties, that he forgot the restraint which he had till then preserved; and he imprinted a kiss upon her hand.

This liberty he never took before; but when he recovered from the sweet confusion which it occasioned, he condemned himself by a blush, which apologized for him better than his tongue could.

Unused

Unus'd to such freedoms, Daphne trembled in every joint, and hasted homewards as fast as she could. There was something within her which would neither suffer her to be angry, nor permit her to hazard a renewal of the freedom. Now she is united with Amintor, she perceives the wisdom of her conduct. She did not exhaust the stock of love before marriage, but finds it increase every day. She can look back on every interview with Amintor without a blush; and she proclaims to the rest of her sex, that if their affection should first have the sanction of parental consent, and be not suffered to exhaust its flames before marriage it will be commensurate with their lives.

They who would be as happy as Amintor and Daphne, must walk in their steps, and suffer to lead them to the altar of Hymen.

*Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.*

TWITNAM, OCTOBER 12, 1738.

My Dear Friend,

I Could gladly tell you every week the many things that pass in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendship to me; but I am not so willing to put you to the trouble of shewing it  
(tho'

(tho' I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occasions. Yet, this once I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and very deserving friend; one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many, now dead, banished, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. Lyttleton, one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurse, and so does Lyttleton: he loves, and is loved through the whole chain of relations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any person to please me, or to serve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whose name is William Lamb, and he is the bearer of this letter. I presume he is qualified for that which he desires; and I doubt not, if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this however, be an opportunity of telling you—What?—What I cannot tell, the kindness I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or the best softening of the want of either, quiet and resignation. You lose little by not hearing such things as this idle and  
base

base generation has to tell you. You lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it, Perhaps to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country, and forgets the present, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at least we should, nay we must, (whether patiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better, but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation, and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends, who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them too; and, if they ever come into England, let them be my friends. If by any thing I can here do, I can serve you, or please you, be certain it will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction any thing gives me here will be superior, if equal to it.

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolness, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord Orrery, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Oxford, Lord Masham, Lewes,  
Mrs.

Mrs. P. Blount, (allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man, and many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the deanry; just as much of you only as God made mortal. May the rest of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honest men may expect and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know that their maker is merciful. Adieu!

Your's ever, A. Pope.

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## REDEMPTION.

**T**HIS is one of the most glorious works of the Almighty.—Illustrious is the hour of the restoration of the world—the hour when from condemnation and misery, it emerged into happiness and peace.

In this hour, the long series of prophecies, visions, types, and figures, were accomplished. This was the centre in which they all met; this the point to which they tended and verged, throughout the

course of so many generations. We behold the law and the prophets standing at the foot of the cross, and doing homage: We behold Moses and Aaron bearing the ark of the covenant; David and Elijah presenting the oracle of testimony: we behold all the priests and sacrifices, all the rites and ordinances, all the types and symbols, assembled together to receive their consummation. In this hour every rite assumed its significancy; every prediction met its event; every symbol displayed its correspondence.

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## ON THE NECESSITY

### *And Happiness of Matrimony.*

**P**ROVIDENTIAL care descends even to vegetable life. Every plant bears a profusion of seed, and in order to cover the earth with vegetables, some seeds have wings, some are scattered by means of a spring, and some are so light as to be carried about by the wind. Brute animals, which do not pair, have grass and other food in plenty, enabling the female to feed her young, without needing any assistance from the male. But, where the young require the nursing care of both parents, pairing is a law of nature.

When

When other races are so amply provided for, can it be seriously thought, that Providence is less attentive to the human race? Man is a helpless being before the age of fifteen or sixteen; and there may be in a family ten or twelve children of different births, before the eldest can shift for itself. Now in the original state of hunting and fishing, which are laborious occupations, and not always successful, a woman, suckling her infant, is not able to provide food even for herself, much less for ten or twelve voracious children. Matrimony, therefore, is so necessary to the human race, that it must be an appointment of Heaven. This conclusion cannot be resisted by any one who believes in Providence, and in final causes.

To confirm this doctrine, let the consequences of a loose commerce between the sexes be examined. The carnal appetite, when confined to one object, seldom transgresses the bounds of temperance. But were it encouraged to roam, like a bee sucking honey from every flower, every new object would inflame the imagination. Satiation with respect to one, would create new desires with respect to others, and animal love would become the ruling passion.

Friendship constitutes the greatest part of our happiness. Without this, there is nothing agreeable



ble in society. Without this, glory, and riches are but a burden, and pleasure itself hath no relish. Now, where can this be found so perfect, and so fraught with the most pure delights, as in the marriage state? Where can such resemblance or conformity of affections be expected, as between two persons, who ought to have the same heart, and the same soul? What conversation can be more free and reserved, than that between those, who have come under mutual engagements never to part? Can there be a greater satisfaction in life, than to have a faithful companion, to whom we may freely discover every joy and every sorrow, and with whom we may intrust every private thought with an entire confidence?

How delightful is that society, in which every instant furnishes either side, with new occasions to commend and rejoice in their choice; in which felicity and public approbation shine continually upon two fortunate persons, who have given themselves to each other for life; in which all their desires are incessantly satisfied; and in which the love of distinction has nothing to seek beyond that society?

Oh! woman! lovely woman! Nature made you  
To temper man; We had been brutes without you!  
Angels

Angels are painted fair to look like you :  
 There's in you all that we believe of heav'n,  
 Amazing brightness, purity and truth,  
 Eternal joy and everlasting love!  
 All other goods by Fortune's hand are given,  
 A wife, is the peculiar gift of Heaven.

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## A N E C D O T E.

### *Of a SAILOR.*

**A**N honest tar, who had lined his pockets with the spoils of the enemy of his country, ordered a huge gold ring. When the tradesman had finished it, he told him it was common to have a *poesy* engraved on it. Very well, (said the seaman,) what must it be?—Any thing you please, (replied the goldsmith)—Then (returned the other) put on it

“ When money's low—the ring must go,”

This was done, and the honest son of the waves was so well pleased with the execution of the whole, that he ordered a massy pair of silver buckles to be made, with rims as broad as the edge of a two inch plank ;—“ and here, (said he) you may as well put a *poesy* on them also:

“ If that won't do—the buckles too.”

REMARKABLE

REMARKABLE INSTANCE,  
OF THE

*Fatal Effects of Duelling in France.*

**I**N the month of January 1627. Count de Boutteville, and the celebrated la Frette, having fought between Poissy and Saint Germainen, Laye Boutteville's second was killed in combat, by Doinville the second of la Frette.

After this duel, Boutteville fearing that he should be arrested, retired into Flanders, to the court of the Archduchefs. The Marquis de Beuvron, who was desirous of avenging the death of his friend Thorigny, killed by Boutteville, having learned, that he resided at Brussels, hastened thither with his Squire Buquet, to find him; but being both known immediately upon their arrival notwithstanding their disguise, guards were appointed to watch them closely, in order to prevent any farther mischief. Boutteville, upon this, having protested to the Archduchefs, that he would never fight in her territories, the Marquis of Spinola was commissioned by that Princess to endeavour to reconcile the two antagonists, he therefore invited Boutteville, des Chapelles, and Beuvron to dinner, at his hotel, where a number of people of the first quality were

were assembled, in presence of whom each of the parties, after a cordial embrace, solemnly promised, that he would never do any thing which might give the least offence to the other. Some days after this reconciliation Boutteville, who was probably sincere, having repaired to Nancy, received no less than eight different letters from Beuvron, in which he informed him that being too prudent to go and meet him in Lorraine, he begged he would be so obliging as approach Paris. Des Chapelles wrote also to Beuvron, "you make a great deal of noise, Sir, giving out every where, that you intend to fight; but this I shall never believe till I see you in action."

The Archduchess, in the mean time, had requested letters of remission for Boutteville; but the King declared that he could not in conscience grant them, and that all he had in his power to do to oblige his aunt, was not to give orders for his being arrested, unless he returned to court or to Paris.

When Boutteville was informed of his refusal, he said, he would fight in Paris, and even in the *Place Royale*, and having posted thither with all speed, sent word to Beuvron, that he was ready to give him satisfaction, at nine in the evening, they repaired

repaired to the *Place Royale* where Beuvron said to Boutteville, "Let us now settle our quarrel, without putting our friends to pain."—"By no means," replied Boutteville, "I wish the sun to be witness to our actions. Besides I am under a particular engagement with two friends, who wish to be of the party, and were I to fail I should be obliged to give them satisfaction also: Des Chapelles is one of them and la Berthe the other. For this reason, let us meet here to-morrow about three in the afternoon, and do you, Sir, endeavour to bring with you two friends."

When Beuvron quitted his antagonist, he ran to St. Martin's in the Fields to President de Meines, in order to speak with the Marquis d'Amboise, son-in-law of that magistrate, whom he found ill, and very weak through loss of blood. What a misfortune, "said Beuvron! the opportunity you so much wished for is now arrived. Boutteville expects me to-morrow with two friends. The Count des Chapelles, whom you are desirous of seeing with his sword in his hand, is one of them, but weakened as you are you must not think of it." "Not think of it," cried d'Amboise! "were I certain of expiring the next moment I would be of the party."

Next

Next morning the combatants met and after each of them had been examined by a gentleman to see that none of them had private armour, each took his adversary. Boutteville attacked Beuvron; des Chapelles, Buffy-d'Amboise; la Berthe, Buquet, and the combat began with swords and poignards, Boutteville and Beuvron rushing forward and seizing one another by the collar, threw their swords on the ground, and held their poignards elevated without striking. At length, Boutteville, as they say, first proposed to put an end to the combat, and they reciprocally begged their lives from one another. Buffy-d'Amboise, however, was not so fortunate; des Chapelles gave him a mortal wound in the breast, and la Berthe was also wounded dangerously by the squire of Beuvron.

A duel so public, and of which thousands had been spectators, having soon reached the ears of the king, Louis XIII. an order was sent to the Grand Prevot, to seize Boutteville and des Chapelles, but they had betaken themselves to flight, as well as Beuvron and Buquet, who retired to England.

The two former, less prudent, or less diligent, were arrested at *Vitry-le Brude*, conducted on foot as far as *Vitry-le-Francois*, and there put into an

H b

apartment

apartment closely guarded, where they past seven days, during which they appeared to be very quiet, and amused themselves in playing at piquet.

When they arrived at Paris, and were shut up in the Bastile, commissaries were appointed to interrogate them. Boutteville confessed every thing ingenuously, but des Chapelles did not shew the same candour.

Madam de Boutteville, alarmed for the fate of her husband, threw herself at the King's feet, in order to solicit for his pardon. The Prince and Princess of Conde, the Duke and Dutchess of Montmorency, the Duke and Dutchess of Angouleme, Cardinal de la Valette, and the Count d'Alais, all endeavoured to second her petition, and to excite the Monarch's pity; but without effect. His Majesty remained inflexible, and the parliament received orders to bring the two criminals to trial.

The Bishop of Nantz, who had liberty to see them, attended them regularly, and prepared them for death. "Madam," said the Count de Boutteville to the lady of the President de Mesmes in a letter which he wrote to her, "Were I not truly sensible of the crime I have committed  
against

againſt God, and the wrong which I have done to you, I ſhould not have taken the liberty to requeſt you to do the greateſt act of piety which can proceed from a generous and chriſtian mind, which is, Madam, to forgive me, for having torn from you, your dear and only child, not by hatred, or a deſire of revenge, having never had any cauſe but to eſteem him, but through a vain and falſe idea of worldly honour, which I muſt confeſs, is contrary to the law of God, and likewiſe natural reaſon. Be ſatisfied with my blood, which I ſhall ſhed for the expiation of my crime; I hope divine juſtice will be ſo, and that you will not call for the vengeance of Heaven againſt me, while by my prayers, I endeavour to repair the injury you have received from an unhappy wretch, who dies Madam, your's, &c."

At the ſame time he ſent the following letter to Madam de Boutteville.

" The Biſhop of Nantz, will tell you my dear wife, in what diſpoſition of mind I am about to quit the world, and I flatter myſelf, that it will afford you ſome conſolation for the loſs which you muſt ſuſtain. You will conſider with him, what may be beſt for the ſafety of my ſoul, and take care to pay whatever debts I may owe. Prayers may be of much ſervice to me; but the princi-



pal thing will be to satisfy my creditors. Adieu.—  
I will not tell you how much I love you, lest  
that might increase your affliction.

On the 11th. of June, Boutteville and des Chapelles were conducted to the Palais. Boutteville appeared first in the Grand Chamber, and was interrogated, after which des Chapelles was brought in, and having answered some questions put to him by the first President, he begged permission of the Judges to say a few words, and having obtained it, addressed them as follows :

“ Gentlemen, since you have done me the favour to assemble here on my account, and since my crime has brought me into your presence ; I must beg two things of you : the first is, that justice may be satisfied in my person, and the second, that you will shew mercy towards my cousin. Though I am sensible, that you are not ignorant of his merit, for all France is sensible of it, yet as I have the honour of knowing him more intimately, I can with justice assert, that it is superior to that which the applauses of the public give him ; a regard to his family, and the services which his ancestors have done to the kingdom, ought also to make you incline to the side of mercy. It appears to me, that by saving an excellent officer and a valiant general, you will contribute to the good  
of

of the public, and prevent the lamentations of posterity, who undoubtedly will be sensible of this loss. His passion for duelling will grow cool with age, and a man like him, who has no other object but the glory of the state, and of his prince, may be employed on every occasion. With regard to myself, I expect from your justice what is due to the action I have committed; for I do not pretend to plead any excuse, but only to beg you would consider the family, the merit and the actions of my cousin Boutteville."

Next day about eleven in the forenoon their sentence was read to them, which had been passed the the evening before, and which was, that they should both be beheaded. The Princess of Conde, the Dutchess de Montmorency, the Dutchess of Angouleme, the Countess de Boutteville, and several other ladies, hastened to the Louvre, to speak to the King, who consented, but with great difficulty to see them. All the ladies threw themselves at his feet, and implored mercy. The Countess de Boutteville fainted, and the rest burst into tears, while the King, who was rather teased than softened by their solicitations, said to the Princess of Conde, "I feel as much for their fate as you, but my conscience forbids me to pardon them."

About

About five in the evening the two criminals having arrived at the place where they were to go through the last scene, the executioner cut Boutteville's hair behind, and the latter putting his hand towards his beard, the Bishop of Nantz said to him, " Did you not promise, my son, to think no more of the things of this world, and yet you think of them still! " He was then asked whether he would have his eyes covered with a bandage, but he replied in the negative; and a moment after his head was separated from his body.

Des Chapelles, who had remained in the cart, and who had his back turned towards the scaffold, having learned that Boutteville had satisfied justice, cried out, " My cousin is dead, let us pray to God for his soul." When he mounted the scaffold, perceiving Boutteville's body, he said, " This then is the body of my cousin!" Then resting upon the arm of a young ecclesiastic, who was near, he kneeled down, rose up again, and having laid his head upon the block, submitted to the fate of his unhappy companion.

After the death of the Count des Chapelles, many letters were handed about at Paris, which he had written to different people the evening before his execution. That which he wrote to Madam de Boutteville was as follows:

" My

" My dear Cousin, were you less virtuous, I should not attempt to give you consolation. You have lost every thing that you could lose, but all France loses with you. Your husband was still young, but he could not have acquired more honour in this world. What could you expect from his courage, but an untimely end? You enjoyed him only amidst continual fear and terror, and God, who has by a miracle always preserved his life, gives you this powerful consolation, that he hath taken him from you in order to bring him near to himself. Rejoice then, Madam, if you sincerely love him as I am convinced you do. Let not your grief make you abandon your children, who have need of being educated under your protection. Teach them, what you know so well, to live in the world in the bosom of virtue. Change not your condition, if you wish to be the most esteemed female of the age, as your husband was the most esteemed of men. Dear cousin, I give you part of the consolation, which I shall find in accompanying him, and I recommend to you with my whole soul, my poor mother.—May God bless and comfort her!

" I am, &c."

Mr.

*Mr. Garrick being asked by a Nobleman if  
he did not intend to sit in Parliament?*

GAVE HIM

An Answer in the following Lines.

**M**ORE than content with what my talents gain,  
Of public favour though a little vain,  
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,  
To wish to play the fool in Parliament;  
In each dramatic unity to err,  
Mistaking time, and place, and character:  
Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,  
I'd "flut and fret" no more in any part;  
No more in public scenes would I engage,  
Or wear the cap and mask on any stage.

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ON THE

*Wisdom and Goodness of the DEITY*

IN THE

Creation and Government of the World.

**T**HAT this earth was designed for the accommodation of living creatures which are upon it, and principally of man, we cannot be ignorant or doubtful of, if we are not so negligent  
and

and stupid as to let those innumerable signs and arguments that shew it pass unobserved. If we look upon the frame of the animals themselves, what a number of admirable contrivances in each of them do appear for the sustenance, for the safety, for the pleasure, for the propagation, for grace and ornament, for all imaginable convenience suitable to the kind and station of each! If we look about them, what variety and abundance of convenient provisions offer themselves, even to a careless view, answerable to all their needs, and all their desires; wholesome and pleasant food to maintain their lives; yea, even to gratify all their senses, fit shelter from offence, and safe refuge from danger!—All these things, provided in sufficient plenty, and commodiously disposed for such a vast number of creatures, not the least, most weak, or contemptible creature, but we may see some care has been taken for its nourishment and comfort.—What wonderful instincts are they endued with for procuring and distinguishing their food, for guarding themselves and their young from danger! But for man especially a most liberal provision has been made to supply all his needs, to please all his appetites, to exercise with profit and satisfaction all his faculties, to content (I might say) his utmost curiosity. *Nique enim Necessitatibus tantummodo nostris provisum est, usque in Deliciis amatur,* says

Seneca: all things about him minister (or may do so, if he will use the natural powers and instruments given him,) to his preservation, ease, and delight. The bowels of the earth yield him treasures of metals and minerals, quarries of stone and coals, serviceable to him for various uses. The vilest and commonest stones he treads upon are not unprofitable. What variety of delicate fruits, herbs, and grains, does the surface of the earth afford to nourish our bodies, and cheer our spirits; to please our tastes, and remedy our diseases! How many fragrant flowers, most beautiful and pleasing in colour and shape, for the comfort of our smell, and delight of our eyes! Neither can our ears complain, since every wood has a choir of natural musicians to entertain them with their sprightly melody. Every wood, did I say? Yes, the woods also, adorned with stately trees, yield pleasant spectacles to our sight, shelter from the sun, fuel for our fires, materials for our buildings, (our houses and shipping) and other needful utensils.

Even the barren mountains send us down fresh streams of water, so necessary for the support of our lives, so profitable for the fructification of our grounds, so commodious for conveyance and maintaining of intercourse among us. The wide seas themselves

themselves are serviceable to us many ways: they are commodious for our traffic and commerce; they supply the bottles of Heaven with water to refresh the earth; they are inexhaustible cisterns, from whence our springs and rivers are derived; they yield stores of good fish, and other conveniences of life. The very rude and disorderly winds do us no little service in brushing and cleansing the air for our health, in driving forward our ships, in scattering and spreading about the clouds, those clouds which drop fatness on our grounds.—As for our subjects, the animals, it is not possible to reckon the manifold utilities we receive from them: how many ways they supply our needs with pleasant food and convenient cloathing; how they ease our labour, and how they promote even our sport and recreation.

Are we not then not only very stupid, but very ungrateful, if we do not discern abundance of *wisdom* and *goodness* in the contrivance and ordering of all these things, so as thus to conspire for our good? Is it not reasonable that we should devoutly cry out with the Psalmist, *O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches; so is the wide and great sea: the eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season.*



## THE SISTERS.

A N

## A N E C D O T E.

THE father of Elmira and Urgania (such I shall call the two young ladies) was in a very extensive way of trade ; but launching out in an enterprize rather hazardous, ruined at once the hopes of aggrandizing his family, and reduced him to a state of bankruptcy. The shock was too great ; reason, unassisted by religion, was too weak to stop the current : he sunk beneath the storm, bequeathed his helpless orphans to the care of his sister, of amiable principles, and a decent independency.

Elmira, the eldest, was about eighteen, possessed of no personal accomplishments, but of the most engaging disposition, and enlarged understanding. The plainness of her person eradicated those seeds of vanity that are too often apt to spring up even in infant minds, where beauty is inherent. Her aunt had given her a useful education, and she strove to improve it by reading edifying books, and attending to the instructions of those whom age and experience had made wiser. Nor could all the compliments that were paid to her sister's beauty

beauty give rise to the smallest emotions of envy: no, she saw her sister's beauty with pleasure, and strove to make her still more amiable by the precepts of humility and virtue. Though endowed with a large share of wit, yet she governed it in such a manner, that while it gained her the admiration of the opposite sex, it gave no offence to her own.

Beauty strikes the vulgar eye at first sight, but the more amiable qualities of the heart are not to be discerned but by a nice and curious observer.—Such was Elmira, by the unthinking many, considered as a plain girl, not worth taking notice of; but by the considering few, as an excellent companion, and every way qualified to shine with éclat in the marriage state. Of the latter opinion was Mr. B——, a young man possessed of sentiments in perfect unison with her own. He had known Elmira from her infancy, and had long beheld her with regard, but scornful to make proposals of marriage, 'till his situation in life would enable him to maintain her in a manner suitable to her worth. In a short time every thing turned out to his wishes: he declared his sentiments for the amiable girl, which met with the universal approbation of both parties, and he had the happiness to find that interest had no share in the consent of  
Elmira,

Elmira. She has since blessed him with two sweet pledges of her love, and now lives a pattern of conjugal happiness and virtue.

How different from the amiable Elmira is the beautiful, but despised Urgania?—to look at her, you would imagine nature had exhausted her whole stock of beauty in forming this one lovely object: to converse with her, you would say folly had taken the same pains to make her ridiculous.—Caprice, discontent, and ambition, shew themselves in every trifling action of her life. Tired of the repeating disgusts she receives from her own sex, in consequence of her vanity, she seeks refuge in the flattering conversation of men. Here too she is disappointed: what her beauty conquers, her folly is sure to undo. The rich lay snares for her virtue; but this her pride (a useful quality in some cases) frustrates, and men of an equal situation with herself, she rejects with disdain,

Alcander is a young fellow of great good nature, and many other good qualities of the heart. He had beheld Urgania with the eyes of love: yet he was not blind to her imperfections; he saw them with regret, and wished to make her perfect. His person was agreeable to her eye;  
 she

she loved him in silence, but her vanity overruled her passion. His situation in life was not adequate to her ambitious views. She consulted her glass, her only monitor, it told her she would do honour to a title, and her disinterested plebeian was discarded with disdain. He saw through the foolish vanity of her proceedings, and he was above despair. He paid his addresses to a more worthy object, and was shortly after married.

Urgania, 'till now, knew not how much she loved him: his marriage was a dagger to her heart. To be neglected and forsaken for a woman who had no personal accomplishments to vie with her's, was insupportable; "it paled her damask cheek." Her beauty is no longer striking, and though the same insipid creature as before, she is no longer regarded with the eyes of admiration. Where do we find the worth of such a woman as Urgania? May she not justly be compared to the gaudy tulip, whose variety of colour pleases the eye, but is possessed of no fragrance to regale the smell.

Such disappointments as these will frequently attend the woman who has nothing to recommend her but a fine person, whose consciousness that she is handsome leads her to be vain and insolent, to flatter herself with being raised to a splendid situation by her beauty, and to refuse such offers as prudence, if not misled by vanity, would lead her to accept.

ON

## O N. H U M A N I T Y.

**N**OT all the laurel's on great Cæsar's brow;  
 Not all the honour's Rome to pay him strove,  
 Cou'd such a glorious, deathless name bestow  
 As the fair wreath that meek-ey'd mercy wove.

Shall mur'drous conquest paint the path to Fame?  
 Shall scenes of Ravage still employ the Muse?  
 And shall not tender mercy have the claim?  
 The palm to her shall still the song refuse?

Ah, no! the prowess of the hero's sword,  
 (When but to rapine and to waste confin'd)  
 The shouts of triumph can no more afford,  
 No title like the father of mankind.

Young Ammon's, or the Swedish Charle's fame,  
 May win the wonder of the unthinking crowd;  
 But reason's sober voice shall still proclaim,  
 The paths to glory are not wet with blood.

To purge an impious, bold, offending race  
 The stagnate, poison breeding air to cleanse,  
 Th' indignant father bids his wrath take place,  
 A conqueror now, and now a whirlwind sends.

DETRACTION:

## D E T R A C T I O N :

*A VISION.*

**S**UPERIOR excellence is the general mark of calumny, and envy is naturally led to asperse what it cannot imitate. A little mind is scandalized at the pre-eminence of its neighbour, and endeavours to depreciate virtues. Thus the dis-tempered eye, impatient of prevailing brightness, by endeavouring to discover spots in the lucid object, insensibly betrays its own weakness.

But as this is a topic which has been descanted upon by a variety of pens, I shall try to enliven it with the air of novelty, by throwing my farther thoughts upon it into the form of a vision.

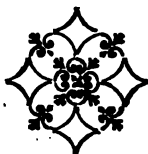
Methought I found myself, on a sudden, in a very extensive region, which was subject to the jurisdiction of a fury named Detraction.—The fields around looked wild and uncultivated; the tops of the hills were covered with snow, and the whole country seemed to mourn the inclement severity of one eternal winter. Instead of the grateful verdure of a kindly herbage, there sprang up to fight the hemlock, the aconite, and other baneful plants. The woods were inhabited by beasts of prey; while, on melancholy boughs, sat perched the birds of night, brooding in doleful silence.

In the middle of the plain was a bleak mountain, where I descried a groupe of figures, which I presently made up to. On the summit, the fury of the place presented herself to view. There was a peculiar deformity in her person. Her eyes were galled and red, her visage swollen and terrible, and from her mouth proceeded a two-edged sword. A blasted oak was the throne on which she sat; her food was the teeth of vipers, and her drink was gall and vinegar. At a little distance from her I observed Ignorance talking loud in his own praise; Pride strutting on his tiptoes; Conceit practising at a mirror; and Envy, like a vulture, preying on herself. The multitude, that paid their adoration to the fury, were a composition of all nations and professions, of different characters and capacities. There was the mechanic, the tradesman, the scholar; but the most zealous votaries consisted, principally, of old maids, peevish batchelors, discarded courtiers, and the like. Each strove to ingratiate himself with the fury, by sacrificing the best and most valuable of their friends; nor could proximity of blood move compassion, or plead exemption from being the victim of her insatiable cruelty. Some addressed this infernal Moloch with their first fruits, while others were chanting forth the extent of her power, and expatiating on the number of her conquests. At

At this instant arose in my mind all the little sentiments of humanity I had hitherto cultivated; and I began to blame my criminal curiosity, that prompted me to ascend the mountain; but in a few minutes the scene was very agreeably reversed; for towards the southern boundaries I discovered the clouds parting, the sky purpling, and the sun breaking forth in all his glory; when immediately there appeared advancing towards me Good-Nature, in all her splendour, arrayed like a sylvan nymph, blooming with unstudied graces. She was of a fair and ruddy complexion, which received additional beauty from the pleasing smiles which dwelt upon her countenance. On her right hand shone Good-Sense, with a peculiar majesty, though with somewhat of diffidence in her mind. She was the chief favourite with the Goddesses, and seemed to have the direction of her person. On her left was Generosity, carrying a heart in her hand.—The next that presented herself was Modesty, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and her cheeks spread with roses. Then followed a long train of beauties, who, by the unaffected charms of their persons, and an engaging peculiarity of dress, made me desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with them.—Upon a nearer approach, I found they were a tribe of British Ladies, who were always fond of appearing in the retinue of



the Goddess, from whose indulgent smiles they received an additional lustre to their charms.—I then turned my eyes to the monsters that I have above described, the principal of whom grew pale, and presently fell in a swoon from her throne.—Pride sunk into a shade; Envy fell prostrate, and bit the ground; while Ignorance vanished like a morning cloud before the rising sun. As the Goddess drew near, the whole collection of fiends disappeared. The basilisk skulked into the glade, the wild beast betook himself to the covert; and the oak, on which the fury had been seated, budded forth afresh. Wherever the Goddess walked, the flowers sprung up spontaneous at her feet; the tender roe was seen bounding o'er the mountains, and the little lambs sporting on the hills. Instead of the briar and the thorn, there shot forth the myrtle and every odoriferous shrub: the voice of the turtle was heard in the groves, and the dales resounded with the melodious harmony of the nightingale. In a word, the whole region confessed the benign influence of the Deity, and appeared in all the blushing softness of the spring.



ANECDOTE,

## ANECDOTE

OF THE

*Mean Complaisance of the Governor of the  
Minority of Lewis XIV.*

**M.** De la Porte, who was first valet de Chambre for many years to Lewis XIV. in his minority, in his memoirs says, as it often happened that young Lewis would misbehave in the presence of his Governor, Marshal de Villeroy, I used to wait without saying any thing, in hopes that his Governor would correct him; but when I perceived he let his royal pupil go on, I took the liberty to put his Majesty in mind of what he was, and of what he ought to do. Then, indeed, M. Villeroy, after musing a while, would say, "La Porte tells you truth, Sir! La Porte tells you truth!" And this was all the reprehension or advice that this conscientious Governor could afford; for so extremely complaisant was he to all the King's foibles, that, young as he was, Lewis himself perceived it; and frequently, when he appealed to the Marshal with regard to things, unless his own sense told him they were wrong, he said he would answer that his Governor would say, "Yes Sir, you are in the right."

ON

## ON POLITENESS.

**T**HERE is no qualification in which people are more generally solicitous to excel than politeness; but yet the principles of it are so seldom understood, that we are continually disgusted with a studied ceremony of behaviour, which must be considered by every man of discernment as a miserable succedaneum for that unconstrained, and apparently natural address which is one of the principal characteristics of good breeding.

Too much anxiety to be agreeable in company seldom fails to incur the censure of impertinence; and to be continually on the watch for opportunities to pay compliments, or perform little offices of kindness, proves that the party is rather influenced by the vanity of displaying his own compliments, than a desire to contribute to the gratification of the company. Overstrained compliments are neither practised or encouraged but by silly people: and indeed they are a severe reflection on such as make use of them; for there cannot be a more palpable absurdity than to attribute qualities to persons, who must themselves be conscious that they do not possess them. This glaring vice in conversation is besides grossly affronting, as it evidently conveys an imitation of defect,

by

by reminding the person that he does not in reality possess what is attributed to him.

Good nature is so essential to politeness, that every other advantage will not compensate for the want of it. The man of a morose disposition may employ his utmost endeavours to assume a gracefulness of behaviour:—he will still be awkward, stiff, and affected; for that ease which is the principal evidence of true gentility, arises from a complacency of temper, readily accommodating itself to the convenience of others, and not from an affectation of kindness, which implies vanity and conceit, and bears no relation to the desire of rendering service, or communicating satisfaction.

Politeness is said to be the art of rendering one's self agreeable; but it is an art in which a proficiency cannot be attained, unless the natural disposition correspond with an inclination; for politeness more materially depends on a beneficence of heart, than an attention to common civilities: the first will give the qualification in reality, and the other an affectation of it. It is, however, to be understood, that the introduction of art is justifiable, as far as it tends to the improvement of nature.

Mr.

MR. CONGREVE

TO

LORD COBHAM,

ON IMPROVING THE PRESENT TIME.

**S**INCEREST Critic of my Prose or Rhyme,  
Tell how the pleasing *Stowe* employs thy  
Time.

Say, *Cobham*, what amuses thy Retreat?  
Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of Fate?  
Dost thou recal to Mind, with Joy or Grief,  
Great *Marlbro's* Actions, that immortal Chief,  
Whose slightest Trophy, rais'd in each Campaign,  
More than suffic'd to signalize a Reign?  
Does thy Remembrance rising warm thy Heart,  
With Glory past, where thou thyself hadst Part?  
Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see  
The fruitless End of all thy Victory?  
To see th' audacious Foe so late subdu'd.  
Dispute those Terms for which so long they su'd:  
As if *Britannia* now were sunk so low,  
To beg that peace, she wonted to bestow.  
Be far that Guilt! be never known that Shame!  
That *England* should retract her rightful Claim!  
Or, ceasing to be dreaded or ador'd,  
Stain, with her pen, the lustre of her sword.  
Or dost thou give the Winds afar to blow  
Each vexing Thought and Heart-devouring Woe,  
And

And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes,  
 To turn the level'd lawns to liquid plains;  
 To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,  
 And force the latent springs to lift their heads;  
 On wat'ry columns, capitals to rear,  
 That mix their flowing curls with upper air?  
 Or dost thou, weary grown, these works neglect,  
 No temples, statues, obelisks erect;  
 But catch the morning breeze from fragrant  
     meads,  
 Or shun the noon-tide ray in wholesome shades;  
 Or lowly walk along the mazy wood,  
 To meditate on all that's wise and good?  
 For nature, bountiful in thee, has join'd  
 A person pleasing with a worthy mind.  
 Not given the form alone, but means and art,  
 To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.  
 Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,  
 Yet want the way to use that fortune well;  
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue  
     crown'd.  
 At home in peace; abroad in arms renown'd.  
 Graceful in form, and winning in address,  
 While thus you think, what aptly you express;  
 With health, with honour, with a fair estate,  
 A table free, and elegantly neat.  
 What can be added more to mortal bliss?  
 What can he want that stands possess'd of this?

What can the fondest wishing mother more  
 Of heav'n, attentive, for her son implore ?  
 And yet a happiness remains unknown,  
 Or so philosophy reveal'd alone ;  
 A Precept which unprovok'd renders vain  
 Thy flowing hopes, and pleasures turn to pain.  
 Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,  
 Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,  
 Whatever passions may thy mind infest,  
 Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest ?  
 Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,  
 Still think the present day the last of life ;  
 Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
 To-morrow's Sun to thee may never rise ;  
 Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy fight,  
 With her enlivening and unlook'd for light.  
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays !  
 As favours unexpected doubly please.  
 Who thus can think, & who such thoughts pursues ;  
 Content may keep his life, or calmly lose ;  
 All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,  
 When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.  
 Come, see thy friend, retir'd without regret,  
 Forgetting care, or striving to forget ;  
 In easy contemplation, soothing time  
 With morals much, and now and then with rhyme ;  
 Not so robust in body, as in mind,  
 And always undisturb'd, tho' declin'd ;

Not

Not minding at the world's new wicked ways,  
 Compar'd with those of our Fore-father's days ;  
 For virtue now, is neither more or less,  
 And vice is only vary'd in the dress ;  
 Believe it, men have ever been the same,  
 And *Quid's* golden age is but a dream.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

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## DANCING and LOGIC COMPARED.

**A**S logic is termed the art of thinking, so dancing may be called the art of gesture. Logic teaches us so to order and arrange our thoughts, as to give them perspicuity and propriety of connection, and by dancing we are taught to direct our motions in such a manner as to give them gracefulness, harmony, and ease. But the art of dancing is even more necessary to gesticulation, than the art of logic is to thinking. To think elegantly and sublimely is the effect of genius alone, and the art of thinking clearly and justly may be attained by habit and observation ; but it is questionable whether an elegant and graceful carriage was ever obtained without the aid of dancing.



Mechanical, however, as this art may seem, genius is far from being out of the question. The imitative arts are alone the province of genius, and no art can with more propriety be called imitative than dancing. It is a copying those ideas of gracefulness and harmony, which we borrow from nature, and in this, as in the other imitative arts, the closest imitation of graceful nature is the happiest execution.

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## A N

### AFFECTING TALE.

**R**ETURNING one morning from Mount Edgecumbe, a little on this side the Tamar, Leontine said, in a tone of voice exceedingly abrupt, and a countenance the most expressive I ever saw on so young a face, "Mamma, do look, what a miserable object is there! Surely the man is just a dying!" We turned, and saw a poor sailor just brought out, in an armed chair, to the door of a house at a little distance from the road. He appeared to be rather turned of twenty: his head was wrapped about with a large white napkin; his left knee was greatly swollen, and carefully bandaged; a stump only, in the same predicament,

predicament, supplied the place of his right arm; a mortal paleness hung on his countenance, and he seemed just ready to expire. He was supported on the left by an old sailor, who had come to his assistance from a neighbouring tenement, and, on the right, by a young woman, plain, but neat in her dress, a fine figure, and rather handsome: she was in the attitude of alternately wiping and fanning his face with a white handkerchief, which she held in her hand for that purpose. We passed within a few paces, but she was too much engaged to take the least notice of us. Clementina's eye was immoveably fixed on the deplorable object 'till the carriage took us quite out of sight. She then turned to Sophron, and said, "Did you see that miserable man?" Yes, I saw him, my dear, (replied Sophron,) and am much afraid he falls a victim, at this awful crisis, to a mistaken zeal in the service of his country!" "Suppose that, my dear, (said Clementina,) to be the case, is he not an object of compassion?" "Yes, undoubtedly he is; and I wish it may be in my power to do any thing for his relief."

As soon as we reached Plymouth, Joseph was immediately dispatched to the spot for intelligence, and, in less than an hour, returned with the following particulars.

Conrade

Conrade and Nancy had been play-fellows from their early infancy; their growing attachment had been long observed by all their acquaintance, and last Christmas their mutual loves were consummated in honourable marriage to the entire satisfaction of all their relations on both sides.

On the first of February, the day appointed for his going on board for the West-Indies, they took leave with all the endearment of reciprocal affection and tenderness. Near seven tedious months of separation had now passed in painful anxieties, and fervent wishes for each other's welfare; when the Hope, Dobson, with some other ships from Jamaica, having had a prosperous voyage, came into the sound, all well, on the twenty-fifth of September. Nancy soon received the much wished for intelligence, and ran to the beach, with two or three of her acquaintance to welcome her faithful Conrade to his native shores.

By this time the Hope had made the harbour; and Conrade, having caught sight of his lovely Nancy, appeared one of the first on deck, waving his handkerchief at the end of his cane, the joyful signal to her of his health and safety. At this critical moment a boat from one of the men of war

war came along side the Hope, and instantly boarded her, to the surprize of the whole fleet, (for the warrants had come down but the night before,) seized all the hands on board, and carried them off in savage triumph.—But, my Sylvia, who can tell what the lovers must feel from this unexpected stroke! “Conrade (continued Joseph) appeared in the height of frenzy: he stamped, he raved, he begged, he prayed, but all in vain.—Nothing could restrain their brutal violence!—Nancy saw him in all this agony of distress.—She clapped her hand on her breast,—turned pale as death,—and sunk away!—Her companions could hardly keep life in her, and had much ado to bring her back that evening to her lodgings.—Early the next morning, poor thing, she saw her faithful Conrade brought home, all bloody and lifeless! He had attempted his escape, and, in the scuffle had received a large wound from a cutlass on his head, another on his left knee, a third from a musket ball, which had fractured the bone of his right arm, just above the elbow; and was so faint with the loss of blood, that it was thought he could not recover. But as soon as he heard the well known voice of his lovely Nancy, he seemed to revive a little. A Surgeon was immediately procured, who, having examined the two wounds on his head and knee, pronounced them curable.

curable. But the bone of the arm was so dreadfully fractured, that it was supposed nothing but an immediate amputation could save his life. The operation was instantly performed, and there were great hopes of his recovery."

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*An ODE to HEALTH.*

**O**H! hail thou ruling power of soft repose,  
Without whose aid, no joy the sovereign  
knows :

But blest with thee, the captive hugs his chain,  
Sings at his work, and happy toils again.  
Thrice hail ! O come with look and step serene,  
Such as in straw built cots thou oft art seen,  
Where peace and innocence delight to dwell,  
Where too you'll find that all within are well,  
And ease the pains that now my frame oppress,  
That I may live again in happiness.  
With leaden slumbers lull my watchful eyes,  
That free from pain, I early may arise  
With gladden'd soul, and fill'd with thanks to  
heaven,

For the great mercies which to me are given :  
Nor shall my soul, when with returning health  
She frolics gay, and riots in the wealth  
Of sport, and pleasure, e'er forget what's due  
To God, all-wise ; all-powerful, and you.

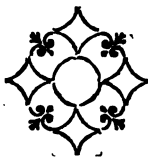
ON

## O N V I R T U E.

**N**O joys of sense, like conscious goodness  
 please,  
 More bright than glory, and more soft than ease;  
 In prospect treach'rous, 'those enchant the eye,  
 Yet when approach'd, illusive, fleet, and die:  
 Still others spring, still please and cheat the same;  
 While hop'd for-mountains, when possess'd-a name:  
 So charms a cloud, with every colour gay,  
 When from afar, it breaks the sevenfold ray;  
 But if we reach it, we discern no more  
 The flatt'ring colours so admired before.  
 'Tis virtue reigning in the gen'rous heart,  
 Alone can true substantial bliss impart;  
 'Tis this strong beaming, tho' our noon be past,  
 Bids life's short day be splendid to the last,  
 Charms pain and sickness in the faint and sage,  
 And melts to joy the oar of frozen age:  
 In want, content (unenvy'd wealth) bestows;  
 In sickness, patience; and in pomp repose:  
 All wonders rise at her enliv'ning breath,  
 A life of rapture from the wound of death.

M m

AN



A N

*INSTANCE OF FIDELITY*

I N

## F R I E N D S H I P.

**A** MIDST the various vices which disgrace human nature, none is less pardonable than those of ingratitude, or infidelity in friendship. We bear up against the calamities and unavoidable misfortunes incidental to the commerce of life, as being the lot to which every individual is liable; but when our kindest services are returned by ingratitude, or the man in whom we placed an implicit confidence, in whom we opened the secrets of our bosoms, and whom we considered as a valuable part of ourselves, proves false, treacherous, and deceitful, the heart then receives a deep wound, which neither time, reason, nor philosophy, can ever perfectly heal.

Indeed, too fashionable is the observation, that “to succeed in the world, a man must not be too delicate; that he must temporize, flatter, and deceive, if he intends to become great and independent.” Let us not, however, give to man, as his ruling principles, the cunning of the fox,  
the

the ferocity of the tyger, or the hypocrisy of the crocodile. Man is born with nobler attributes; and though they are by too many debased, yet we have several striking instances of the greatness of the human soul in both antient and modern authors. Lucian gives us a striking example of an unshaken adherence to friendship in two Scythians, who, notwithstanding the natural barbarity of the age and nation in which they lived, have left a memento worthy the attention, in some degree at least, of the professors of *modern* politeness and *good* breeding.

But four days had passed after Amyzocus and Dandamis had sworn an eternal friendship, and, after the custom of the Scythians, had drank of each other's blood in confirmation of their alliance, when the Sarmates entered Scythia with thirty thousand foot and ten thousand horse.

The two friends encamped on the banks of the Tanais, opposite to each other, in order to oppose the enemies passage. By the fortune of war, Amyzocus was defeated and taken prisoner, which Dandamis perceiving, he threw himself into the river and swam across it to the assistance of his friend.



No sooner had he reached the shore, than he was surrounded by the enemy, by whom he would have been instantly killed, had he not cried out that he came to release a prisoner. At these words their fury was abated, and they led him to the General, who demanded of him what ransom he would give. " Myself, (replied he) for I have nothing else to give, since my arms are taken from me, which are the only possession of a Scythian."

" Your offer is too great (replied the barbarian) we will be contented with a part of it;" and immediately ordered the light of his eyes for ever to be extinguished. He was then sent back with his friend to the Scythians; and Dandamis was more rejoiced at this conquest, than afflicted for the loss of his sight.

His presence restored courage to the Scythians, who thought they had lost nothing since they had preserved so great a treasure. This noble action astonished even the enemy, when they began to consider with what sort of people they had to deal: they retired by night in disorder, after having burnt the chariots they had taken, and left a part of their spoils.

Amyzocus, however, disdained to enjoy the  
light,

light, since his friend was in darkness through tenderness to him. These two illustrious friends were afterwards supported by the public, who held them in the highest veneration for their virtue.

It will be needless to make any long reflections on this singular piece of history, the truth of which we have no reason to doubt: I shall only observe, that what the Scythian considered as more sacred than the light of heaven, is now every day sacrificed to the most paltry views of interest.

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T H E  
*W O O D B I N E.*

**S**LOW rising from the womb of earth,  
By vegetation's care,  
The woodbine claims its vernal birth,  
To bloom amongst the fair.

No beaut'ous flow'r that courts a mate,  
To prop the charms of youth,  
Can boast a sweeter, happier state,  
In honour, love, and truth.

For whilst around the branching tree  
Its spreading charms entwine;  
The arbor glows with ecstasy,  
Their loves in one combine.

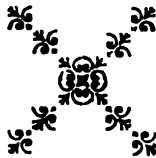
In vain is Tese's flatt'ring glafs  
Proffer'd to win the flow'r ;  
Nor zephyrs fan, nor all he says,  
Can bend its virtues low'r.

Boreas in vain may play his part,  
The lovers to divide ;  
Nor force, nor stratagem, nor art,  
Shall over truth preſide.

Fair emblem of the married life,  
The happiest ſtate below ;  
The ſincere ſpouſe, the faithful wife,  
Which honours only know.

Thus, Delia, ſee the charming flow'r  
The elm in marriage meets ;  
And brings (what ſhould it more) a dow'r  
In pure ſurrounding ſweets.

Thus, while in life's alluring vale,  
Let love and truth entwine ;  
Be I the arbor of the dale,  
And thou the ſweet Woodbine.



## THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS.

**H**APPINESS is an object pursued by all, and though the road to it is direct, yet few arrive at it. The compass by which we should be guided to this consummation of our hopes, wholly consists in this simple maxim, "moderate your desires." Yet such is the frailty or infatuation of man, that it is almost always rejected, and the instigations of appetite and passion are substituted for it. Blindly led by those giddy conductors, we deviate from the obvious path of felicity, into the dark and fatal mazes of error. And at length, when experience has opened our eyes, and we are sensible of the pernicious consequences of our own temerity, we become discontented and repine. Behold the avaricious man despising the modest precepts of reason, and inflamed by romantic expectations, hoarding a heap of treasure which he cannot enjoy. Behold him, in the vigour of his life, emaciated with care, and palled with uneasiness of his own creation, reproaching fortune for the necessary effects of those sordid inclinations which he has been industrious to cherish.

See the ambitious man, after a vain and delusive pursuit of fantastic greatness, cursing fate  
and

and accusing providence, for those disappointments and that misery which he has assiduously brought upon himself. Instead of upbraiding his folly, he laments his situation as unfortunate: like the unthinking mariner, who, having wantonly abandoned his vessel to the winds, and suffered it to strike upon a rock, bewails the severity of his condition, and arraigns the eternal laws, by which things are governed. In our pursuit of happiness, it is our avidity which chiefly disappoints our endeavours.

It has frequently been observed with respect to the acquisition of riches, that the enterprising man, by embarking in too many schemes of profit, is often ruined, while the miser plods slowly on towards the attainment of his purpose with success. The case is the same with regard to our prosecution of happiness. He whose impetuous temper urges him to acts of rapacity and ambition, or plunges himself in the excesses of debauchery, fails of his ultimate aim, the attainment of felicity. But the man who is content with the share of happiness which he possesses, who is satisfied to have it gradually increased, who confines his views to his sphere in life, and aspires not at that which is beyond his reach, is amply rewarded and receives a prize which the most violent and unremitting efforts cannot obtain. DESCRIP-

## DESCRIPTION

O F

## ADAM AND EVE.

**T**WO of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 God-like erect, with native honour clad,  
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all:  
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure  
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)  
 Whence true authority in men: though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:  
 For contemplation he, and valour form'd;  
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only, she for God in him.  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthian locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;  
 She, has a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore  
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,

N n

Yielded

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
 Not those mysterious parts were then conceal'd ;  
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
 Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
 Simplicity, and spotless innocence !  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
 Of God or angel ; for they thought no ill :  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in love's embraces met ;  
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born,  
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve,  
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain-side  
 They sat them down ; and after no more toil  
 Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd  
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell  
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers :  
 The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream

Nor

Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles,  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as befeems  
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they.

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THE STUDIES OF  
*ASTRONOMY and PHILOSOPHY*  
 RECOMMENDED.

THE sciences of Astronomy and Philosophy are studies, next to that of ourselves, the most worthy of cultivation, on account of the grand scenes they display, and the lofty ideas they transmit, of the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Great Creator. These sciences have, in all ages and countries flourishing in arts and politeness, engaged the attention of the curious, employed the pens of the most eloquent orators, and embellished the writings of the poets of the most elevated genius.

As to the first of these sciences, the Astronomer has for the subject of his speculations the whole universe of material beings; he considers the nature of matter in general, and enquires by what laws the several parts of it act upon each

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other;



other ; but his thoughts are more particularly employed in investigating the nature of those great bodies that compose the visible system of the universe, which, in common speech, are comprehended under the appellation of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.—Those unacquainted with this sublime science, have no greater ideas of the Stars, than a multitude of bright spangles dropped over the ætherial blue, they conceive no other of these fine appearances, than of their being so many golden studs, with which the Empyrean Arch is decorated. But studious minds, that carry a more accurate and strict enquiry among these celestial lights, bring back advice of the most astonishing import, concerning their beautiful order, and the laws which govern them; which loudly proclaim the infinite wisdom of the divine Architect, in thus disposing of the matter with which the universe is composed.

There is indeed no part of the creation but what displays the wisdom, goodness and power of the Great First Cause, to an attentive mind: but the heavens, in a most emphatical manner, declare the glory of God, and are nobly eloquent of the Deity, as well as the most magnificent heralds of their Maker's praise; so that in this divine book of creation the most unlettered may find enough to excite their admiration and praise,

By

By a little knowledge in this pleasing and wonderful science we are enabled to contemplate that magnificent œconomy which pois'd the stars with such inexpressible nicety, and meted out the Heavens with a span; where all is prodigiously vast, surprisingly various, yet more than mathematically true. By astronomy we also learn to consider those golden luminaries in the heavens, which appear but as twinkling flames, to be in fact prodigious bodies, and as many suns to so many systems, each accompanied with its particular planetary equipage; therefore what a multiplicity of mighty spheres and worlds, unknown to us, must be perpetually running their various rounds in the immense regions of space; yet none mistake their way nor wander from the paths assigned them; and though they travel through trackless and unbounded space; yet none fly from their orbs into extravagant excursions, none press in upon their center with too near an approach, but all their revolutions proceed with eternal harmony keeping such time, and observing such laws as are most exquisitely adapted to the perfection of the whole.

How astonishing capacious must be the expanse which yields room for those mighty globes, and their widely diffused operations? "To what mighty lengths did the Almighty Architect stretch his line

line when he measured the stupendous platform. Inconceivable extent! It swallows up our thoughts! Where are the pillars that support this grand majestic concave of the sky? How is that immeasurable arch upheld, unshaken, and unimpaired, while so many generations of busy mortals have sunk and disappeared, as bubbles upon the stream? The stars, which are such prodigious bulks, how are they fastened in their lofty situations? By what miracle in mechanics are so many thousand ponderous orbs preserved from collision, or striking against each other? Are they hung in golden or adamantine chains? Rest they their enormous load on rocks of marble, or on columns of brass? It is the Almighty Fiat that has breathed upon it, and hath thus animated nature with those wonderful principles or laws of projection and attraction, by which this mighty fabric is supported; the latter, the all-combining cement, the former the ever-operating spring. 'Tis by the mighty power of attraction that the vast worlds of matter hang self balanced on their own centers; and though orbs of prodigious bulk, yet require nothing but this amazing property for their support and continuance.

Thus, by means of the projectile impulse on one hand, and the attractive energy on the other,  
being

being both most nicely proportioned, and under the immediate operation of the Deity, the various globes run their radiant races without the least interruption or deviation, so as to produce the alternate changes of day and night, the pleasing vicissitudes of the seasons, the flux and reflux of the tides, (so useful to navigators,) and a thousand others.

Let us then adore, with a reverential awe, that great and glorious being, whose word gave birth to universal nature, and endued it with these surprising properties ; that incomprehensible being, who is perfect in knowledge, mighty in power,—whose name, whose nature, and operations, are great and marvellous ; who summons into being, with equal ease, a single atom or ten thousand worlds.

He sees with equal eye as lord of all,  
A hero perish or a sparrow fall :  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst and now a world.

Are our thoughts raised to admiration at this small sketch of nature ? How then must we be lost in amazement at the consideration of the Creator himself, who is so far exalted above these his glorious works, that he looks far down on these dazzling

zling spheres, and “ sees the summit of creation  
as in a vale, ” so great, that this prodigious extent  
of space is but as a point in his presence ; and  
all this confluence of worlds, compared with his  
own glory, as the lighted atom that fluctuates in  
air, and sports in the meridian ray.

Hail sovereign Goodness ! all productive mind ;  
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find :  
How various all ! how variously endu'd !  
How great their number, and each part how  
good !  
How perfect then must the great parent shine, }  
Who with one act of energy divine, }  
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design. }

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## ANECDOTE

O F

### *BISHOP BERKELY.*

**T**HE very ingenious and amiable Bishop  
Berkely, of Cloyne in Ireland, was so en-  
tirely contented with his income in that diocese,  
that when offered by the Earl of Chesterfield (then  
Lord Lieutenant) a bishoprick much more bene-  
ficial than that he possessed, he declined it with  
these

these words, " I love my neighbours, and they love me: why then should I begin in my old days to form new connections, and tear myself from those friends whose kindness is to me the greatest happiness I enjoy?—Acting in this instance like the celebrated Plutarch, who being asked why he resided in his native city, so obscure and so little? " I stay (said he) lest it should grow less."

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## ANECDOTE

*Of Dr. MEAD.*

**D**R. Mead very early in life attained to his station of eminence, and met with all the subsequent encouragement due to his great merit; but who, nevertheless died in a state of indigence. The income arising from his practice, was estimated at £7000 a year, and he had one, if not two fortunes left him, not by relations, but by friends no way allied to him: but his munificence was so great, and his passion for collecting books, printings, and curiosities, so strong, that he made no savings. His manuscripts he parted with in his life time to supply his wants, which towards his end were become so pressing, that he once requested of the late Lord Orrery the loan of *five Guineas* on some

O o.

toys,



toys, viz. pieces of kennel coal wrought into vases, and other elegant forms, which he produced from his pocket. This story, incredible as it may seem, Lord Orrery told to Johnson as a real fact.

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A N E C D O T E  
O F T H E  
*E M P E R O R O T H O.*

**T**HE Emperor Otho the First, being upon a military expedition, a woman threw herself at his feet, beseeching a just revenge, according to the laws, upon a person who committed a rape upon her. The emperor, being in haste, referred the hearing of her cause till his return. "But who then (replied the woman) shall recall into your majesty's mind the horrid injury that hath been done to me?" The emperor looking up to a church thereby. "This (said he) shall be a witness betwixt thee and me, that I do thee justice; and, so dismissing her, he, with his retinue, set forward. At his return, seeing the church, he called to mind the complaint, and caused the woman to be summoned; who at her appearance thus bespake him: "Dread sovereign, the man  
of

of whom I heretofore complained is now my husband; I have since had a child by him, and have forgiven him the injury." Not so (said the emperor) by the beard of Otho he shall suffer for it; for a collusion amongst yourselves does not make void the laws;" and so caused his head to be struck off.

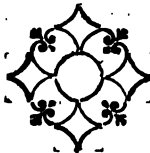
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### *V I R T U E and E V I L.*

**V**IRTUE may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthral'd;  
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;  
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
 And earth's base built on stubble.

O o 2

TRUTH.





## T R U T H.

**I**T were doubtless to be wished, that truth and reason were universally prevalent; that every thing were esteemed according to its real value, and that men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their endeavours after happiness, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained. ~~But~~ if adventitious and foreign pleasures must be pursued, it would be, perhaps, of some benefit, ~~since~~ that pursuit must frequently be fruitless, if it could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

## D R U N K E N N E S S.

**A**LEXANDER having invited several of his friends and general officers to supper, proposed a crown as a reward for him who should drink most. He who conquered on this occasion was Promachus, who swallowed fourteen measures of wine, that is, eighteen or twenty pints. After receiving the prize, which was a crown, worth a talent, i. e. about a thousand crowns, he survived his victory but three days. Of the rest of the guests, forty died of their intemperate drinking.

THE

T H E  
A F R I C A N S L A V E ' s

*Appeal to Liberty.*

**L** OUD blew the winds, and boist'rous was the  
tide,

When NEPTUNE lash'd the rocks in wanton pride;  
'Twas in the night, the pale moon in her wane  
Diffus'd a silv'ry mantle o'er the main;  
Beneath a cliff tremendous, vast and high,  
That aw'd the mind with its solemnity;  
Thither a wretched vassal trembling fled,  
Whose galling chains a bleeding wound o'er-  
spread;

Near to a dreary cave exhausted stole,  
To yield the tribute of his weary soul;  
But e'er he enter'd—with uplifted eyes,  
He thus address'd the Regent of the skies:  
“ Oh, Goddess fair!—if thou a goddess be,  
Pity a wretch o'erwhelm'd in misery;—  
Lend me thy light, and lead me to the land,  
Where bounteous LIBERTY, with gracious hand,  
Unties the shackl'd slave to set him free,  
Oh, let me raptur'd own her bless'd decree.—  
Say, is it just, that I'm a slave to pride,  
Because I'm thus by casual Nature dy'd;  
Say, is it just, that thus oppress'd with chains,  
I drudge in bondage, and a scourge my gains;

While all my functions act their parts as true,  
 As those who boast a bright and fairer hue;  
 My pulse, to time, as constantly will beat,  
 When cold, I shiver, and I burn with heat,  
 And when distress'ful tales assail my ears,  
 My bosom sighs, my eyes o'erflow with tears;  
 Ah, where's the heart, or where's the eye will shew,  
 A sigh for me, a tear to sooth my woe;  
 Tho' bleeding here, a spectacle I stand,  
 Doom'd to the lash of a stern tyrant's hand;  
 Deny'd in torture even to complain,  
 Left ev'ry sigh should cause a double pain."  
 Thus spoke, a-while, the sad-despairing slave,  
 When, riding high, majestic on the wave,  
 BRITANNIA's form appear'd; the Triton's round,  
 With shells uplifted, rais'd a cheering sound;  
 O'er AFRICK's barb'rous coast the maiden trod,  
 While tyrants crouching trembl'd at her nod.  
 She shouted, LIBERTY! the rocks reply'd,  
 And Heaven's high concave spread the echo wide,  
 While Mercy sever'd ev'ry savage band,  
 And gladness smil'd extatic, thro' the land!—  
 The news to ALBION, posted on the wind,  
 Where the distress'd a timely succour find;  
 From town to town, the "AIRY COURIERS" fly  
 And steal a tear of joy from ev'ry eye!

ANECDOTE

*Anecdote of JOHN the SECOND,*

## DUKE OF BOURBON,

THIS Prince, in the year 1369, instituted an order of Chivalry. One of the statutes of it is curious, and shews the high opinion he entertained of the influence of the female sex upon the virtue and happiness of mankind. According to this statute, the Knights are obliged to pay due respect to all ladies both married and unmarried, and never to suffer any thing derogatory to their reputation to be said in their presence; "for," adds the statute, "those who speak ill of women have very little honour, and (to their disgrace be it mentioned,) say of that sex, which cannot revenge itself, what they would not dare to say of a man; for from women, after God, arises a great part of the honour that there is in the world."

~~~~~  
C R U E L T Y.

ALEXANDER JANNÆUS, prince and high-priest of the Jews, being affronted at the feast of tabernacles, a civil war ensued between him and his subjects. In the course of this war, which continued for six years, Alexander, having taken a city wherein a great number of them had shut themselves up, carried eight hundred

dred of them to Jerusalem, and caused them all to be crucified in one day. When they were fixed on the crosses, he ordered their wives and children to be brought out, and to have their throats cut before their faces. During this cruel execution, the high-priest regaled his wives and concubines in a place from which they saw all that passed; and this sight was to him and them the principal part of the entertainment. Horrid gratifications!

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### A N E C D O T E.

A Certain clergyman in the west of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with a breach of friendship, and said, "he wanted his death." "No, no, doctor," says the other, "you quite mistake; it was your *living* I wanted."



INTERESTING  
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,  
ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,  
AND  
POETICAL FRAGMENTS;  
TENDING  
TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE  
MORALITY.

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BY MR. ADDISON.

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London :  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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1795.



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A  
COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

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ANECDOTE

ON THE

CORONATION OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

THE whole behaviour of GEORGE III. at the Coronation was justly admired and commended by every one, and particularly his manner of ascending and seating himself on his throne after his Coronation. No actor in the character of Pyrrhus in the *Distrest Mother*, not even Booth himself, who was celebrated for it in the *Spectator*, ever ascended the throne with so much grace and dignity. There was another particular, which those only could observe who sat near the communion-table: when the King approached the communion-table, as did the Prebendaries of Westminster, in order to receive the sacrament, he enquired of the Archbishop, *whether he should not lay aside his crown?* The Archbishop asked the Bishop of Rochester; but neither of them could

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fay





say what had been the usual form. The King determined within himself, that humility best became such a solemn act of devotion, and took off his crown, and laid it down during the administration.

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### THE FEMALE PRATTLER.

**F**ROM morn to night, from day to day,  
 At all times, and in ev'ry place,  
 You scold, repeat, and sing and say,  
 Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear, my Fannia, O, forbear,  
 If your own health or ours you prize ;  
 For all mankind that hear you, swear  
 Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,  
 Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd ;  
 All are distracted while they gaze,  
 But, if they listen, they are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more praise  
 Than all you say, or all you write :  
 One look ten thousand charms displays ;  
 Then hush ! and be an angel quite.

ANEC-

## ANECDOTE OF RICHARD III.

**I**N the town of Leicester, the house is still shewn where Richard the Third passed the night before the battle of Bosworth ; and there is a story of him, still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that Prince's character. It was his custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a secret receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day on which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops ; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being Mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her servant maid, who had been privy to the affair ; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices, the whole transaction came to light.

AN

## AN ANECDOTE.

THE following Anecdote, which is of undoubted authenticity, will sufficiently prove the decided superiority, which, in addition to her other advantages, Great Britain possesses in the article of hardware. Some time ago a French Nobleman of distinction was introduced to a manufacturer of Birmingham, by whom he was shewn through the different work-shops, &c. where the various mechanical contrivances, the judicious arrangement of the business, and the high degree of polish to which the several articles were brought, attracted very strongly the attention of the noble visitor. At length, producing a gold snuff-box from his pocket, he said, that it was somewhat strange, that with our superiority of skill, we could not equal the manufacture of that hinge. The proprietor of the manufactory took the box in his hand, and after viewing it for some time very attentively, he requested permission to take it asunder, assuring its owner that it should suffer no damage. It was accordingly taken in pieces, when the manufacturer found his own initials on the inner edge of the box, which, tho' made the boast of French ingenuity, had been actually formed on the very spot where they stood.

## A CURIOUS MINISTERIAL ANECDOTE.

A Certain Minister at a certain congress upon the Continent, some years ago, having a grand entertainment, had, amongst other dishes, a very rich pye, which some of his English guests declared would have been excellent, if it had not been altogether so high seasoned. The cook, informed of this objection, acquainted his Excellency that he had a smaller pye of the same sort, not quite so high, which he provided from a foresight of what might happen. "Bring the pye," said our Minister, "and let me ask you gentlemen," continued he, turning to his countrymen, "whether you think an English blockhead would have had sense enough to have thought of such a contrivance."

They were struck dumb with this piece of French ingenuity ; but it was not long before they had an opportunity of returning his Lordship's compliment. The cook finding it very practicable to get safe into his own country, slipped away on the eve of the next grand entertainment with all his Excellency's *plate*, which put him to the trouble of excusing himself to those he had invited ; one of his country-

countrymen answered, smiling — “ Does your Excellency think any English blockhead could have had sense enough to have thought of such a contrivance ? ”

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A REMARKABLE

## ANECDOTE OF THAIS,

THE CELEBRATED

GRECIAN WOMAN OF PLEASURE.

**T**HE Macedonians, tired with being long from home, and fearful, from particular symptoms, that their giddy-headed hero madly intended to make Persepolis the seat of his empire, secretly deputed proper persons to make interest with Thais, who was prime mistress to Alexander, to work him to the destruction of that city by fire. The terms were, absolute and certain assassination, in its most dreadful extent, if she refused ; and, on the contrary, upon the accomplishment of her scheme, besides a very great and important pecuniary reward, the alluring promise of a superb and matchless set of the finest filigreed Persian dressing-plate, to be executed by  
the

the first artist in all Babylon.—The proposal was accepted ; the attempt succeeded ; and history informs us, that she wrought her imperial keeper to the deed, by previously raising his spirits with wine, and then elevating them by the power of music to the wildest pitch of the most extravagant furor.

To this anecdote we are indebted for the Alexander's Feast of Dryden, the first ode, perhaps, in the English language, and a composition which would have done the author (who was sinking into the vale of years when he wrote it) infinite credit in his meridian.

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ON

## GOOD HUMOUR and SOCIAL MIRTH.

**T**HE season is now commenced, when we must be necessarily deprived of some pleasures, and therefore it is reasonable to suppose, that we shall have recourse to expedients to substitute others in their place. When the verdure of spring, the luxuriance of summer, and the pride of autumn, bloom and flourish no longer,  
to

to cheer our spirits amid the gloom which winter casts around, we must have recourse to those ingenious authors, whose glowing imaginations have caught the fading landscape of the year, and preserved it in all the beauties of poetic description. Here we may enjoy either a perpetual spring, or an unfading summer; and from the noise and hurry of the town, retire to country life and rural simplicity.

When this employment ceases to delight, then we may consult the sacred records of antiquity; and in order to pass our lives in an agreeable and useful manner, enquire how those men, who have acquired renown, passed theirs; this will give fortitude to our minds, and resolution to our virtue; for we shall seldom find any man conspicuously great, whose life was not marked by extraordinary difficulty, at least, whose tablatore was not distinguished by some peculiar strokes: these circumstances are what call to action those excellencies of character which ennoble and perpetuate names.

But this is a sort of amusement that will not always please; the gloom of a winter's day may so dispose the mind, and make it so indolent, that it shall be dissatisfied when it contemplates superior  
 excel-

excellence, because it thinks itself unable to equal or to excel it. But allowing both of these sources of amusement to fail, there is another of social mirth and friendship, to which we are greatly indebted during those months, when no other inducement would be sufficient to draw us from home, if it were not to be happy in the house of a friend; here one common complaint of an intemperate season, gives a keener relish to those enjoyments which mitigate the severity, and make ample amends for all the inconveniences of it.

I have often seen a general complaint of this nature, to be the very means of as general a proposal for amusements, which having innocence and mirth on their side, have insensibly given a stronger rivet to all the social virtues: so that when I feel a cold nipping frost in the severest winter, I have some consolation to think, that, perhaps, in those associations of mankind, which this may cause, the mutual resentment of friends shall subside, and benevolence and social virtue diffuse their warmest influence through every heart.—If this proportion was actually observed between the temperature of our season, and its effects on social life, I should with all my soul (though my body, I fear, would be but ill able



to sustain it) with for a winter as cold as ever the inhabitants of Nova Zembla experienced.

There is an urbanity, which, when it takes place, dissipates every gloom, relaxes all restraint, and gives us to enjoy social mirth without interruption, and domestic happiness without reserve. And though I am ready to grant, that human life is worthy the most serious attention and improvement, I cannot be brought to allow, that no recreations are lawful, and that innocent trifling may not sometimes be allowed. For my own part, I see not why the severity of reason should never permit the smile of wit, and the laugh of jocularity; nor why wisdom should always consist in a contracted brow, as if poring over the records of the dead, or pronouncing the severest sentence upon the living.—If imagination must not subdue reason, might not reason regulate imagination?

Suppose every opportunity be taken of exercising the most benevolent virtues of the human mind, we shall find many vacancies lie heavy upon our hands, which were surely much better filled up by the agreeable fallies of wit, than suffered to pass by as a total blank of human existence.—Mirth diffuses its pleasing sensations throughout  
our

our whole frame, and not only promotes a cheerful and happy flow of animal spirits, but better disposes the mind to all the amiable offices of friendship and benevolence. Take away but these seemingly inferior supports of human happiness, good-nature, and a disposition to please, and you will find some of the nobler virtues greatly weakened thereby. That amiable levity, (if I may be allowed the expression), in some, charms us with its ease, inspires every other person with a pleasing cheerfulness, and introduces a freedom which is the very spirit of social felicity.

The man who makes me laugh, while virtue and innocence do not blush, has laid the surest foundation of my regards—he has in some sort made himself necessary to my happiness. This innocent trifling, though it might appear easy in its acquisition or practice, resembles music: the greatest masters in this divine art confess, that the pieces which are performed with the greatest ease, are always the most difficult in the composition.

It perhaps requires very distinguishing abilities to trifle with a grace, without sinking into mean-ness; it demands a delicacy of sentiment, which but few possess, and is generally to be found in those characters whose situation is friendly to taste  
and

and retirement. It is a qualification so far from extenuating our regard, that it increases our esteem. The amusements of Henry the IVth, during the civil wars of the league, though they may justly be ranked under weakness and instability, interest us deeply in the fortune of the hero. We read the works of the divine and philosopher, with such a disposition as wisdom always excites—a distant reverence, quite remote from all intimate esteem and regards; we seldom wish to converse with the learned author. But when I read the sportive essays of the ingenious Montaigne, I wish to spend an hour of social happiness with a man, who in his retirement can so essentially conduce to the amusements of mine.

And here I could forgive thee, if the ladies would sign thy pardon, thou English Cervantes!—but they complain, that they laugh at the expense of that which lends the greatest grace to all their own perfections.

As human life consists of a thousand opportunities perpetually occurring to give a lively turn to imagination, and engage its active powers on the side of mirth and friendship; the decent manner of improving these by innocent wit, and amusing jocularly, contains nothing that the severest censure

ture can justly reprove, or the strictest moralist condemn.—Was it not for the fear of incurring their displeasure, I would say, that wit has, in this respect, the advantage of wisdom, for there are a thousand ways of being witty but only one of being wise.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

MRS. BADDELEY.

**W**HEN this lady was once confined for debt in Southampton Buildings, she sung so sweet that she sung herself out of her cage; but her keeper soon found the fatal effects of the siren's voice, and was immured himself. Being asked by a fellow-prisoner in the King's Bench, "what business he had there;" "Faith," he replied, "I have no business here, I came here for pleasure."

**RICHES.**

## R I C H E S,

**E**VERY man is rich or poor according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments; any enlargement of wishes is therefore equally destructive to happiness, with the diminution of possession; and he that teaches another to long for what he shall never obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of his patrimony.

The rich lose all gratifications, because their wants are prevented; and, added to the lassitude which follows satiety, they have a pride proceeding from wealth, which makes them impatient of the loss of pleasure, though they have no enjoyment from the possession of it. The odour of ten thousand roses pleases but for a moment; the pain occasioned by one of the thorns is long felt. One hardship in the midst of luxuries is, to the opulent, a thorn amongst flowers. To the poor, on the contrary, one indulgence, in the midst of hardships, is a flower amongst thorns. They have a lively sense of it—the effect of every thing is increased by contrast.

Riches

Riches are of no value in themselves ; their use is discovered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unless by narrow minds, which confound the means with the end, but for the sake of power, influence and esteem ; or, by some of less elevated and refined sentiments, as necessary to sensual enjoyments.

It almost always happens, that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, states his wants by some new measure, and from flying the enemy that pursued him, bends his endeavours to overtake those whom he sees before him.

Wealth cannot confer greatness ; for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little—the bramble may be planted in a hot-bed, but never become an oak.

Extol not Riches then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's 'cumb'rance, if not snare, more  
    apt  
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So ev'ry scope by th' immoderate use  
Turns to restraint ; our natures do pursue,  
                                    Like

**Like rats, that ravin down their proper bane,  
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink we die.**

**To whom can riches give repute or trust,  
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just ?  
Judges and Senates have been bought with gold,  
Esteem and love were never to be sold.**

**Still to be rich, is still to be unhappy,  
Still to be envied, hated and abused ;  
Still to commence new law-suits and vexations,  
Still to be carking, still collecting,  
Only to make your funeral a feast,  
And hoard up Riches for a thriftless heir.**

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## DISSIPATION.

**T**HE love of dissipation is allowed to be the reigning evil of the present day : it is an evil which many content themselves with regretting, without seeking to redress.

It is too often cultivated as the readiest relief to domestic infelicity ; it draws the mind awhile from the subject of its distress, and suffers it to enjoy an interval of ease ; but this resource is as treacherous  
as

as it is momentary, and plunges the mind into more real distress than that from which it promised to relieve it.

Every one seems convinced that the evil so much complained of does really exist somewhere, though all are inwardly persuaded that it is not with themselves. All desire a general reformation, but few will listen to proposals of particular amendment.

Dissipation not only indisposes its votaries, by relaxing the tone of mind, and rendering it incapable of application, study, or virtue, to every thing useful and excellent, but disqualifies them for the enjoyment of pleasure itself. It softens the soul so much, that the most superficial employment becomes a labour, and the slightest inconvenience an agony.—The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them; for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.



A REQUEST  
TO THE  
DIVINE BEING.

I.

**T**HOU great and sacred Lord of all,  
Of life the only spring,  
Creator of unnumber'd worlds,  
Immensely glorious King.

II.

Whose image shakes the stagg'ring mind,  
Beyond conception high ;  
Crown'd with omnipotence, and veil'd  
With dark eternity.

III.

Drive from the confines of my heart  
Impenitence and pride ;  
Nor let me in erroneous paths  
With thoughtless idiots glide.

IV.

Whate'er thy all-discerning eye  
Sees for thy creature fit,  
I'll blest the good, and to the ill  
Contentedly submit.

With

V.

With humane pleasure let me view  
The prosp'rous and the great ;  
Malignant envy let me fly  
With odious self-conceit.

VI.

Let not despair, nor curs'd revenge,  
Be to my bosom known ;  
Oh give me tears for others woe,  
And patience for my own.

VII.

Feed me with necessary food,  
I ask not wealth nor fame :  
But give me eyes to view thy works  
And sense to praise thy name.

VIII.

And when thy wisdom thinks it fit  
To shake my troubled mind,  
Preserve my reason with my griefs,  
And let me not repine.

## ON BENEVOLENCE.

**O**F all the virtues that adorn the human soul, Benevolence is the most amiable: it comprehends all the social affections, and is the measure by which we judge of the moral rectitude of all the passions; for these receive their tincture of vice and virtue in proportion to the degree of this divine habit that accompanies them.

Natural love, or that passion that passes between the sexes, has its advantages in society: it is the first link in the great chain of social life, and carries with it a healing balm to all the bitters of domestic enjoyment; yet 'tis so much absorbed in sense, so closely connected with our irrational part, that it ought perhaps to be ranked in one of the last and lowest classes of the social affections.

Particular friendship between man and man, advances a step nearer to the purity and perfections of universal Benevolence; 'tis a species of love, which man enjoys above the brute creation; and the pleasure resulting from it, is agreeable to his nature as a rational creature; especially if its motives and foundation are free from the alloy of  
other

other passions, which is seldom or never the case ; for whim, caprice, ambition, interest, and connections, even the most vicious, frequently form the cement that unites the particular friendship that are to be met with in this age of sense and avarice.

The love of our country is still more refined from sense, and adds indelible lustre to the character that is possessed of it ; but still it is confined to a particular spot of earth, to a certain number of individuals, and frequently hurries us on to great acts of injustice and inhumanity ; Benevolence is the ultimate of human perfection, 'tis the true emanation of that Divine Spirit that spoke this system of the universe into existence, and called forth from nothing myriads of beings into conscious happiness. 'Tis confined by no place, nor connected with any particular number of individuals, but takes in the whole species, and breaths love and social sympathy upon the whole creation. It strengthens all the other bonds of society, purges the grosser passions from their dross of sense and appetite, and diffuses peace, joy, and tranquillity, over the mind that is possessed of it. In a word 'tis the essence of our intellectual being ; 'tis the source and spring of our happiness here, and the hope of our felicity hereafter.

Benevo-

Benevolence may be defined, *That habit of the mind that takes delight in the happiness of the human species, and measures its own felicity by the degrees of pleasure it can, or is willing to communicate to the rest of its fellow creatures.* It differs from sympathy, as pain does from pleasure ; for sympathy, strictly speaking, is that painful reflection which we feel when we see any one of our species in distress. Sympathy will always be found where there is Benevolence, but it may be likewise found where there is very little of that divine affection ; for 'tis observable, that women and men of the weakest minds are soonest moved with the visible distress of the objects they converse with ; but on other occasions have very small, or very confined notions of Benevolence. The emotion they feel, is owing to the crisis of blood, to fear, and to a certain horror that seizes them on the sight of any moving object : the sight gives them pain ; and out of regard to themselves, and for their own ease, they wish the object removed, or perhaps relieved ; but the mind, the rational and social part of man, is not properly affected ; for at the same time that they are administering to the seeming want and distresses, perhaps of a cunning counterfeit, that has got the art of moving the passions, and exciting an immediate sense of pity, their minds boil over with hatred against  
half

half the species; and they would not part with an hour's rest, or a shilling, to promote the happiness of a thousand others that are removed at too great distance to affect the senses. In a word, sympathy is a softness of nature, a milkiness of blood, and scarce to be ranked in the class of moral virtues; whereas Benevolence is a steady virtue, founded upon rational principles, and actuated as little by sense as 'tis possible for humanity. And though 'tis impossible for the truly benevolent man not to be affected with the pain, anguish, and distress of his fellow-creatures, yet that feeling does not deprive him of his reflection: he can leisurely enquire into the cause, and deliberately examine the circumstances that affect him, and wishes or administers relief to the object not because the sight of his distress gave him pain, but from that warm Benevolence which awakens the most ravishing joy; what he feels, is not in proportion to the painful reflections raised by sympathy, but to the degree of ease and pleasure communicated to the distressed object.

To explain the difference between this effeminate virtue, sympathy, and the god-like habit, Benevolence, let us suppose that a beggar in the street, with some putrid ulcer, attacks one of the female sex; she is highly shocked at the sight,  
she

she screams out with fear, and is moved with pity for the poor suffering wretch ; she gives him something out of charity, and he vanishes ; she is pleased at his removal, just in proportion to the pain she felt whilst he was present. Her pleasure may be very great, because her delicacy might have been hurt by the shocking sight ; but the pleasure and the pain has scarcely any relation to the unhappy object ; it rises not from a just reflection on his anguish, or the relief she has offered him, which may be very trifling. Now mark the difference between a person actuated by Benevolence, and this charitable lady. The sight may equally offend his senses, and in that respect may feel the same degree of pain ; but he joins with it a reflection on the miseries to which human nature is exposed, he wishes it in his power to heal the malady, and gives in proportion to his abilities.

The object is removed, but the pain of the benevolent man is not ; for though his senses are not affected with the loathsome disease, yet his soul feels the anguish of the suffering wretch ; and as he knows what he was able to give him could contribute very little to remove his sufferings, the thoughts of his own liberality gives him very little satisfaction ; at least the pleasure resulting  
from

from the consciousness of having done his duty, is much allayed by the painful thought that one of his species was truly miserable, and that it was not in his power to make him happy.

However, though sympathy or pity differs so much from Benevolence, that unless it is accompanied with it, it degenerates into weakness, if not into vice; yet it is a habit of the mind, that if carefully cultivated, especially in young people, may beget a habit of Benignity and universal Benevolence, and may be productive of the greatest happiness both to the person possessed of it, and to the peace of society. For a mind easily touched with the distresses of others, is fitly and naturally disposed to acts of Benevolence and humanity; and may in time, and by due culture, be brought to relish the true habits of universal goodness, from disinterested regard to mankind, and the pure pleasure of doing good. This is a disposition the easier nourished in the mind of man, as Benevolence and compassion seem to be almost innate affections in the human soul; for experience teaches us, that unless the mind is perverted by the force of habit, or warped by some accident that changes its disposition, it naturally compassionates the sufferings of others, and is inclinable to do them all the good in its power, and finds a kind of horror when it is

E obliged



obliged to do any thing that gives its fellow-creatures pain, even when it is necessary, or for their good. 'Tis only practice that enables the surgeon to go through an amputation, or make use of the knife or lancet in the operations of his profession, without a tremor upon his nerves, arising from a fear of giving pain to his patient. Even the executioners, that are chosen from a class of people the most obdurate, go about the first offices of their function with a degree of reluctance and regret ; owing to the remains of compassion and Benevolence, that cannot be all at once eradicated from the mind. This is even visible in most children, who cry as heartily at the correction of others, as for the pain they feel themselves ; a disposition, which, if cultivated ; would, as reason advanced, grow up into universal Benevolence towards the whole species, and branch itself out into all social and friendly affections that sweeten life, and heighten the joys of rational society ; and without some degree of which, man would be the most malignant and unhappy animal of the whole creation : for as the first and grand principle of his action is self-love, if the selfish affection had not been tempered by Benevolence towards the rest of his species, man would have been a mere savage, unfociable animal, and more cruel than the most fierce and rapacious wild beasts.

But

But the wise Author of our being, that designed us for society, and created us with a mutual dependency on each other, has implanted in us this divine affection, and breathed into us, with the breath of life, this pure emanation of his own divine nature ; which must influence all our actions, unless we stifle its dictates, by yielding ourselves slaves to the tumultuous and unsocial passions of anger, envy, hatred, and malice.

Benevolence takes its rise in the soul from a pleasure we take in viewing every thing that resembles ourselves, and brings back to our memory the conscious pleasure of our existence ; for it is as natural for a man to love his own likeness, as to be pleased with himself. This is the source of that sympathy we feel for every man we see, when we consider him only as a man, without any other acquaintance or connection with him. This is the source of that social affection which is extended to the inhabitants of all the distant corners of the habitable globe.

This is the foundation of universal Benevolence, which the soul discovers on the first dawning of reason, and is actuated by it almost intuitively. But when assisted by reason, and by the consideration of its own nature, its own wants and necessities, and the recourse it is obliged

obliged to have to his fellow-creatures, in order to obtain and pursue its own happiness, then the social flame gathers strength, and diffuseth itself over all its faculties; and a soul not under the dominion of some of the narrow sensual passions and appetites, and actuated by unprejudiced reason, nourishes the God-like affection, as the only means of procuring real felicity, and as the highest gratification of self-love: for here we lay up a fund of satisfaction, independent of all other passions; a source of pleasure we can arrive at in all circumstances, in all places, and of which it is impossible to rob us by any accident that can happen in life.

We here find a charm to calm the storms that are raised in the mind by the tumultuous passions; and joy, peace, and tranquillity, are diffused over the whole mind, as often as we reflect upon the happiness of the species in general, or the pleasure communicated to any individual.

How different is this from envy! The envious man swells with indignation, and pines with inward grief, when he sees his neighbour happy, and can relish no enjoyment 'till he has robbed him of the envied good, or done him some mischief that may sour his felicity; while the benevolent man exults with joy at the prosperity even of a stranger, does all in his power to increase his  
satisfac-

fatisfaction, and perhaps feels more pleasure far surpassing that of simple possession; for to a mind thus wedded to the love of mankind, the mere enjoyment of all the goods of fortune, of all the dignities and honours on earth, can give no real satisfaction. These are only valuable, as they enable him to do good; they are only blessings, that become such by putting it in his power to bless all around him: yet, if his neighbour is happy, it is of no real consequence to the benevolent man, whether he was made so by him, or by any other means.

But though charity and liberality are sometimes the effects of his benevolent disposition, yet those acts are not necessary to discover it, and are perhaps the smallest and meanest effects of this amiable affection; for, if they were, then none but the rich could be benevolent, and none but the wealthy could be possessed of humanity, and a disinterested love of mankind: whereas experience teaches us, that true compassion, founded upon benevolent, social principles, is very rarely to be met with amongst that class of mankind. But 'tis not the power, but the habit and inclination of doing good, that constitute the moral character of any agent. The poorest man on earth may be as benevolent as the greatest Monarch,

narch, his breast may glow with a social love and friendship for the whole human race ; he may enjoy the most ravishing delight, in wishing well to his species, and in contemplating the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and yet may not have it in his power to contribute a mite to their felicity. But there are none so poor, but may display this amiable disposition, in refraining from the mischief that is in their power ; for he is wretched indeed, beyond imagination, who can neither do good nor evil ; he may restrain his tongue from slander and backbiting, the common fruit of a mind replete with malice and envy ; he may judge charitably of the actions of his neighbours, bear patiently with their failings, and put the mildest and best construction upon actions that are dubious either in their nature or motive, he may promote peace and unity amongst those he converses with, and treats their person with tenderness and humanity. When he does this, and all the good his circumstances permit him, he is truly benevolent, and has brought human nature to the highest perfection 'tis capable of. Such a man is in some degree possessed of the greatest and most amiable attribute of divinity ; for man never arrives so near the nature of the Deity, as when he is wishing well to, and communicating any degree of happiness to his fellow-creatures.

LIBERTY.

## LIBERTY.

### AN ODE.

**W**HILE Knaves and Fools, in deep debate,  
Perhaps are plotting England's fate,  
By Fancy's aid I mount the wind,  
And leave this drossy world behind ;  
There picture to the mental eye  
The feat of Heav'n-born LIBERTY.

High on a throne, from human fight,  
In regions of eternal light,  
The Goddess sits—on either hand  
Her attributes in order stand ;  
Mirth, Plenty, Innocence, and Love,  
Descendants from immortal Jove.  
The power that keeps dull slaves in awe,  
Firm Concord, Reason's, Nature's law ;  
The virtues glowing in her breast,  
With ample shield stands forth confest ;  
Wide spreading laurels spring around,  
And flowers enamel all the ground.

Emblems of LIBERTY, their Queen,  
In harmless gambo's round are seen,

Two

Two Lions of stupendous size,  
 With flowing mane and fiery eyes,  
 At times employed to draw her car,  
 When forth she rushes to the war,  
 Rais'd by her word above all art,  
 At distance from the throne apart,  
 Stands a firm Pillar, undècay'd  
 By Time, who various ways essay'd—  
 His malice and his darts are vain,  
 Pointless they fell upon the plain.

Greece, Rome, and other names were shewn,  
 Deeply engraven on the stone ;  
 But *stronger, fairer*, than the rest,  
 BRITANNIA ! stood thy name confest ;  
 While underneath, in words of gold  
 These ever-during truths were told.—  
 “ My best belov'd ! my favour'd isle !  
 While blest with my auspicious smile,  
 The foci of LIBERTY and thee,  
 Shall from my dreaded presence flee ;  
 But should'st thou heedless, lose my sight,  
 Your glories set in endless night.”

## ANECDOTE

OF

## THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

A Lieutenant Colonel in the Prussian service having been disbanded at the end of the last continental war, importuned his Majesty by his daily solicitations to be reinstated. Tired with the incessant clamours of his troublesome visitor, the King forbade his being ever admitted to his presence. Some weeks elapsed, when a most severe libel was published against his Majesty. The Monarch was so nettled at the audacity of the writer, that through a spirit of indignation and revenge, he caused a reward of fifty gold Frederics to be proclaimed, for any one who should discover and apprehend the author. The next day after the publication of so tempting a reward, the same Lieutenant Colonel obtained an audience under pretence that he had a secret of the utmost importance to reveal. Being admitted into the King's presence, Sire, said he, "Your Majesty, on a fresh occurrence, has promised fifty Frederics; I am come to claim the recompence; behold in me the author of the libel; my life I freely forfeit; but remember your royal promise, and whilst you punish the guilty, transmit to my poor wife

F

and



and her destitute children, the reward due to the informer."

The King, who already knew the real author, was struck at the sad extremity to which the brave officer had been reduced. No matter, he acknowledged himself guilty; "Go you instantly to the fortrefs of Spendau, and there await a sentence proportioned to my just resentment." "I obey," replied the culprit, "but the fifty Frederics." "Within two hours your wife shall receive them. Take this letter, give it to the commanding officer. He is not to open it till after dinner."

The Lieutenant Colonel arrived at Spendau, constitutes himself a prisoner there; but how joyfully disappointed in his sad expectations, when the Governor opening the letter at the moment prescribed, he read aloud the following words.

"To the bearer I give the command of Spendau, his wife and children, with the fifty Frederics; I will be with him in a few days. The former Governor is to take the command of Berlin, to which I promote him as a reward for his past services.

Signed,

"FREDERIC."

ANEC-

## ANECDOTE.

A Country Attorney happened to be at a tavern with an honest peasant, and was very facetious at the countryman's expence. They nevertheless agreed to try for a bottle of wine who could make the best rhyme. The lawyer enquired the peasant's occupation, who chearfully informed him he was a weaver, upon which the lawyer wrote these lines :

The world, tho' large, is but a span,  
It takes nine weavers to make a man.

The weaver, in his turn, enquired the lawyer's occupation, and being informed, I thought, says he, you were of the law by the glibness of your tongue ; but since you have rhymed about the world, so will I too, and then he wrote,

The world is wide, and full of evil,  
And half a lawyer makes a devil.

HISTORY



# HISTORY

## OF THE

### PRINCESS DE CRAON.

ONE morning as Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, was hunting, he accidentally met a girl, about fifteen years of age, watching in a field, a large drove of turkeys. The sun had not injured her complexion: she was fair as Venus; she had in her countenance the bloom of health, the sprightliness of youth, and the blush of innocence. Such an object was too striking to be past unnoticed by the Duke; he made immediate enquiries after her, and received information, that her birth was noble; but that the poverty of her father was so great that he was obliged to employ his own children in looking after his poultry, by the sale of which, he procured great part of his subsistence. The circumstance gave immediate hopes to the Duke's desires. He invited the impoverished nobleman to court; he loaded him with honours and preferments. His Highness desired, or rather commanded him immediately to bring his family and settle himself with them at Nancy. The royal orders were obeyed. Leopold was  
happy

happy in the compliance of his mistress, who only insisted on a husband, to support the honour of her father's house. On such occasions, husbands are seldom difficult to be found. A young officer of high birth, the Prince De Craon, was chosen for her consort; he received her with all the ardour of love, and with an implicit obedience to his master's commands. His obedience made his fortune. The Prince and Princess De Craon shone with the utmost splendor in the court of Lorraine. She was agreeable to the highest point of excess. Less endowed with sense, than adorned with beauty, she was inconsiderate and profuse; not absolutely without judgment; she was generous and good-natured. Her thoughts (if she ever thought) were entirely employed on her own person. She bore seventeen children; yet by incessant care of her health, and by the strictest attention to the preservation of her beauty, on which her whole power depended, she preserved the freshness of her complexion, and the fineness of her shape, not only during the Duke of Lorraine's life, but to the day of her own death, many years afterwards.

Though she had an absolute ascendant over the Duke's mind, and could turn and dispose his resolutions as she pleased, she never made an ill use

use of her power: on the contrary, she delighted in doing beneficent actions, in obliging the nobility, in paying a profound duty to the Dukes of Lorrain. Alas! in one instance she wanted virtue; in all others she possessed it in the greatest perfection. Her husband was of the same disposition. Both were humane, liberal, easy, polite, and condescending; so that, after the death of Leopold, when his successor exchanged Lorrain for Tuscany, in the year 1737, he appointed the Prince De Craon sole regent of his Etrurian territories. Here the Princess De Craon began a second reign of splendor. Accustomed to magnificence, and born to be near, though not to fill a throne, her actions were such as became royal and imperial power. They were at the same time accompanied by so disinterested a generosity, and such an engaging sweetness, that she attracted the love of the Tuscans to the highest degree. She soothed the pride of the Florentine nobility, but never departed from her own exaltation, as the regent's wife. Her court was crowded by noble ladies, who felt no envy, though they beheld superiority. In her countenance appeared neither the marks of age, nor the least traces of haughtiness: her friendships were not particular, but universal: she was in Tuscany, as in Lorrain, beloved and esteemed by

by the women, admired and revered by the men.

The excellent disposition of her husband was no less engaging. He was the soldier, and the courtier, but not the man of business: he wanted the talents essential to a minister of state. He was embarrassed and overburdened by his dignity. He could face dangers in the field, but could not withstand attack in the cabinet: he knew how to command an army, but could not guide a Common-Wealth. He soon became conscious of his own defects, and hourly began to feel the want of an assistant. He recollected the abilities of a Monsieur de Richecourt, who was the son of a Lorraine advocate, and who had also been bred to the law. He fixed upon this man for his coadjutor; and in a letter to the Emperor, in which he acknowledged his own incapacity, he earnestly intreated that his friend Richecourt might be sent to Florence, with full and adequate power to himself in the government of Tuscany, but without any particular denomination or title. The request was granted; and when the Prince De Craon found himself indulged in it, he acquainted the Princess, his wife, with what he had done. "You have ruined us then," exclaimed the Princess, with some emotion:

I know

I know Richecourt; I know his ambition; I know his art; while you were his superior, he was your friend: when he becomes your equal, he will be your enemy. Many months will not pass after his arrival ere we are little better than slaves."

Richecourt arrived, and the prediction of the Princess was fulfilled. By a superiority of genius, and an address more adapted to manage, and turn the weighty and intricate wheels of government, the aspiring Count Richecourt arose to the highest eminence of authority, in the same degree that the lost Prince De Craon sunk into disregard and contempt.

Unable to support daily insults, the natural consequence of so abject a situation, the Prince desired to be recalled, and be permitted to end his days in Lorrain. The Emperor allowed him to return, and resolved to change the single regency into a triumvirate council of state.

The Prince De Craon had contracted great debts in Tuscany. He had lived far beyond his income. Before he could quit the Florentine dominions, he was obliged to sell his plate, and the jewels of the Princess, his wife.

Old

Old and poor, the melancholy pair returned to Lorrain. He died a few months after his arrival: she survived him but a few years.

Thus we see, that vice, though it may reign triumphant for a time, always at the end meets with the punishment it deserves.

There are few scenes in life but what will confirm this remark.

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THE  
CHAMPION OF VIRTUE,  
A GOTHIC STORY.

*Abridged from the Original.*

SIR Philip Harclay, who had served under King Henry V. of England, and, after that Monarch's decease, entered into the service of the Greek Emperor; upon his return to England, settled at his family seat in Yorkshire, and soon after set out on a journey to the castle of Lovel, in the west of England, on a visit to his friend,

G

Lord



**Lord Lovel.** Upon his arrival in that neighbourhood, he is informed by a peasant that Lord Lovel and his Lady had been dead about fifteen years, and that Sir Walter Lovel, kinsman to the deceased Lord, had taken possession of the estate and castle of Lovel, which he had since disposed of to his brother-in-law, Lord Baron Fitz Owen, and had himself retired to Northumberland.

Sir Philip, on an invitation from the Baron, is kindly received by him, who introduces his three sons and daughter, and some other young relations, then in his family, to him, and amongst the rest, Edmund, (the supposed son of Andrew and Margery Twyford, peasants in the neighbourhood), whom the Baron had taken into his family, with whose appearance the Knight is so greatly affected, that, on his leaving the castle of Lovel, he promises Edmund his protection and support, in case any future occasion should render such service necessary.

The young family and relations of Lord Fitz Owen being most of them envious of the rising genius of Edmund, endeavour to ruin his credit with the Baron; who sends them and Edmund over to the Regent in France, where notwithstanding the machinations of his enemies who accompanied

accompanied him, Edmund acquits himself with honour.

On their return to England, the complaints against Edmund still continuing, Lord Fitz Owen proposes that Edmund, as a test of his courage, should sleep three nights in part of the castle, said to be haunted, and which had been shut up for several years. In this retirement Edmund meets with several surprising scenes, which having communicated to his friend and confidant, the pious Father Oswald, a suspicion arises concerning the parents of Edmund, and it is determined to interrogate his supposed mother Margery relative thereto; who gives an account that her husband found Edmund in a field, apparently just born, rolled up in a fine handkerchief, and over that a rich velvet cloak, trimmed with gold lace, and the body of a lady was afterwards found drowned, which they buried, having first taken off her cloaths, and a fine necklace with a golden locket, and a pair of ear-rings.

These particulars immediately suggests to Father Oswald, that Edmund was the son of the late Lord Lovel; and having procured the necklace and other tokens from Margery, it is determined that Edmund shall immediately quit the castle of  
Lovel,

Lovel, and implore the protection of Sir Philip Harclay.

This worthy Knight receives Edmund with great cordiality; and having heard his story, is fully persuaded that he is the son of his late friend. Sir Philip hereupon summonses Lord Walter Lovel to single combat, accusing him of the murder of the late Lord. In this combat Sir Philip being conqueror, gives his antagonist his life, upon his promise of relating the truth of what was laid to his charge. Lord Walter hereupon confesses that he had caused the late Lord Lovel to be assassinated on his return from accompanying the King in his wars; and that his widow had, upon his offering to marry her, quitted the castle big with child; upon which he had given it out that she was dead, and made a pretended funeral for her.

Having made this confession, he accepts the offer made him of leaving the kingdom; and every thing being cleared up, Edmund is put in possession of the estate of Lord Lovel, and afterwards marries Emma, the daughter of Baron Fitz Owen, for whom he had long entertained a secret affection.

The

The following account of the interview between Edmund, Father Oswald, and Margery Twyford, when she relates the manner of Edmund's being found by her husband, is given as a specimen of of this performance :

“ Edmund and Father Oswald set out directly, and Edmund went hastily to old Twyford's cottage, and declared that every field seemed a mile to him.—Restrain your warmth, my son, (said Oswald) compose your mind, and recover your breath before you enter upon a business of such consequence.—Margery met them at the door, and asked Edmund what wind blew him thither?—Is it so very surprising (said he) that I should visit my parents?—Yes, it is, (said she) considering the treatment you have met with from us; but, since Andrew is not in the house, I may say I am glad to see you: Lord bless you, what a fine youth you be grown! 'Tis a long time since I saw you; but that is not my fault: many a cross word, and many a blow have I had on your account; but I may now venture to embrace my dear child.

Edmund came forward, and embraced her fervently. The starting tears on both sides evinced their affection.—And why (said he) should my father

ther-forbid you to embrace your child? What have I ever done to deserve his hatred?—Nothing, my dear boy; you were always good and meek hearted, and deserved the love of every body.—It is not common (said Edmund) for a parent to hate his first-born son, without his having deserved it.—That is true, (said Oswald) it is uncommon, it is unnatural; nay, I am of opinion it is almost impossible. I am so convinced of this truth, that I believe the man who thus hates and abuses Edmund cannot be his father.

In saying this, he observed her countenance attentively: she changed colour apparently.—Come, (said he) let us sit down; and do you, Margery, answer to what I have said.—Blessed Virgin, (said Margery) what does your Reverence mean? What do you suspect?—I suspect (said he) that Edmund is not the son of Andrew, your husband.—Lord bless me, (said she) what is it you do suspect?—Do not evade my question, woman; I am come here by authority to examine you upon this point.

The woman trembled every joint.—Would to Heaven (said she) that Andrew was at home!—It is much better as it is, (said Oswald) you are the person we are to examine.—Oh! Father, (said she)

she) do you think that I—that I—that I am to blame in this matter? What have I done?—do you, Sir, (said he) ask your own questions.

Upon this Edmund threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees.—Oh! my mother (said he) for as such my heart owns you, tell me, for the love of Heaven, tell me who was my father! —Gracious Heaven, (said she) what will become of me!—Woman, (said Oswald) confess the truth, or you shall be compelled to do it: by whom had you this youth?—Who, I! (said she) I had him! No, Father, I am not guilty of the black crime adultery: God knows my innocence; I am not worthy to be the mother of such a sweet youth as that is.—You are not his mother then, nor Andrew his father?—Oh! what shall I do? (said Margery) Andrew will be the death of me! —No, he shall not, (said Edmund) you shall be protected and rewarded for the discovery.—Goody, (said Oswald) confess the whole truth, and I will protect you from harm, and from blame: you may be the means of making Edmund's fortune, in which case he will certainly provide for you; on the other hand, by an obstinate silence, you will deprive yourself of all the advantages you might receive from the discovery; and besides, you will soon be examined in a different manner,

manner, and be obliged to confess all you know, and nobody will thank you for it.—Ah! (said she) but Andrew beat me the last time I spoke to Edmund, and told me he would break every bone in my skin, if I ever spoke to him again.—He knows it then, (said Oswald)—He know it! Lord help you, it was all his own doing.—Tell us then, (said Oswald) for Andrew shall never know it, 'till it is out of his power to punish you.—It is a long story (said she) and cannot be told in a few words.—It will never be told at this rate, (said he) sit down, and begin it instantly—My fate depends upon your words, (said Edmund),—my soul is impatient of the suspense! If ever you loved me, and cherished me, shew it now, and tell me while I have breath to ask it.

He sat in extreme agitation of mind; his words and actions were equally expressive of his inward emotions.—I will, (said she) but I must try to recollect all the circumstances. You must know, young man, that you are just one-and-twenty years of age.—On what day was he born? (said Oswald).—The day before yesterday, (said she) the 21st of September.—A remarkable æra, (said he) —'Tis so, indeed, (said Edmund) Oh, that night! That apartment!—Be silent, (said Oswald) and do you, Margery, begin your story.

I will,

I will, (said she).—Just one-and-twenty years ago, on that very day I lost my first-born son, I got a hurt by over-reaching myself when I was near my time, and so the poor child died ; and so, as I was sitting all alone, and very melancholy, Andrew came home from work.—See, Margery, (said he) I have brought you a child instead of that you have lost : so he gave me a bundle, as I thought ; but sure enough it was a child, a poor helpless babe, just born, and only rolled up in a fine handkerchief, and over that a rich velvet cloak, trimmed with gold lace.—And where did you find this ? (said I).—Upon the foot bridge, (says he) just below the clay field. This child (continues he) belongs to some great folk, and perhaps it may be enquired after one day, and may make our fortunes. Take care of it, (said he) and bring it up as if it was our own.—The poor infant was cold, and it cried, and looked up at me so pitifully, that I loved it : besides, my milk was troublesome to me, and I was glad to be eased of it ; so I gave it the breast, and from that hour I loved the child as if it had been my own, and so I do still, if I dared to own it.—And is this all you know of Edmund's birth ? (said Oswald).—No, not all, (said Margery) but pray look out and see whether Andrew is coming, for I am all over in a twitter.—He is not, (said Oswald)



go on, I beseech you.—This happened, (said she) as I told you, on the 21st. On the morrow my Andrew went out early to work, along with one Robin Rouse, our neighbour. They had not been gone above an hour, when they both came back, seemingly very much frightened. Says Andrew, go you, Robin, and borrow a pick-axe at neighbour Style's.—What is the matter now? (said I).—Matter enough! (quoth Andrew) we may come to be hanged, perhaps, as many an innocent man has before us.—Tell me what is the matter, (said I).—I will, (said he) but if ever you open your mouth about it, woe be to you.—I never will, (said I) but he made me swear by all the blessed Saints in the Calendar: and then he told me, that as Robin and he were going over the foot bridge, where he found the child the evening before, they saw something floating upon the water; so they followed it, 'till it stuck against a stake, and found it to be the dead body of a woman. As sure as you are alive, Madge, (said he) this was the mother of the child I brought home.

Merciful God! (said Edmund) am I the child of that hapless mother!—Be composed, (said Oswald). Proceed, good woman, the time is precious.—And so, (said she) Andrew told me they dragged

dragged the body out of the river, and it was richly dressed, and must be somebody of consequence.—I suppose, (said he) when the poor lady had taken care of her child, she went to find some help; and the night being dark, her foot slipped, and she fell into the river, and was drowned.

Lord have mercy! (said Robin) what shall we do with the dead body? We may be taken up for the murder: what had we to do to meddle with it?—Ay, (says Andrew) but we must have something to do with it now, and our wisest way is to bury it.

Robin was sadly frightened; but at last they agreed to carry it into the wood, and bury it there; so they came home for a pick-axe and a shovel.—Well, Andrew, (said I) but will you bury all the rich cloaths you speak of?—Why, (said he) it would be both a sin and a shame to strip the dead.—So it would, (said I) but I will give you a sheet to wrap the body in, and you may take off her upper garments, and any thing of value; but do not strip her to the skin for any thing.—Well said, wench! (said he) I will do as you say.—So I fetched a sheet; and by that time Robin was come back, and away they went together.

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They did not come back again 'till noon, and then they sat down and ate a morsel together.—Now we may sit down and eat in peace, (says Andrew).—Ay, (says Robin) and sleep in peace too, for we have done no harm.—No to be sure, (said I) but yet I am much concerned that the poor lady had not Christian burial.—Never trouble thyself about that, (said Andrew) we have done the best we could for her; but let us see what we have got in our bags, we must divide them; so they opened their bags, and took out a fine gown and a pair of rich shoes; but, besides these, there was a fine neck-lace with a golden locket, and a pair of ear-rings.—Says Andrew, and winked at me, I will have these, and you may take the rest.—Robin said he was well satisfied, and so he went his way. When he was gone, here, you fool, (says Andrew) take these, and keep them as safe as the bud of your eye: if ever young master is found, these will make our fortune.

And have you them now? (said Oswald).—Yes, that I have, (answered she): Andrew would have sold them long ago, but I always put him off it.

Heaven be praised! (said Edmund).—Hush, (said Oswald) let us not lose time; proceed,  
Goody.

Goody.—Nay, (said Margery) I have not much more to say.—We looked every day to hear some enquiries after the child, but nothing passed, nobody was missing.

Did nobody of note die about that time? (said Oswald).—Why, yes, (said Margery) the widow Lady Lovel died that same week: by the same token, Andrew went to the funeral, and brought home a 'scutcheon, which I kept unto this day.

Very well; go on.—My husband behaved well enough to the boy, 'till such time as he had two or three children of his own, and then he began to grumble, and say it was hard to maintain other folk's children, when he found it hard enough to keep his own. I loved the boy quite as well as my own; often and often have I pacified Andrew, and made him to hope that he should one day or other be paid for his trouble; but at last he grew out of patience, and gave over all hopes of that kind.

As Edmund grew up, he grew sickly and tender, and could not bear hard labour; and that was another reason why my husband could not bear with him.—If (quoth he) the boy could earn his living, I did not care; but I must bear  
all

all the expence.—There came an old pilgrim into our parts ; he was a scholar, and had been a soldier ; and he taught Edmund to read, then he told him histories of wars, and Knights, and Lords, and great men ; and Edmund took such delight in hearing him, that he would not take to any thing else.

To be sure the pilgrim was a pleasant companion ; he would tell old stories, and sing old songs, that one could have sat all night to hear him ; but, as I was saying, Edmund grew more and more fond of reading, and less of work : however he would run of errands, and do many handy turns for the neighbours ; and he was so courteous a lad, that people took notice of him. Andrew once caught him alone reading, and then told him, that if he did not find some way to earn his bread, he would turn him out of doors in a very short time ; and so he would have done sure enough, if my Lord Fitz Owen had not taken him into his service just in the nick.

Very well, Goody, (said Oswald) you have told your story very well: I am glad, for Edmund's sake, that you can do it properly ; but now, can you keep a secret ;—Why, ant please your Reverence, I think I have shewed you that I can.—

But

But can you keep it from your husband?—Aye, (said she) surely I can, for I dare not tell it him.—That is a good security, (said he) but I must have a better. You must swear upon this book not to disclose any thing that has passed between us three, 'till we desire you to do it. Be assured you will soon be called upon for this purpose. Edmund's birth is near the discovery: he is the son of parents of high degree, and it will be in his power to make your fortunes when he takes possession of his own.

Holy Virgin! what is it you tell me? How you rejoice me, to hear, that what I have so long prayed for will come to pass!—She took the oath required, saying after Oswald.—Now, (said he) go and fetch the tokens you have mentioned.

When she was gone, Edmund's passions, long suppressed, broke out in tears and exclamations. He kneeled down, and, with his hands clasped together, returned thanks to Heaven for the discovery. Oswald begged him to be composed, lest Margery should perceive his agitation and misconstrue the cause.—She soon returned with the neck-lace and ear-rings: they were pearls of great value; and the neck-lace had a locket, on which the cypher of Lovel was engraved.—This  
(said

(said Oswald) is indeed a proof of consequence; keep it, Sir, for it belongs to you.—Must he take it away? (said she).—Certainly, (said he) we can do nothing without it: but if Andrew should ask for it, you must put him off it for the present, and hereafter he will find his account in it.—Margery consented reluctantly to part with the jewels, and, after some further conversation, they took leave of her.—Edmund embraced her affectionately.—I thank you with my whole heart (said he) for all your goodness to me! Though I confess I never felt much regard for your husband, for you I had always the tender affection of a son. You will, I trust, give your evidence in my behalf, when called upon; and I hope it will one day be in my power to reward your kindness: in that case I will own you as my foster-mother, and you shall always be treated as such.—Margery wept.—The Lord grant it! (said she) and I pray him to have you in his holy keeping.—Farewell, my dear child!—Oswald desired them to separate, for fear of intrusion, and they returned to the castle.—Margery stood at the door of her cottage, looking every way to see if the coast was clear.—Now, Sir, (said Oswald) I congratulate you as the son of Lord and Lady Lovel! The proofs are strong and indisputable.—To us they are so, (said Edmund) but how shall we make them

them so to others? And what are we to think of the funeral of Lady Lovel?—As of a fiction, (said Oswald) the work of the present Lord, to secure his title and fortune.—And what means can we use to dispossess him, (said Edmund) he is not a man for a poor youth, like me, to contend with?—Doubt not (said Oswald) but Heaven, who has evidently conducted you by the hand thus far, will complete its own work; for my part, I can only wonder and adore.

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## CURIOSITY TO BE ENCOURAGED

IN

## YOUNG PERSONS.

**C**URIOSITY is a useful spring of knowledge: it should be encouraged in children, and awakened by frequent and familiar methods of talking with them: It should be indulged in youth, but not without a prudent moderation. In those who have too much it should be limited by a wise and gentle restraint or delay, lest by wandering after every thing, they learn nothing to perfection. In those who have too little, it should be excited, lest they grow stupid, narrow-spirited, self-satisfied, and never attain a treasure of ideas, or an aptitude of understanding.

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THE



## THE GREAT DESIGN

or

## OUR SAVIOUR'S MINISTRY.

**T**HE great design of our Saviour in his public appearance and ministry upon earth, was to prove himself to wear the true characters of the Messiah, to deliver the Jews from many false expositions and glosses which the Scribes and Pharisees of that day had given to several parts of scripture, to lead the world to a conviction of their sins, and thereby prepare them to receive the doctrine of salvation with more zeal and desire; whereas the salvation itself, and the manner whereby it was accomplished, was but briefly mentioned in some few texts, and the rest was left to be explained by his apostles.

## AN ANECDOTE

**I**N the reign of Queen Elizabeth (of ever glorious memory) the tailors petitioned her Majesty, that a regiment might be raised, composed entirely of their profession, to go abroad into Flanders: which petition her Majesty was most graciously

graciously pleased to grant ; and, on account of their readiness in supporting her Majesty against her enemies, she ordered (that as there never was known to be a regiment of taylor's before) that they should be mounted upon mares. In a small time the regiment was completed, and they were surprizingly expeditious in perfecting themselves in their exercise ; and were reviewed by her Majesty just before their embarkation, who expressed great satisfaction at the handsome appearance they made, and how expert they were in the performance of their exercise. On their arrival abroad it was not long before they had an opportunity of greatly distinguishing themselves. They rushed on in the front of the battle, and every man performed wonders ; but at last being overpowered by a prodigious superiority of the enemy, they to a man were entirely cut off. When the melancholy account came to the Queen, of the entire loss of the regiment of taylor's, she seemed very much affected ; but on a sudden recollecting herself, she broke out in the following ejaculation : “ Thank God, (said she) I have neither lost man nor horse ; for they were all taylor's and mares.”

## ANECDOTE OF CHARLES XII.

**T**HE activity and hardiness of this Prince are well known. He was sometimes on horseback for four and twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom, almost entirely alone. In one of these rapid excursions, he met with the following singular adventure.

Accompanied only by a few guards, whom he had left far behind, his horse fell dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirts his horse, claps the whole furniture upon his own back, and thus accoutred marched to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off.

Entering the stable, he there found an horse entirely to his mind ; therefore, without farther ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housings with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was informed of the matter. He asked the  
King

King bluntly, "How came you to meddle with my horse, having never seen me before." Charles replied, squeezing in his lips, as was his way, "I took the horse because I wanted one; for you see if I have none, I must be obliged to carry the saddle myself."

This did not at all satisfy the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the King was not much behind hand with him, and to it they went. When the guards came up, they testified that surprise which is natural at seeing arms in the hands of a subject against his King. The gentleman was not less surprised than they, at his undesigned insult upon majesty. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the King, who taking him by the hand, called him a brave fellow, and assured him that he should be provided for.

He was not worse than his word: the gentleman was afterwards promoted to a considerable command in the army.

AN

## AN ANECDOTE.

**D**EMETRIUS, King of Macedon, would at times retire from business to attend to pleasure. On such an occasion he usually feigned indisposition. His father, Antigonus, coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. On entering, Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever has now left me." "Very like, son, (says Antigonus,) perhaps it was that I met at the door."

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WORLD.

**T**HE World is the great deceiver; whose fallacious arts it highly imports us to detect. But in the midst of its pleasures and pursuits, the detection is impossible. We tread as within an enchanted circle, where nothing appears as it truly is.—We live in delusion, forming plans of imaginary bliss. We wander for ever in the paradise of fools meditating in secret on the means of attaining worldly success;—which acquired, has seldom, in one instance, fulfilled our expectation; but where we have reckoned most upon enjoyment, there have we generally found the least.

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It is too often considered as the only field of pleasure ; and beat over and over in quest of joys unsubstantial and transitory :—Pleased with the visionary trifles which it affords, we forget the probationary state of our existence, madly pursue what at best we cannot retain : barter our eternal welfare for vain shadows and empty shew ;—and as if careless of the justice of God, seem to regard not his threatened vengeance, but depend solely on the extent of his mercy ; and divest ourselves of the smallest right to demand our promised felicity.

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### H O P E.

CAN jocund mirth its wonted reign assume,  
 Dispelling Reason's throne each dreary  
 thought,  
 That, anxious brooding, blasts in vernal bloom,  
 The wreath luxuriant Hope had fondly  
 wrought ?

The laurel foliage, and the glitt'ning arms,  
 Are long forgotten in the distant view :  
 In vain celestial peace displays her charms,  
 If chilling poverty her steps pursue.

No  
 t

Not Pleasure's optic now can lure the gaze,  
When Hope no longer shed a lucid ray ;  
Nor longer sparkles at each meteor's blaze,  
That shines refracted through the low'ring day.

What then can charm when chearful Hope has  
fled ?

Shall sceptic sophistry suffuse its sway ;  
With sand-spun arguments, that nothing said,  
But what a straw confutes—and does away.

No ! still let Reason rule, a milder reign,  
And chace the chaos of the gloomy mind ;  
By leading Hope, with all her festive train,  
To sooth the evils that await mankind.

Again the seasons have revolv'd in tour ;  
Again diffusive Hope has fill'd her sphere,  
And now return'd, still follows as before,  
To stop reflection, and the rising tear.

The two-fac'd Janus warns, in mystic wise,  
When looking forward—still the past review  
Each circling year some precept sage supplies,  
To teach the present and the future too.

Let Zeno's pupils boast their strength of soul,  
Whose apathy with every ill can cope ;

Still

Still stupid shall they reach life's station'd goal,  
Nor stoop to reason—if she points to Hope.

My ills incumbent on fair Hope can rest,  
Nor vain chimera shall my reason sway ;  
But calmly think ' whatever is, is best,'  
And draw a moral from each sitting day.

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#### AN ANECDOTE.

A Warm dispute arose at a parish meeting about repairing the workhouse; when Mr. M——, who was born in it, but was well known to have acquired a good fortune in the world, forgot himself, and strenuously opposed the laying out any money on that account, observing, it was habitable and that was sufficient. “ Don't be positive, my friend,” says one of the parish officers, “ the building is strangely run to ruin since your mother lay in of you there.”

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#### THOUGHTS ON MORTALITY.

I.

FAST as revolving Time runs on,  
Her changing scenes to bring :  
As mid-day's sun to the horizon,  
With rapid haste doth spring.

K

So



II.

So man breathes forth the vital air,  
So soon he lives to die ;  
His span abounds in anxious fear,  
And sure inconstancy.

III.

A helpless state, his infant days,  
His youthful life how vain ;  
Maturer years his cares displays,  
Old age and languid pain.

IV.

Thus new vicissitudes arise,  
And tire the lab'ring mind ;  
While forked shafts of danger flies  
With every blast of wind.

V.

But soon the King of Terrors come,  
Whose all-controuling sway,  
Drives us reluctant to the tomb,  
The victims of his prey.

VI.

There mould'ring with our native clot,  
Our place no more is seen ;  
Our memory as much forgot,  
As tho' we'd never been.

Then

## VII.

Then why shou'd Time's contracted round,  
 With all it's transient glee ;  
 Confine my thoughts within the bound  
 Of earth's vicinity?

## VIII.

O no ! I'll seek that heav'n-born state,  
 Where faints with joy are fed ;  
 Immortal honours there await,  
 To crown the victor's head.

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 INSTANCE

or

*TRUE FRIENDSHIP.*

**M**ONSIEUR Sedaine informs us, that a certain gentleman of rank lost a friend, who at his death left debts unpaid, and two children very young. The surviving friend was immediately observed to retrench his household, his equipage, and take lodgings in a small house: from whence he walked every day to the palace, followed

followed by one footman, and performed the duties of his post. He is instantly suspected of avarice, and of bad conduct, and undergoes a variety of calumnies. In short, at the end of two years, he re-appears in the world ; having accumulated a sum of 20,000 livres ; which he applied to the service of his deceased friend's children, and thus rescued a worthy memory from shame ; and a helpless offspring from misery and ruin. It is pity the author had not informed us of the name of a man whose conduct is so honourable to friendship and humanity.

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## THE WORTHY SOLDIER.

A French soldier (one of those whom Voltaire pleasantly calls "the Alexanders at a groat a day") had obtained a furlough to see his friends. One evening he was trudging along with his knapsack on his back, rich in honour and courage, but with a pocket of the lightest ; notwithstanding which he sung his old songs with that heart of gaiety and ease, which, under the most penurious

penurious circumstances, is peculiar to his thoughtless countrymen.

In this merry mood he met a clergyman, whom he soon conjectured to be the vicar of some village, and whom he instantly conceived, moreover, to be a good man. Nor was he mistaken: there was an air of benignity in this clergyman that bespoke an excellent heart; and a careless frankness in our honest soldier, that prepossessed one in his favour. The conversation (for two Frenchmen are never at a loss for conversation) turned at first on the military profession; and the good vicar was delighted to see the animation and loyalty which appeared in every gesture, and every speech of the gallant veteran. At length, on the point of parting, the soldier said; "How happy is your Reverence! You do not seem to be thirsty; while I—I am absolutely choaked; I have travelled so many miles to-day." "If your way lies through my village I will give you some refreshment. I have some tolerable good wine; and there, to the left, beyond those trees is my little snug parsonage." "Thank you, Sir, for all your civilities; but I am obliged to take a direct contrary way; I must be at my journey's end as soon as possible. However, I will not conceal it, some good wine would rejoice my eyes exceedingly. And why should I  
be

be ashamed to confess it? You seem to be a worthy clergyman: our pay is so very poor! Ah, please your Reverence, a shilling would make me as rich as Cræsus."

The vicar, smiling, put a shilling into his hands. "There, my honest friend; I give it with pleasure; drink my health with it." "Heaven blefs your Reverence!—On the faith of a grenadier, you are more generous than a king. Adieu, Sir, good night, and a thousand, thousand thanks." They then parted, the grateful soldier continually repeating, "Oh! what a good clergyman is this!"

The vicar, on his part, felt the most sensible pleasure in this adventure. He admired the blunt frankness and apparent sensibility of the soldier; and, on a sudden, he took the resolution to rejoin him; "Comrade," said he, as he came near him, "return me that shilling." "What! your Reverence! do you repent of having made a poor devil happy? But here it is—I did not extort it." The vicar received it, and giving him a crown-piece in its stead, "I beg your pardon," said he, "this trifle was not worth your having; I have thought better of it."—"A crown, your Reverence! A crown! Do you mean to tempt me? I assure  
you

you that shilling was sufficient."—"But it was not sufficient for me," replied the good-natured vicar: "Pray except this trifle, and you will greatly oblige me."

. It is impossible to express the variety of sensations by which our pedestrian hero is overpowered. Nor could his worthy benefactor forbear from expressing how much he was affected by the exquisite sensibility which this humble and uncultivated mind displayed. In every gesture, in every word, there was that conciseness, yet pathetic eloquence of expression, which nature teaches, and which no refinement can surpass. Their mutual satisfaction, it may be imagined, could scarce admit of being heightened. The poor veteran, who now thought himself "as rich as Cræsus," was the happiest of men; and the generous ecclesiastic, whose income was far from affluent, yet who felt himself not the poorer for this bounty, enjoyed a felicity which none but the virtuous and good can feel. They parted once more.—"Oh! the excellent man! the excellent man!" said the soldier, when he found himself alone: "after having obliged me my own way, to come after me again, and oblige me still more. The good vicar, the good vicar! May he live a hundred years!"

The

The soldier had for sometime made a considerable progress on his journey, when, at last, he perceived, that the village where he had proposed to lodge that night, was still so very distant, that, after all, it would be much better to turn towards that which the vicar had pointed out, and take up his quarters there.

One would be tempted here to imagine, that that vigilant and invisible Providence, which the ancients call Destiny, (*Fatum*) had determined the soldier to change his purpose, and to repair to the village in which this beneficent vicar lived. If we explore the pages of history, we shall find numberless examples of that protecting power, which seems, as it were, to create miracles for our preservation; and what is more astonishing, the ingratitude of men is such, that he is either insensible of this heavenly interposition, or regards it with an indifference equally unwise and culpable.

Conducted then by a kind of guardian genius, the soldier directs his steps towards his benefactor's village. Attentive at this moment to œconomy, he enters a wretched ale-house. "Comrade," says he, "bring me a pint of wine, and hark ye, let it be of the best. I am intolerably thirsty."

thirsty." The landlord placed himself at the same table where three honest peasants were conversing with great volubility. "Sit down here," said one of the peasants; "you will not be too much; we love gentlemen of your cloth; they serve the King, and fight for us." Then turning to his companions, "I tell thee, Claude, he is the jewel of men! Did you observe with what good judgment he determined in that there affair of Gaffer Matthew? And you, Nicholas, do you remember what care he took of the poor family of Robert that's dead and gone, and how he cried over them?" "Ah!" said Christopher, "he is one that does as he says, and so I gets his sermons almost by heart." "My good friends," interrupted the soldier, tossing off a large bumper of wine, "you are praising some honest fellow: may I know who he is?" "Mr. Officer, it is our vicar." "Your vicar! Here, boy, bring me another pint. Your vicar,—and all that you say is true?" "True! why we ha'n't yet said half enough. There isn't his fellow upon earth. Hark ye, would you believe it, we ha'n't had a single law-suit since he has been in the parish! He is the best creature in the world!" "My good friends," again interrupted the soldier, "give me your hand. Do you know what pleasure you have just given me? You praise a man who has obliged me like

L

a prince.



a prince. And I—I would put to death the man that could only think of hurting him.” He then related, and he could scarce refrain from tears, how good the vicar had been to him. “Had you but seen him,” said he, “turn back to give me a crown. Here it is. I won’t carry it away. Comrades, we will sup together, on condition we all drink his health.”

He instantly orders the landlord to spread a supper on the table ; and the conversation continues:—“Hark ye, my friends, I have just thought of it ; I cannot leave the place without having visited my good vicar. I am not satisfied with myself ; I have not thanked him enough. But it is now late ; I shall sleep here to-night ; and to-morrow morning early I will go and see him.” “And why not this evening, Mr. Soldier ? The visits of such brave fellows as you are always acceptable. I’ll answer for it, he will give you both supper and lodging with all his soul. Poor man ! he has some rascals of nephews that torment him, and who are for getting whatever they can from him.”—“They torment him ! let him turn them over to me ; I’d manage them. I’ll go then this instant to the good vicar ; but I scarce know my way.” The three peasants, with one voice, offer to be his guides ; the reckoning is discharged, and

and they all set out; the conversation on the way turning continually upon the excellent character and actions of their common benefactor.

They arrive at the door of the parsonage-house; they knock, and they knock again: no answer is returned: not the slightest noise is heard. "What," said one of the peasants, "can be the meaning of this? I don't half like it." They now knock with greater violence; but all is silent still; and even the great dog is not heard to bark. Their fears increase. "This is very singular: he is always at home at this hour: we must absolutely make somebody hear." "They won't open it, my friends: I know an excellent way to enter, we must burst open the door." The soldier instantly applied to this work: the door soon yielded to his efforts: he enters the first: with what an object is he struck! A man hanging upon a beam; he runs to him: recollects the good vicar: it is impossible to express his agitation: he perceives some signs of life; he quickly cuts the rope; he takes him in his arms; he revives him. "I hear some noise," said he; "shut the door; take care of this good man, and I'll do justice to the wretches that have treated him thus." He perceives the dog killed; he goes up stairs into the vicar's apartment; and he there found

found three wretches endeavouring to conceal themselves. Finding themselves discovered, they took the resolution to fall upon the soldier, with daggers in their hands. "Wretches," said he, undaunted by numbers; "and is it thus you have treated the good vicar?" With these words he lost no time; he killed one of the assassins: he seized the two others, after severely wounding one of them, and he brought them below. The poor vicar was by this time recovered. "My nephews!" he exclaimed, "and oh, my good deliverer!" "Your nephews! The monsters! I will instantly deliver them over to the *maréchaussée*." In vain the forgiving uncle implored compassion on his guilty nephews: the whole village had now gathered to the spot; the assassins were delivered over to the hands of justice, and suffered the punishment due to their atrocious crime.

The vicar would not permit his deliverer to leave him. "My gratitude;" says he, "is inexpressible. You are my friend, my relation, my all. My whole life is yours; you have rescued me from death; and we will never part."

The good man hastened to purchase the discharge of the worthy soldier; and they ever after  
lived

lived together. The vicar never recollected his happy meeting with him, without adoring the superintending Providence of God; and the soldier, released from the hard fare of a military life, had the satisfaction of seeing a thousand good actions, that endeared to him still more and more, the best of men, the virtuous vicar.

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#### AN ANECDOTE.

**A** French Officer being sent from the Camp to the Court, during a hard frost, had no sooner delivered his letters to the King, than the Chamberlain of the Household appointed him a lodging in the Palace, as he was to return to the Camp the next day. But he refused it, saying, "It becomes not me to lie on a bed of down, when my General and the whole army are forced to sleep on the frozen earth." So saying, he ordered some straw out of the stables, and slept in the open air. The King, hearing of the circumstance, made him an handsome present, and recommended him to the General, as one of the bravest men in his army.

MESSIAH.

## M E S S I A H,

**I** Sing a lofty theme, that happy morn  
 When all mankind were blest'd, a Saviour  
 born :

I court no foreign muse ; thou, Truth, inspire,  
 Conduct my song, and tune thy sacred lyre.  
 Oh! cou'd I raise my genius and my verse  
 To sing, not meanly glories I'd rehearse :  
 Poets and Muses should their fame resign,  
 The palm, the olive, and the laurel mine.  
 Hail sacred Truth ! the golden period runs,  
 Prophetic inspiration taught her sons  
 Of old to sing ; when Heroes, Kings repose,  
 And nations link in love, who once were foes ;  
 When arms no more destroy ; the sword, the  
 spear

To pruning-hooks converted, and the share ;  
 When smiling Peace shall wave her fruitful wand,  
 And Justice, Mercy, Love, go hand in hand ;  
 Cimmerian darkness lose her rigid lore,  
 And laws direct the world, unknown before ;  
 When fault'ring tongues shall learn to speak aright,  
 The deaf shall hear, the blind receive their sight ;  
 When lambs and wolves shall browse the flow'ry  
 plain,

One fold the leopard and the kid contain,

The

The calf, the lion, share the verdant blade,  
 And cows and bears divide the friendly shade:  
 And all the plains rejoice ; the desarts glow,  
 And lucid streams from thirsty mountains flow ;  
 The balmy rose breathe sweetness all around,  
 And myrrh and frankincense perfume the ground.  
 'Twas thus Isaiah sung ; 'twas Heav'n decreed ;  
 And lo ! the signs in order bright succeed,  
 The glorious season rolls ; Mankind explore  
 The mystic cause, and trembling wait the hour.  
 When (wond'rous scene !) three swains, whose  
                     needful care

Attends their flocks, behold a blazing star,  
 Resplendent orb ! and angels dancing round ;  
 One spoke, and all the heavenly hosts resound,  
 " Shepherd's rejoice, nor fear ; this happy morn  
 A Prince, a Saviour, to the world is born ;  
 Go, seek his humble mansion ; nor delay  
 Your pious care ; this light shall point the way ;  
 Go, and rejoice, adore your God, and sing  
 Eternal praises to your new-born King."  
 'Twas so—they found him in a manger laid,  
 And angels round their sacred lyres display'd,  
 Arch-angels sung ; and all with rapture teems,  
 All, save ungrateful man, his love redeems.

## ANECDOTE

OF

## DR. SHERIDAN.

**D**R. SHERIDAN, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer; but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod; when the witty schoolmaster told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a rat—for want of stairs  
 Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and instead of a whipping, gave him half-a-crown.

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## ANECDOTE

or

## DON CARLOS.

**W**HEN this Prince asked his brutal father if he really intended to take away his life, the latter calmly replied, "Son, when my blood becomes bad, I send for a surgeon to let it out."

The melancholy story of this unfortunate and misguided Prince seems to be peculiarly adapted to the Tragic Muse. Many tragic writers in the different languages of Europe have attempted it, and failed; our Otway amongst the rest. The materials are to be met with in the Abbé de St. Real's novel of "Don Carlos," which, like his novel of "The Conspiracy of Venice," from whence Otway took the story of his exquisite tragedy of "Venice Preserved," contains truth blended with fiction. Spanish phlegm perhaps never appeared so ridiculous, as well as inhuman,

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as at the death of this Prince. Don Carlos, on seeing the executioner enter the room in which he was confined, with the cord in his hand with which he was to strangle him, rose up from his pallet with great violence and impetuosity, and exclaimed against the cruelty of his father. The executioner, looking at him in a very significant manner, dryly said, "Do not put yourself in such a passion, my young master, it is all for your good."

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### SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

**T**O acquire a thorough knowledge of ourselves, is an attainment no less difficult than important. For men are generally unwilling to see their own imperfections; and when they are willing to enquire into them, their self-love imposes upon their judgment. Their intercourse with one another assists their delusion, to which, of themselves, they are prone.

For the ordinary commerce of the world, is a commerce of flattery and fallhood; where reciprocally they deceive and are deceived, where every one appears under an assumed form; professes esteem,

esteem, which he does not feel, and bestows praise in order to receive it.

There are three characters which every man sustains; and these often extremely different from one another. One which he possesses is his own opinion; another, which he carries in estimation of the world;—and a third, which he bears in the judgment of God:—it is only the last which ascertains what he really is. Whether the character which the world forms of him, be above or below truth, it imports not much to know. But it is of eternal consequence, that the character which a man possesses in his own eyes, be formed upon that which he bears in the sight of God.

He should enquire, after laying aside all partiality for himself, and exploring the heart with such accurate scrutiny, as may bring all hidden defects to light, whether he be not conscious, that the fair opinion which the world entertains of him, is founded on their partial knowledge, both of his abilities and virtues.—He should be willing that all his actions should be publicly canvassed.—He should bear to have his thoughts laid open.

When he has kept from vice, it should be known whether his innocence proceeded from  
purity

purity of principle, or from worldly motives; whether any malignity or envy rises within him, when he compares his own condition with that of others. He should enquire whether he had been as solicitous to regulate his heart, as to preserve his manners from reproach; professing himself a Christian—whether the spirit of Christ has appeared in his conduct; declaring that he hopes for immortality—whether that hope surmounted undue attachment to the present life. Such investigation, seriously pursued, may produce to every man many discoveries of himself; discoveries not pleasing perhaps to vanity, but salutary and useful. For he can only be a flatterer, but no true friend to himself, who aims not at knowing his own defects, as well as virtues.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

## FREDERIC II.

**F**REDERIC II. used to dress so plain that when he travelled about his states, such of his subjects as did not know him, treated him with no other respect than an ordinary person.

Once

Once, as he was riding near Berlin, without attendance, and very plainly clad, he perceived a young woman digging in the field, of a gigantic stature, being near seven feet high. It is well known, that the King had a particular predilection for tall men; and as his greatest passion lay that way, he spared no expence to procure them from all parts of Europe, for forming, as he did, his regiment of giant grenadiers out of them. At sight of this tall woman, he imagined that a couple of the kind must produce very large children. He dismounted, and coming up to the peasant, entered into conversation with her, and was overjoyed to hear that she was but nineteen years old and still a virgin. Thereupon he sat down, and wrote the following note to the Colonel of his Guards.

“ You are to marry the bearer of this note with the tallest of my grenadiers. Take care the ceremony be performed immediately, and in your presence. You must be responsible to me for the execution of this order. 'Tis absolute; and the least delay will make you criminal in my sight.”

The King gave this letter to the young woman without informing her of its contents, and ordered her to deliver it punctually according to the direction,

rection, and not to fail, as it was on an affair of great consequence; he afterwards made her an handsome present, and continued his route.

The young woman, who had not the least imagination that it was the King that spoke to her, and believing it was indifferent whether the letter was delivered by herself or another, so that it came safe to hand, made a bargain with an old woman, whom she charged with the commission, laying an express injunction on her to say, that she had it from a man of such a garb and mien.—The old woman faithfully executed her message.

The Colonel, surprized at the contents of the letter, could not reconcile them with the age and figure of the bearer; yet, the order being peremptory, he thought he could not recede without danger from obeying, and fancied that his master wanted to punish the soldier for some misdemeanor by matching him in a manner so disagreeable. To be brief, the marriage was celebrated before him, to the great regret of the grenadier, whilst the old woman, exulting with joy, assumed an air of the highest satisfaction.

Some time after, the King, on his return to Berlin was eager to see the couple he had ordered to be married,

married. When they were presented to him, he fell into a very desperate passion. The Colonel in vain endeavoured to justify himself, and the King was implacable, till the old woman confessed the truth, finishing her tale by raising her eyes to Heaven, and thanking Providence for conferring on her a benefit the more signal, and acceptable to her, as unexpected.

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### THE DANGER OF LATE REPENTANCE.

**I**T is a wise and just observation among Christians, though it is a very common one, that the scriptures give us one instance of a penitent saved in his dying hour; and that is the thief upon the cross, that so none might utterly despair; but there is *but one* such instance given, that none might presume. The work of repentance is too difficult, and too important a thing, to be left to the languors of a dying bed, and the tumults and flutterings of thought, which attend such a late conviction. There can be hardly any effectual proofs given of the sincerity of such repentings: and I am verily persuaded there are few of them sincere; for we have often found these violent emotions of conscience vanish again, if the sinner has

has happened to recover his health : they seem to be merely the wild perplexities and struggles of nature, averse to misery, rather than averse to sin : their renouncing their former lusts, on the very borders of hell and destruction, is more like the vehement efforts of a drowning creature, constrained to let go a most beloved object, and taking eager hold of any plank for safety, rather than the calm and reasonable, and voluntary designs of a mariner, who forsakes his early joys, ventures himself in a ship that is offered him, and sets sail for the heavenly country. I never will pronounce such efforts and endeavours desperate, lest I limit the grace of God, which is unbounded ; but I can give very little encouragement for hope to an hour or two, of this vehement and tumultuous penitence, on the very brink of destruction. “ Judas repented, but his agonies of soul hurried him to hasten his own death, that he might go to his own place : ” and there is abundance of such kind of repenting in every corner of hell ; that is a deep and dreadful pit, whence there is no redemption, though there are millions of such sort of penitents ; it is a strong and dark prison where no beam of comfort ever shines, where bitter anguish and mourning for sins past, is no evangelical repentance, but everlasting and hopeless sorrow.

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## REMEDY FOR DISCONTENT.

**C**OMPLAINTS and murmurs are often loudest and most frequent among those who possess all the external means of temporal enjoyment. Something is still wanting, however high and opulent their condition, fully to complete their satisfaction. Suppose an indulgent Providence to accomplish every desire; are they now at last contented? Alas! no; their uneasiness seems for ever to increase, in proportion as their real necessities are diminished. It is in vain then to endeavour to make them happy by adding to their store, or aggrandizing their honours. Their appetite is no less insatiable than their taste fastidious.

But there may yet remain a remedy. Let those, who are miserable among riches and grandeur, leave, for a moment, their elevated rank, and descend from their palaces to the humble habitations of real and unaffected woe. If their hearts are not destitute of feeling, they will return from the sad scenes to their closets, and on their knees

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pour



pour forth the ejaculations of gratitude to that universal Parent, who has given them abundance, and exempted them from the thousand ills, under the pressure of which the greater part of His children drag the load of life. Instead of spending their hours in brooding over their own imaginary evils, they will devote them to the alleviation of real misery among the destitute sons of indigence, in their neglected walks of vulgar life.

That one half of the world knows not how the other half lives, is a common and just observation. A fine lady, furrounded with every means of accommodation and luxury, complains in a moment of *ennui*, that surely no mortal is so wretched as herself. Her sufferings are too great for her acute sensibility. She expects pity from all her acquaintance, and pleases herself with the idea that she is an example of singular misfortune, and remarkable patience. Physicians attend, and with affected solicitude feel the healthy pulse, which, however, they dare not pronounce healthy, lest they should give offence by attempting to spoil the refined luxury of fancied woe.

To be supposed always ill, and consequently to be always exciting the tender attention and enquiries of all around, is a state so charming in  
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the ideas of the weak, luxurious, and indolent minds of some fashionable ladies, that many spend their lives in a perpetual state of imaginary convalescence. There is something so indelicate in being hale, hearty, and stout, like a rosy milk-maid, that a very fine and very high-bred lady is almost ready to faint at the idea. From excessive indulgence, she becomes at last in reality what she at first only fancied herself, a perpetual invalid. By a just retribution, she is really punished with that wretchedness, of which she ungratefully and unreasonably complained in the midst of health, ease, and opulence.

One might ask all the sisterhood and fraternity of rich and healthy murmurers: Have you compared your situation and circumstances with that of those of your fellow-creatures who are condemned to labour in the gold mines of Peru? Have you compared your situation with that of those in your own country, who have hardly ever seen the sun, but live confined in tin mines, lead mines, stone quarries, and coal pits? Before you call yourself wretched take a survey of the gaols, in which unfortunate and honest debtors are doomed to pine for life; walk through the wards of an hospital; think of the galley-slave, the day-labourer; nay, the common servant in your own house;

house; think of your poor neighbour at the next door; and if there were not danger of its being called unpolite and methodistical, I would add, think of Him, who, for your sakes, sweated, as it were, drops of blood on Calvary.

It is indeed, a duty to consider the evils of those who are placed beneath us; for the chief purpose of Christianity is, to alleviate the miseries of that part of mankind, whom, indeed, the world despises; but whom, He who made them, pities, like as a father pitieth his own children. Their miseries are not fanciful, their complaints are not exaggerated. The clergy, when they are called upon to visit the sick, or to baptize new-born infants, are often spectators of such scenes, as would cure the discontented of every malady. The following representation is but too real, and may be paralleled in many of its circumstances, in almost every parish throughout the kingdom.

The Minister of a country village was called upon to baptize an infant just born. The cottage was situated on a lonely common, and as it was in the midst of the winter, and the floods were out, it was absolutely necessary to wade through the lower room to a ladder, which served instead of stairs. The chamber (and it was the only one)  
was

was so low, that you could not stand upright in it; there was one window which admitted air as freely as light, for the rags which had been stuffed into the broken panes were now taken out to contribute to the covering of the infant. In a dark corner of the room stood a small bedstead without furniture, and on it lay the dead mother, who had just expired in labour for want of assistance. The father was sitting on a little stool by the fire-place, though there was no fire, and endeavouring to keep the infant warm in his bosom. Five of the seven children half naked, were asking their father for a piece of bread, while a fine boy, of about three years old, was standing by his mother at the bedside, and crying, as he was wont to do, "Take me, take me, mammy."—"Mammy is asleep," said one of his sisters, with two tears standing on her cheeks; "Mammy is asleep, Johnny, go play with the baby on daddy's knee." The father took him up on his knee; and his grief, which had hitherto kept him dumb, and in a state of temporary insensibility, burst out in a torrent of tears, and relieved his heart, which seemed ready to break, "Don't cry, pray don't cry," said the eldest boy, "the nurse is coming up stairs with a two-penny loaf in her hand, and mammy will wake presently, and I will carry her the largest piece." Upon this, an old woman,  
crooked

crooked with age, and clothed in tatters, came hobbling on her little stick into the room, and, after heaving a groan, calmly sat down, dressed the child in its rags ; then divided the loaf as far as it would go, and informed the poor man that the churchwardens, to whom she had gone, would send some relief, as soon as they had dispatched a naughty baggage to her own parish, who had delivered herself of twins in the esquire's hovel. Relief indeed was sent, and a little contribution afterwards raised by the interposition of the Minister. If he had not seen the case, it would have passed on as a common affair, and as a thing of course.

Ministers and medical practitioners are often witnesses to scenes even more wretched than this ; where, to poverty, cold, nakedness, and death, are added, the languors of lingering and loathsome diseases, and the torments of excruciating pain. A feeling heart among the rich and the great, who are at the same time querulous without cause, would learn a lesson in many a garret of Broad St. Giles's or Shoreditch, more efficacious than all the lectures of the moral or divine philosopher.

I cannot help mentioning and applauding a mode of charity of late much encouraged in this metropolis,

metropolis, which is indeed distinguished above all others for the wisdom and variety of its eleemosynary institutions. Dispensaries are established for the poor, and patients visited at their own habitation by physicians of allowed skill and distinguished characters. I will only take the liberty to express a wish, that some regulations may be made to prevent this noble design from being perverted, like many others, to purposes of private interest.

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### A CURIOUS ANECDOTE,

RELATING TO

### WEBB, A NOTED WALKER.

**T**HIS man was remarkable for vigour, both of mind and body, and lived wholly upon water for his drink, and chiefly upon vegetables for his sustenance. He was one day recommending his regimen to one of his friends who loved wine, and urged him, with great earnestness, to quit a course of luxury, by which his health and his intellects would equally be destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him, "that he would conform to his counsel, and that he could not change his course  
of

of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees." "By degrees!" says the other with indignation, "if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants not to pull you out but by degrees."

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## THE USEFULNESS

OF

## PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES.

**R**EASON and Religion both conspire to engage our attention to the language of the Heavens, of the earth, and the whole universe, which, with one common voice, proclaim the glory of God from one end of the creation to the other; they clearly point out to us his invisible perfections in the visible operations of his hands. The prospect of nature is, therefore, a kind of vulgar theology, in which all men may learn those truths which it is of the highest consequence and importance for them to know.

Which way soever we direct our observation, we discern either simple elements, or compound bodies, which have all different actions and offices: what the fire inflames, the water extinguishes; what  
one

one wind freezes, another thaws; and what the sun dries, the rain moistens. But all these operations, and a thousand others, so seemingly repugnant to each other, all concur, in a wonderful manner, to produce one effect; some serve to assist, some to qualify and correct the violence of others; and are all so necessarily useful to carry on the main design, that were the agency of any one of these causes destroyed, the ruin of the whole, or at least an interruption of the order and harmony of the creation, would immediately ensue.

As therefore, all the parts of nature were constituted for the mutual service and assistance of each other, so they, undeniably, prove the unity of their omniscient Creator. If one Almighty Being had created the sun, and another the earth, as the views and ends which they proposed by these acts of creation would be different, he who made the sun would not submit that so glorious a body should be entirely subservient to the use of the earth; and, consequently, they would resemble the fabulous deities in Homer, always at variance. The order and government of the world, therefore, necessarily suppose one only first principle, who has established such a correspondence between all the parts of it, and

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made



O'er all that wing the ambient air,  
Or crop the flow'ry meads.

Beneath whose arm the savage train  
Prostrate submission shew;  
Whose hand the monsters of the main  
Mortuates at a blow.

Upon whose aspect, self confess,  
Angelic radiance plays;  
By whom alone is Heav'n address'd,  
And hail'd with earthly praise.

For ever let man's favour'd race  
In lofty accents join,  
To emulate seraphic grace,  
And praise that name divine.

Whose kind parental love extends  
To all who by him live;  
Whose ear benignant ever bends  
To pity and to give.

ANECDOTE

OF

*THE LATE LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

**L**ORD CHESTERFIELD, in the latter part of his life, called upon Mrs. Anne Pitt, the sister of the late great Minister of that name, and complained very much of his bad health, and his incapacity of exerting his mind. "I fear," said he, "I am growing an old woman." "I am glad of it," replied the lady; "I was afraid that you were growing an old man, which you know is a much worse thing."

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ANECDOTE

OF

*THE PRINCE OF CONDE.*

**T**HIS Prince coming to congratulate his master, Louis XIV. on the battle of Seniff, in which his Highness had commanded and gained great honour; the King stood on the top of the stairs to receive him. The Prince being lame of the gout, mounted very slowly, and stopped midway, begged his Majesty's pardon, if he made him wait. "Cousin," said the King, "do not hurry yourself; a person loaded with laurels, as you are, cannot move very swiftly."

ANEC-

## ANECDOTES

OF

### LOUIS THE TWELFTH.

**L**OUIS used to compare the Nobility of his kingdom to so many Aetæons. "They are," said he, "eaten up by their dogs and their horses."

Being one day desired by some of his courtiers, who thought their own lives in danger, not to expose his sacred person so much in an engagement, he exclaimed, "Let all those who are afraid stand behind me."

Louis, who was a very economical Prince, was told by some one, that he had been represented in a play as an avaricious man. "I had rather," replied he, "that my people should laugh at my avarice, than weep at my prodigality."

An officer of rank in his army having ill-treated a peasant, he ordered him to be made to live for a few days upon wine and meat. The man, tired  
of

of this very heating diet, requested permission to have some bread allowed him. The King sent for him, and said to him, "How could you be so foolish as to ill-treat those persons who put bread into your mouth? The peasants," added he, "are slaves to the gentleman and the soldier, and they in their turns are slaves to the devil."

L'Alviano, General of the Venetian armies, was taken prisoner by the troops of Louis, and brought before him. The King treated him with his usual humanity and politeness, to which the indignant captive did not make the proper return, but behaved with great insolence. Louis contented himself with sending him to the quarters where the prisoners were kept, saying to his attendants, "I have done right to send Alviano away. I might have put myself in a passion with him, for which I should have been very sorry. I have conquered him, I should learn to conquer myself."

Louis was a great encourager of learning; he was extremely fond of Tully's Offices, and his Treatises on Friendship and on Old Age. He well merited the honourable title which was afterwards conferred upon Francis the First, "The Father of Letters."

Louis

Louis exhibited the sweetness and kindness of his disposition even in his devices ; for whenever he entered a town which he had conquered, he wore a coat of mail, upon which was painted a swarm of bees with this motto, " They bear no sting."

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## A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

WRITTEN BY S. WHITCHURCH,

*Ironmonger of Bath,*

ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE WIFE.

ALAS! have I, whose melancholy Muse,  
Did ne'er the tribute of a tear refuse,  
Did never cease with friendly hand to twine  
The Cypress wreath at death's lamented shrine?  
Alas! have I, who often tun'd my lyre,  
Sacred to Love, and Friendship's hallow'd fire;  
Who sung my MARY's worth in tender strain,  
And taught my verse her absence to complain?  
Alas! have I, o'er all my soul held dear,  
To drop the constant tributary tear?  
Sever'd from all this faithful heart could love,  
Have I perpetuall absence now to prove?  
Alas, I have!—and now my sorrows flow  
Thro' days of sadness, and long nights of woe!  
Pensive

Pensive I pass the melancholy hours,  
Which, not fond Hope, with all her cheering  
pow'rs,

Can ever brighten; nor that sun restore,  
Which with my MARY set—to rise no more!  
Vain then is Love, the poet's fav'rite theme,  
For life's a shadow—happiness a dream;  
And all the joys that swell our bosoms most,  
And all the pleasures that a world can boast,  
Are ever on the wing, and scarce enjoy'd,  
Ere death steps in, and leaves a gloomy void!

I'd call thee *happiness*, by every name  
Of honor, pleasure, grandeur, and of fame;  
In search of *thee* I've join'd the vicious throng,  
And swell'd the chorus of the drunkard's song;  
Have often drain'd intoxication's bowl,  
And pour'd a deluge on my thirsty soul.  
For *thee* I ventur'd on the raging main,  
And brav'd the seas where wintry horrors reign;  
Have sail'd from East to West, from North to  
South,

And madly fought *thee* at the cannon's mouth;  
Yet vain the search in this tumultuous round;  
I fought the substance, but the shadow found.  
Tir'd with the chase thro' vary'd scenes in life,  
At last I found *thee* in a LOVELY WIFE!

P

I saw

I saw—I lov'd—but O, those joys to tell,  
 On which fond mem'ry now is proud to dwell ;  
 O'er all the vanish'd scenes of blifs to run,  
 And how each soul by mutual kindness won ;  
 Strove Friendship's rising flame with joy to feed,  
 And which in pleasing each could best succeed ;  
 My Muse would fain in melting strains declare,  
 But 'tis too much for this sad heart to bear !

When peace return'd, when silenc'd war's  
 alarms,  
 And Heav'n restor'd me to my MARY's charms ;  
 Ty'd as we were by Love's superior bands,  
 I little thought, when Hymen join'd our hands,  
 When Hope look'd smiling on the marriage scene,  
 I little thought that o'er the sweet serene,  
 Death's pregnant cloud, which with destruction  
 lower'd,  
 So soon would burst, and on my joys be pour'd !  
 I little thought that three short years of joy,  
 An infant daughter, and a prattling boy,  
 Form'd all the pleasure I was doom'd to find,  
 From sweet connexion, and a wife so kind !  
 But into future mazes who can pry ?  
 Not the most keen and penetrating eye ;  
 'Tis wisely hid, and such the will of Heav'n,  
 'Tis ours to bear—though death itself be giv'n !

Frail

Frail man must die, but GOD remains the same,  
He gives, He takes, and blessed be his name !  
Then teach me LORD, low in the dust to bow,  
Nor dare presume to say—What doest thou ?

Yet can I e'er forget the last sad scene,  
Of life, and death, the awful pause between,  
When my lov'd MARY, calm, resign'd in death,  
Bless'd her sad partner with her latest breath ;  
Resign'd Love's dearest pledges to his care,  
And ratifi'd the solemn charge with pray'r !  
When the dear saint, as ebbing life withdrew,  
Took the last farewell—bid the long adieu !  
Eager to contemplate celestial charms,  
Ah ! how she smil'd, and spread her feeble arms,  
And in the fiery car Elijah rode  
Long'd for a passport to her Saviour GOD ;  
How wrapt in Heav'n, she clos'd that once bright  
eye,  
And shew'd her wretched husband how to die !

But O my soul, on Faith's strong pinions rise,  
Thy views extend beyond these lower skies ;  
Hope thy sure anchor thro' this gloom of night,  
See the fair regions of celestial light !  
Within the veil the ransom'd race behold,  
Their crowns of glory, and their harps of gold !  
Seek



Seek the same path those blest immortals trod,  
 That shining path shall lead thee to thy GOD !  
 What though a mourner to the very last,  
 This dreary wilderness will soon be past ;  
 Doom'd though thou art the storms of life to brave,  
 Thou too anon shall triumph o'er the grave !  
 Rest then, and in ETERNAL GOODNESS trust ;  
 Soon in the grand assembly of the just,  
 Her person glorious, and her raiment bright,  
 Shall thy lov'd MARY greet thy ravish'd sight,  
 Shall hail thy welcome to that happy shore,  
 Where no rude stroke from death shall part us  
                   more !  
 Where each, as thro' new scenes of bliss we rove,  
 Shall in perfection know, that—GOD IS LOVE !

*Bath, 1st January, 1789.*

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## ANECDOTE

o r

### LORD MANSFIELD.

**L**ORD MANSFIELD, after the determination  
 of some cause, found reasons to alter his  
 opinion in the directions he had given to the  
                                           jury

jury. Some time afterwards he saw one of the Counsel to whose client his opinion had not been favourable, and desired him to make a motion for a new trial. Lord Mansfield was telling this circumstance one day to one of his brethren, who seemed rather astonished at the cool and easy manner in which he mentioned his change of opinion. "Why," says he, "after all, it is only shewing the world, that you are wiser to day than you was yesterday."

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## L I F E.

**W**HEN I consider life 'tis all a cheat,  
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the  
deceit;

Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay,  
To-morrow's falser than the former day :  
Lies worse; and while it says, we shall be blest  
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd:  
Strange cozenage none would live past years again,  
Yet all hope pleasure from what yet remain,  
And from the dregs of life think to receive,  
What the first sprightly running could not give :  
I'm tir'd with waiting for this chymic gold,  
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

THE



## THE

## GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE Duke had noticed the behaviour of a young officer in some engagement in Flanders, and sent him over to England with some dispatches, and with a letter to the Dutchess, recommending him to her to procure a superior commission for him in the army. The Dutchess read the letter, and approved of it; but asked the young man where the *thousand pounds* were for his increase of rank. The young man blushed, and said, that he was really master of no such sum. "Well, then," said she, "you may return to the Duke." This he did very soon afterwards, and told him how he had been received by the Dutchess. The Duke laughingly said, "Well, I thought it would be so; you shall, however, do better another time;" and, presenting him with a thousand pounds, sent him over to England. The last expedition proved a successful one.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY IN A GARRET.

**I**N busy life mischances store  
On every mortal man await,  
Sequester'd thus methinks I soar  
Above the reach of envious fate.

Here undisturb'd by brush or broom,  
Arachne plys her slender woof,  
Nor plaster incommodes her loom,  
Along the' close-impending roof.

Strange insect thou, tho' in thy snare  
In vain the fly for mercy calls,  
Thy pitying heart contrives with care  
To deck the poet's empty walls.

Parnassus, where the Muses dwell,  
Of Greek and Roman bards the glory,  
Is (as our modern critics tell,)  
A room exalted twenty story.

Thrice happy then those men of rhyme  
Who roosts in Grub-street's lofty rooms,  
Whom t' inspire with verse sublime,  
Apollo's earliest beam illumines :

Blest

Blest bards ! who find each fleeting hour  
The burthen of a poet's cares,  
Pierian springs in every show'r,  
And vaulting Pegasus in stairs.

Though round your head on every side,  
At once the doughty whirlwind pours,  
While you on Boreas seem to ride,  
Deaf'ned with heav'n-descending show'rs.

Yet soon the angry storm subsides,  
The tow'ring walls to vibrate cease,  
And Phœbus thro' that hole betides  
The weary'd elements at peace.

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THE FOLLY

OF

COWARDICE AND INACTIVITY.

**M**ORALISTS, like other writers, instead of casting their eyes abroad in the living world, and endeavouring to form maxims of practice and new hints of theory, content their curiosity with that secondary knowledge which books afford, and think themselves entitled to reverence  
by

by a new arrangement of an ancient system, or new illustration of established principles. The sage precepts of the first instructors of the world are transmitted from age to age with little variation, and echoed from one author to another, not perhaps without some loss of their original force at every repercussion.

I know not whether any other reason than this idleness of imitation can be assigned for that uniform and constant partiality, by which some vices have hitherto escaped censure, and some virtues wanted recommendation; nor can I discover why else we have been warned only against part of our enemies, while the rest have been suffered to steal upon us without notice; why the heart has on one side been doubly fortified, and laid open on the other to the incursions of error, and the ravages of vice.

Among the favourite topics of moral declamation, may be numbered the miscarriages of imprudent boldness, and the folly of attempts beyond our power. Every page of every philosopher is crowded with examples of temerity that sunk under burthens, which she laid upon herself, and called out enemies to battle by whom she was destroyed.

Q

Their

Their remarks are too just to be disputed, and too salutary to be rejected; but there is likewise some danger lest timorous prudence should be inculcated, till courage and enterprize are wholly repressed, and the mind congealed in perpetual inactivity by the fatal influence of frigorisick wisdom.

Every man should, indeed, carefully compare his force with his undertaking; for though we ought not to live only for our own sakes, and though therefore danger or difficulty should not be avoided merely because we may expose ourselves to misery or disgrace; yet it may be justly required of us, not to throw away our lives upon inadequate and hopeless designs, since we might, by a just estimate of our abilities, become more useful to mankind.

There is an irrational contempt of danger which approaches nearly to the folly, if not the guilt, of suicide; there is a ridiculous perseverance in impracticable schemes, which is justly punished with ignominy and reproach. But in the wide regions of probability, which are the proper province of prudence and election, there is always room to deviate on either side of rectitude without rushing against apparent absurdities; and according to the inclinations

inclinations of nature, or the impressions of precept, the daring and the cautious may move in different directions without touching upon rashness or cowardice.

That there is a middle path, which it is every man's duty to find, and to keep, is unanimously confessed: but it is likewise acknowledged, that this middle path is so narrow, that it cannot easily be discovered, and so little beaten, that there are no certain marks by which it can be followed; the care therefore of all those who conduct others has been, that whenever they decline into obliquities, they should tend towards the side of safety.

It can, indeed, raise no wonder that temerity has been generally censured; for it is one of the vices with which few can be charged, and which therefore great numbers are ready to condemn. It is the vice of noble and generous minds, the exuberance of magnanimity, and the ebullition of genius; and is therefore not regarded with much tenderness, because it never flatters us by that appearance of softness and imbecility which is commonly necessary to conciliate compassion. But if the same attention had been applied to the search of arguments against the folly of pre-supposing



posing impossibilities, and anticipating frustration, I know not whether many would not have been roused to usefulness, who, having been taught to confound prudence with timidity, never ventured to excel, lest they unfortunately fail.

It is necessary to distinguish our own interest from that of others, and that distinction will perhaps assist us in fixing the just limits of caution and adventurousness. In an undertaking that involves the happiness or the safety of many, we have certainly no right to hazard more than is allowed by those who partake the danger ; but where only ourselves can suffer by miscarriage, we are not confined within such narrow limits ; and still less is the reproach of temerity, when numbers will receive advantage by success, and only one be incommoded by failure.

Men are generally willing to hear precepts by which ease is favoured ; and as no resentment is raised by general representations of human folly, even in those who are most eminently jealous of comparative reputation, we confess, without reluctance, that vain man is ignorant of his own weakness, and therefore frequently presumes to attempt what he can never accomplish ; but it ought likewise to be remembered, that man is

no less ignorant of his own powers, and might perhaps have accomplished a thousand designs, which the prejudices of cowardice restrained him from attempting.

It is observed in the golden verses of *Pythagoras*, *that power is never far from necessity*. The vigour of the human mind quickly appears, when there is no longer any place for doubt and hesitation, when diffidence is absorbed in the sense of danger, or overwhelmed by some resistless passion. We then soon discover, that difficulty is for the most part, the daughter of idleness, that the obstacles with which our way seemed to be obstructed were only phantoms, which we believed real, because we durst not advance to a close examination; and we learn that it is impossible to determine without experience, how much constancy may endure, or perseverance perform.

But whatever pleasure may be found in the review of distresses when art or courage has surmounted them, few will be persuaded to wish that they may be awakened by want or terror to the conviction of their own abilities. Every one should therefore endeavour to invigorate himself by reason and reflection, and determine to exert  
the

the latent force that nature may have repositied in him, before the hour of exigence comes upon him, and compulsion shall torture him to diligence. It is below the dignity of a reasonable being to owe that strength to necessity which ought always to act at the call of choice, or to need any other motive to industry than the desire of performing his duty.

Reflections that may drive away despair, cannot be wanting to him who considers how much life is now advanced beyond the state of naked, undisciplined, uninstructed nature. Whatever has been effected for convenience or elegance, while it was yet unknown, we believed impossible; and therefore would never have been attempted, had not some, more daring than the rest, adventured to bid defiance to prejudice and censure. Nor is there yet any reason to doubt that the same labour would be rewarded with the same success. There are qualities in the products of nature yet undiscovered, and combination in the powers of art yet untried. It is the duty of every man to endeavour that something may be added by his industry to the hereditary aggregate of his knowledge and happiness. To add much can indeed be the lot of few; but to  
add

add something, however little, every one may hope ; and of every honest endeavour, it is certain, that, however unsuccessful, it will be at last rewarded.

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### LORD CHANCELLOR BACON.

**L**ORD BACON died so poor, that he scarce left money to bury him, living obscurely at his lodgings in Gray's Inn, where his lonesome and desolate condition wrought upon his ingenious temper so much, that he almost pined away : and he had this unhappiness, after all his height of plenitude, to be denied beer to quench his thirst. For, having a sickly taste, he did not like the beer of the house, but sent to Sir Fulk Greville, Lord Brook, in his neighbourhood, (now and then,) for a bottle of beer, and, after some grumbling, the butler had orders to deny it him. He wrote a pitiful letter to King James, not long before his death, and concludes thus, " Help me, dear Sovereign, Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a bag, be not now, in my old age, forced, in effect, to bear a wallet ; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live!"

ANEC-

ANECDOTE  
or  
GENERAL OTWAY.

GENERAL OTWAY led so dissipated a life, that he often drank Tokay of a guinea a quart, even when alone. Upon which his lady would often say, "My dear General, whatever you do for the honour of the crown, and in compliment to state days, do not drink such expensive wine when by yourself; for what must your poor children do?" "Oh!" says the General, "I am easy as to that, let them smell at the corks."

It being necessary to tap him some time after for the dropsy, he went through the operation like a soldier; but, asking what the surgeons had found? and they replying water; he said, "How can that be? I never drank a drop of water in my life. But how long will it be before I must be tapped again?" On being answered, in six months, he replied, "It is impossible! no vessel in my house ever held above six weeks."

In short, his life was so profligate, that his lady at last, saying, "Why! General, you will not leave a shilling to bury you," he answered, "Oh! I'll stink them into good manners."

CON-

## CONJUGAL LOVE.

CHARLES EMANUEL, DUKE of SAVOY, had some pretensions on the city of Geneva, and endeavoured, in the beginning of the last century, to seize upon it by surprize: for this purpose he assaulted it in the night time, but the success did not answer his expectations; the alarm being spread, before a sufficient number of assailants were got upon the walls, the inhabitants beat immediately "to arms," and soon repulsed the besiegers, too weak to resist their united efforts. Those who had the misfortune of falling into their hands, were condemned to suffer an ignominious death. Amongst the prisoners, there was an officer of distinction. The news of his fate was carried to the ears of his wife, who, although big with child, flew to the place destined for the execution of her husband, and on her knees craved the permission of embracing him for the last time. This demand was cruelly denied her, and the officer was hanged before her eyes, without its being possible for her to approach him. She followed, however, the corpse of her dear husband to the spot where it was to be exposed. There she sat down, before the mournful spectacle, and persisted in remain-

R

ing

ing there ; it not being possible for any one to prevail on her to take food or nourishment, or to draw her attention one moment from the cherished body, till death (which she impatiently waited for) came at last, and shut her eyes for ever.

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### VANITY.

**V**ANITY is little else than an officious, civil, silly thing, that runs on errands for its betters, and is content to be paid with a smile for its good-will by those who have too much good sense to shew it any real respect : when it is harmless, it would be hard to wound it, out of wantonness ; when it is mischievous, there is merit in chastising it with the whip of ridicule. A lap-dog may be endured, if he is inoffensive, and does not annoy the company ; but a snappish, barking pet, though in a lady's arms, deserves to have his ears pulled for his impertinence.

The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we really think ourselves.

Those,

Those, whom their virtue restrains from deceiving others, are often disposed by their vanity to deceive themselves.

We are sometimes bewildered by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice ; but we seldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourselves up to the direction of vanity.

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### A SACRED LYRIC,

*Wrote by a YOUTH of 14, then at GLOUCESTER SCHOOL,  
on his being awakened, FEB. 3, 1749, by a violent  
STORM of THUNDER and LIGHTNING.*

**L**OCK'D in the arms of balmy sleep,  
From ev'ry care of day ;  
As silent as the folded sheep,  
And as secure I lay.

Sudden tremendous Thunders roll,  
Quick Lightnings round me glare ;  
The solemn scene alarms the soul,  
And wakes the mind to prayer.

Whate'er, O Lord, in this still hour,  
These awful sounds portend !

Whether



Whether sole engines of thy power,  
Or groans for Nature's end !

Grant me to bear with equal mind,  
These terrors of the sky ;  
For ever as thou wilt, resign'd,  
Alike to live or die.

If wak'd by thy vindictive hand,  
This mighty tempest stirs ;  
That peal the voice of thy command,  
Those flames thy messengers.

Welcome the bolt, where'er it fall,  
Beneath the passing sun ;  
Thy gracious will determines all,  
And let that will be done !

By all whom each explosion shakes,  
One truth be understood ;  
The glorious God the Thunder makes,  
And all he makes is good.

But if, as Nature's laws ordain,  
Not destin'd by thy will ;  
The bolt exerts its wild domain,  
Self-authoris'd to kill.

Quick

Quick interpose all-gracious Lord,  
In this remorseless night ;  
Arise—and be alike ador'd,  
For mercy—as for might !

Vouchsafe amidst this time of dread,  
Thy suppliant's voice to hear ;  
O save from harm each friendly head,  
And all my soul holds dear !

Let it not kill, where riot foul  
Pours forth the drunken jest ;  
Nor where the guilt-envenom'd soul,  
Starts wild from troubl'd rest.

A while O spare these sinful breasts,  
Whose deeds the night deform ;  
But strike where smiling virtue rests,  
Unconscious of the storm.

Succour the couch where beauty lies,  
All pale with tender fear ;  
Where sickness lifts its languid eyes,  
O pour thy comforts there !

Nor useless waste this moral night,  
Like common hours away ;

But

But glow with wisdom's sacred light,  
More bright than orient day.

So on that awful judgment day,  
Whose image shakes the soul ;  
When keenest Lightnings shoot their ray,  
And loudest Thunders roll.

Well pleas'd, O Lord, each eye shall see  
Those final Thunders hurl'd ;  
And mark with joy, for love of Thee,  
That flash which melts the world !

---

AN

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

MR. POPE TO MR. DIGBY.

December 28th, 1724.

“ IT is now the season to wish you a good end  
of one year, and a happy beginning of  
another ; but both these you know how to take  
yourself, by only continuing such a life as you  
have been long accustomed to lead. As for good  
works

works they are things we dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not: the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reflection of the present age. However, it were to be wished, that people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient farthingales revive in modern hooped petticoats (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins).

“They tell me, that at Colehill certain antiquated charities and obsolete devotions, are yet subsisting; that a thing called Christian chearfulness (not incompatible with Christmas-pyes and plumb-broth), whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: but feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do not make a part of good housekeeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as a happy as a whore and bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women, and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins  
but

but ends at home ; instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones : we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy, where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quietness, religion, and good humour ; the case is just as I tell you, where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

“ I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right, where, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way ; or you to leave prayers and alms-giving, and reading and exercise, and come into our measures. I wish, I say, that this matter was as clear to all men as it is to

Your affectionate

POPE.”

THE

## THE ABODE OF PEACE.

**A**ROUND the cottage where the lambskins  
play,

Where rosy health and innocence unite ;  
Where content crowns each circling day,  
And sleep, refreshing sleep, each silent night.

Here what sweet scenes and prospects of delight,  
The meadows smiling in their flow'ry drefs !  
Where warbling birds harmoniously invite,  
Peace (heav'nly gift) the rural spot to bless.

A purling brook runs murmuring along,  
While various flow'rs, sweet smelling, deck the  
ground ;

The feather'd choir, in concert, join the song,  
And heav'nly fragrance is diffus'd around.

The sun, when setting, all is calm, serene,  
Colin returning from his daily toil,  
The milk maid, singing, heightens the glad scene,  
As gently passing o'er the verdant foil.

No strife nor anxious fear their hours annoy ;  
No thoughts of pomp intrude their peace to  
blend ;

S

Their

Their thoughts are innocent, their looks are joy,  
And ev'ry social creature is their friend.

Here let me dwell (Echo then bore the sound)  
No boasted greatness me so much can please ;  
As can this spot, where I at last have found  
Health, freedom, competence, and learned ease.

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### INGRATITUDE.

**D**URING Monmouth's rebellion, in the reign of James II. a certain person knowing the humane disposition of one Mrs. Gaunt, whose life was one continued exercise of beneficence, fled to her house, where he was concealed and maintained for some time; hearing however of the proclamation, which promised an indemnity and reward to those who discovered such as harboured the rebels, he betrayed his benefactress: and such was the spirit of justice and equity which prevailed among the ministers, that *he* was pardoned and recompensed for his *treachery*, while *she* was *burnt alive* for her *charity*!

A MO-

## A MODEL FOR A PRINCE.

OF all the affections that attend human life, the love of glory is the most ardent. According as this is cultivated in Princes, it produces the greatest good, or greatest evil. Where Sovereigns have it by impressions received from education only, it creates an ambitious, rather than a noble mind. Where it is the natural bent of a Prince's inclination, it prompts him to the pursuit of things truly glorious. "The perfection of glory (says Tully,) consists in these three particulars: That the people love us: That they have confidence in us: That they think us deserving of honour. This was spoken of greatness in a commonwealth. But to form an idea of consummate glory in a Monarch, we must add to the above-mentioned happy circumstances, a certain necessary inexistence and disrelish of whatever does not manifestly tend to promote the felicity and welfare of his subjects.

One of the divinest pleasures of human nature, is certainly that of doing good, especially to numerous societies, and large bodies of men. Peter  
the



the Great, Emperor of Russia, when he came to the years of manhood, found himself at the head of a vast and numerous people, master of a vast territory, and absolute commander of both the lives and fortunes of his subjects. In the midst of this unbounded greatness, and plenitude of power, the generous youth turned his thoughts upon himself and his people with sorrow. Sordid ignorance, and brutal manners, the distinguishing characteristics of his country, he beheld and condemned. His judgment suggested the necessity of a reformation, and his courage enabled him to effectuate it. For this purpose he did not, as is usual in such cases, send to that nation which was then in greatest esteem for politeness, and whence the rest of the European world had chiefly borrowed theirs; but he himself left his diadem, to learn the true way to glory and immortal fame, by an application to those useful and beneficial arts which constitute the true riches of every country that is possessed of them. Mechanic employments and operations were, very properly, the first objects of his attention. With this glorious design he travelled into foreign nations, in an obscure manner; above receiving little honours in the countries where he occasionally sojourned, when they had the least tendency

dency to obstruct what in his estimation was of infinitely greater consequence, a full information of the nature and advantages of their several trades and manufactures, the respective excellencies and defects of their constitutions and governments; in a word, their whole arts of peace and war. By these means, as singular as glorious, this great Prince laid the foundation of a solid and lasting fame, by personal labour, personal knowledge, and personal valour.

Others may, in a metaphorical sense, be said to command themselves: Peter did literally put himself under his own command. How generous and noble, to enter his own name as a private man in the army he himself had raised, that none might expect to out run the steps by which he himself advanced! By such measures this truly heroic Prince learned to conquer; learned to use his conquests. How terrible did he appear in battle! How great in victory!

A RE-

## A REMARKABLE INSTANCE

OF

## THE WANT OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

A Peasant, a common soldier in the Guards of Peter the Great, behaved himself so well in many actions, (some of them under the eye of the Emperor himself, that notwithstanding his native obscurity, and an entire ignorance of his parents, he was raised to a Captaincy in his regiment—a rank equal to Colonel in field regiments. His father, (a peasant in Siberia) in great want, got a passport for St. Peterburgh; and, hoping to be kept by his son in easy circumstances, sold off his little all to defray the expences of a fatiguing journey to that city. He soon learned the residence of his son, and asked the centinel at the gate to get somebody to inform his son, (who at the same time had company with him in the house) that his father longed to see him. The soldiers, flocking together, scoffed at and derided the poor old man, for the Captain had given it out that he was a gentleman by birth. The noise made in the court, soon brought out this Captain and his company to see what was doing—and he ordered his father to be severely

verely beaten, and turned into the street. This quickly collected a great concourse of people, among whom was a writer, who took the old man into a house, and, for a small consideration, drew up a petition humbly setting forth his case, and recommended him the next day to wait at a certain place near the palace, by which the Emperor usually passed, and to hold up his paper to his Majesty. In the morning, the Emperor went by in a two-wheeled carriage, attended only by one footman, and observing the old man, stopped, took his petition, read it instantly, and commanded that he should be on the parade next morning, at the same time telling him the soldiers should have orders not to molest him. Every thing was done accordingly ; when the Guards formed a circle, and the Captain commanded to present himself. His Majesty then asked him, whether he was born in such a village ? and of what parentage ? and enforced true answers to these questions, by intimating his determination to punish a false reply to them with death. The Captain considering the Emperor must inevitably discover a deception, and that putting him to so much trouble, might not only prove fatal, but provoke him to put him to a most painful and ignominious death, fell at his feet, confessed the whole, and intreated forgiveness. Upon this, that wise and wonderful Prince,

Prince, called for his *dubine* (an oak stick, kept in a scarlet cloth, with which he used instantly to punish trifling offences with his own hand) gave it to the old man, and commanded him to exercise it as a father ought, upon disobedient and ungrateful children. The father paused—and told the Emperor he could not think of chastising his son while he had on the uniform of the Guards. This was not unpleasing, and the Captain was commanded to strip off these incumbrances, when the father afforded his son so plentiful a dose of wholesome medicine for the cure of this virulent disease, that the Emperor not doubting its efficacy, dismissed the old man, ordering one half of the Captain's salary to the maintenance of his father, and told the standers by, that what they had just now seen done, was agreeable to the laws of God, and of the empire, and he was determined these laws should be put in execution, without regard to distinction of office, or dignity of descent, against every one who durst transgress them. At the same time he acknowledged the officer was a brave man, and, that if he behaved well for the future, he would endeavour to forget this so unnatural a crime, and advance him according to the regulations and his own merit.

THE

## THE PRISONER.

BY LORD CAPEL,

*When confined in the Tower by CROMWELL.*

I.

**B**EAT on proud billows—Boreas blow—  
Swell, curl'd waves, high as Jove's roof;  
Your incivilities do plainly show,  
That innocence is tempest proof—  
Tho' furlly *Nereus* frowns, my thoughts are calm;  
Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

II.

That which the world miscalls a jail,  
A private closet is to me;  
Whilst a *good conscience* is my *bail*,  
And *innocence* my *liberty*.—  
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,  
Make me no pris'ner, but an anchoret.

III.

Here, *sin*, for want of *food*, must *starve*;  
Where tempting objects are not seen;  
And these strong walls do only serve  
To keep rogues *out*, and keep me *in*.

T

Malice

Malice is now grown charitable, sure,  
I'm not *committed*, but I'm kept *secure*.

IV.

And whilst I *wish* to be *retir'd*,  
Into this *private* room I'm turn'd—  
As if their wisdom had conspir'd  
The *salamander* should be burn'd.  
Or like those *sophists* who would drown a *fish*,  
I am condemn'd to *suffer* what I *wish*.

V.

The *Cynic* hugs his *poverty*,  
The *pelican* her *wilderness*;  
And 'tis the Indian's *pride* to be  
Naked on frozen Caucasus.  
*Contentment* feels no *smart* :—Stoics we see  
Make torments easy by their apathy.

VI.

I'm in this cabinet lock'd up  
Like some high-priz'd *Margarite*;  
Or like some *Great Mogul* or *Pope*,  
I'm cloister'd up from public sight.  
Retir'dness is a part of Majesty,  
And thus, proud *Sultan*, I'm as great as thee.

These

VII.

These *manacles* upon mine arm  
I as my mistress's *favours* wear ;  
And for to keep mine ancles warm,  
I have some iron shackles there.  
These *walls* are but my *garrison*—this cell  
Which men call *jail*—doth prove my *citadel*.

VIII.

Thus he that struck at Jason's life,  
Thinking to make his purpose sure ;  
By a malicious *friendly* knife  
Did only wound him to his cure.  
Malice, we see, wants *wit*—for what is meant  
Mischief, oft times proves favour by the event.

IX.

Altho' I cannot see my King,  
Neither in *person*, nor in coin ;  
Yet *contemplation* is a thing  
That renders what I have not—mine.  
My King from me no adamant can part,  
Whom I do *wear* engraven in my heart.

X.

Have you not heard the nightingale  
A pris'ner close kept in a cage ;

How



How she doth chant her wonted tale,  
In that her narrow hermitage?  
E'en that her melody doth plainly prove,  
Her wires are trees, her cage a pleasant grove.

XI.

I am that bird which they combine  
Thus to deprive of liberty ;  
And tho' my *body* they confine,  
Yet maugre that my soul is free:  
Tho' I'm mew'd up, yet I can chirp and sing,  
*Disgrace* to rebels, *glory* to my King.

XII.

My soul is free as is the ambient air,  
Which doth my outward parts include ;  
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair,  
To 'company my solitude :  
What, tho' they did with chains my body bind,  
My *King* can only *captive* my mind !

THE

## THE EXTRAVAGANCE

O F

## SPANISH PUNCTILIOS.

**P**HILIP the Third, King of Spain, being taken ill of a fever and shivering in cold weather, a braziere, or pan with burning coals, was brought into his chamber, and placed near him, and, by some act of carelessness, was placed so very close to him, as to scorch him. A Noble, who happened to be present, said to one that stood by him, "The King burns." The other answered, "It is true; but the page, whose office it is to bring and remove the braziere, is not here," The consequence of which was, that, before the page could be found, his Majesty's leg and face were so burnt, that it caused an erysipelas, of which he died.

Philip the Fourth, his successor, escaped not much better. That Prince being one day hunting, was overtaken by a violent storm of rain and hail; and no man presuming to lend the King a cloak, he was so wet before the officer could be found who carried his own, that he took a cold, which brought on a violent and dangerous fever, from which he escaped with great difficulty.

ON

ON TRUE HAPPINESS.

**L**ONG have I sought, the wish of all,  
True happiness to find ;  
Which some will wealth, some pleasure call,  
And some a virtuous mind.

Sufficient wealth to keep away,  
Of want the doleful scene ;  
And joy enough to gild the day,  
And make life's course serene.

Virtue enough to ask the heart,  
Art thou secure within ?  
Hast thou perform'd an honest part ?  
Hast thou no private sin ?

This to perform, these things possess,  
Must raise a noble joy ;  
Must constitute that happiness,  
Which nothing can destroy.

THE

## THE DOG CHARACTERIZED.

**A** Dog is an honest creature; and I am a friend to dogs, says a worthy writer. Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks in all his necessities with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation. No injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor: studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble steadfast dependent; in him alone fawning is not flattery. The health and property of many persons are preserved by this devoted animal's service, as by him the midnight robber is kept at a distance, the insidious thief is often detected, the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution, and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and satisfied with the smallest retribution. How unkind, then, torture this faithful creature, who has quitted the forest to claim the protection of man! yet how ungrateful often the returns to this trusty creature for all its services?

ANEC-

## ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS.

**T**HE Emperor Theodosius committing his sons to be instructed by the learned Arsenius, told them ; “ Children, if you take care to ennoble your souls with virtue and knowledge, I will leave you my Crown with pleasure ; but if you neglect that, I had rather see you lose the Empire, than hazard it into the hands of those that are unfit to govern it : ’tis better you should suffer the loss of it, than occasion its ruin.”

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## ANECDOTE OF KING GEORGE II.

**O**N a review of the Scotch Greys by his late Majesty, after applauding their appearance ; the King turned to the French Ambassador, and asked him his opinion of them ; adding, in his exulting manner, that they were the best troops in the world. The Ambassador replied, they were very fine ; but added, “ Has your Majesty never seen the Gens d’Armes ? ” “ No, (says his Majesty), but my Greys have.” When the Gens d’Armes were repulsed at the battle of Dettingen, they were attacked in their retreat by the Scotch Greys, and pushed into the Danube.

ANEC-

*Anecdote of Lady Jane Grey.*

**R**OGER ASCHAM, who was Queen Elizabeth's schoolmaster, thus describes this pattern of every female excellence in a letter of his to a friend.

"At the time," says he "that the rest of the company were gone out a hunting, and to their other amusements, I found—O Jupiter and all the gods!—this divine young lady reading the *Phædo* of the divine Plato in greek with the most consummate diligence. Aristotle's praise of women is perfected in her. She possesses good manners, prudence, and a love of labour. She possesses every talent without the least weakness of her sex: she speaks French and Italian as well as she does English: she writes readily and with propriety: she has more than once, if you will believe me spoken greek to me."

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**ANECDOTE**

O F

**KING WILLIAM III.**

**A** PROVISION ship of the first colony of Scots, that attempted to settle at Darien, in which were thirty gentlemen passengers, some of

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them

them of noble birth, having been shipwrecked at Carthagenæ, the Spaniards believing, or pretending to believe they were smugglers, cast them into a dungeon, and threatened them with death. The company deputed Lord Basil Hamilton from Scotland, to implore King William's protection for the prisoners. The King, at first, refused to see him, because he had not appeared at Court when he was last in London. But when that difficulty was removed by explanation, an expression fell from the King, which shewed his sense of the generous conduct of another person although influenced by the English and Dutch East India Companies, he could not resolve to imitate it in his own. For Lord Basil's audience having been put off from time to time, but, at last, fixed to be in the Council-chamber after a Council was over, the King, who had forgot the appointment, was passing into another room, when Lord Basil placed himself in the passage, and said, "That he came commissioned by a great body of his Majesty's subjects to lay their misfortunes at his feet; that he had a right to be heard, and would be heard: The King returned, listened with patience, gave instant orders to apply to Spain for redress, and then turning to those near him, said, "This young man is too bold, if any man can be too bold in his country's cause."

EXTREMES

## Extremes of Liberty and Restraint,

TO BE AVOIDED IN THE

*EDUCATION of YOUTH.*

**B**UT after all, is there no medium between these two extremes, excess of confinement, and excess of liberty? May not young understandings be allowed to shoot and spread themselves a little, without growing rank and rampant? May not children be kept in due and gentle subjection to their parents, without putting yokes of bondage upon them? Is there no reasonable restraint of the wild opinions, and violent inclinations of youth, without making chains for the understanding, and throwing fetters on the soul? May not the young Gentleman begin to act like a man, without forgetting that he is a son? And maintain the full liberty of his own judgment without insolence and contempt of the opinions of his elders? Is it not possible for the parent to indulge, and the child to enjoy a full liberty, and yet neither encourage nor practice a wild licentiousness? Yes surely; and there have been happy instances, in the last age, and in this, both of parents and children, that have learned to tread this middle path, and have found wisdom and virtue in it,—piety and peace.

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An



*An AFFECTING TALE.*

**A**BOUT ten years ago, there lived at Vienna a German Count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of considerable family. After a correspondence of gallantries, which lasted two or three years, the father of the young Count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his son sensible that he ought in common prudence to close with it. The Count, upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it: she only desired of him, that they might have one meeting before they parted for ever.

The place appointed for this, their meeting was a grove, which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place for some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket pistol, and shot her lover into the heart, so that he fell down dead at her feet. She then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends, upon hearing her story, would have found out means for her escape, but she told them she had killed her dear Count, because she could not live without him, and that for the same reason she was resolved.

solved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was no sooner seized, but she avowed her guilt, rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off; and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends would obtain pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought the soul of her dear Count was? He replied, that his case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died. Upon this, so desperate was her phrenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the Count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes of the deceased (from a consideration that he was upon breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life,) before he could bring her mind to a temper fit for one who was so near her end,

Upon the day of her execution, she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride, than a condemned criminal. She was placed in a chair, according to the custom of that place; where after having stretched out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the Count, which was the signal appointed for the executioner, who with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE  
OF THE  
GREAT AND CONSTITUTIONAL JUDGE,  
*Lord Chief Justice Holt.*

IN the reign of Queen Anne, 1704, several free-men of the borough of Aylebury had been refused the liberty of voting at an election for a member of Parliament, though they proved their qualification as such: The law in this case imposes a fine on the returning officer of 100*l.* for every such offence. On this principle they applied to Lord Chief Justice Holt, who desired the officer to be arrested. The H—of C—, alarmed at this step, made an order of their house to make it penal for either judge, counsel, or attorney, to assist at the trial; however, the Lord Chief Justice, and several lawyers, were hardy enough to oppose this order, and brought it on in the Court of King's Bench. The house highly irritated at this contempt of their order, sent a serjeant at arms for the judge to appear before them; but that resolute defender of the laws bade him, with a voice of authority, be gone; on which they sent a second message by their speaker, attended by as many members as espoused the measure. After the speaker had delivered his message, his lordship  
replied

replied to him in the following remarkable words: "Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within these five minutes, or you may depend on it I'll send you to Newgate: you speak of your authority, but I tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the laws, and a distributor of justice; and were the whole H— of C— in your belly, I would not stir one foot." The speaker was *prudent* enough to retire; and the house were equally prudent to let the affair drop.

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## ANECDOTE

*Of Dr. B U S B Y.*

IT was the boast of this great instructor of youth, that at one time sixteen out of the whole bench of Bishops had been educated by him. The unnecessary severity with respect to discipline which has in general been imputed to Dr. Busby, is supposed, like many other scandalous stories, to have arisen from the prejudices and malignity of party. Several letters from the scholars of Dr. Busby have been lately discovered, by which it appears that he was much beloved by them. Busby is said to have allowed no notes to any classical author that was read at Westminster.

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The late Dr. Johnson said, that Busby used to declare that his rod was his sieve, and that whoever could not pass through that was no boy for him. He early discovered the genius of Dr. South, lurking perhaps under idleness and obstinacy. "I see," said he, "great talents in that sulky boy, and I shall endeavour to bring them out." This indeed he effected, but by means of very great severity,

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### HUMANITY.

THE Senate of the Arcopagites being assembled together in a mountain, without any roof but Heaven, the Senators perceived a bird of prey, which pursued a little sparrow that came to save itself in the bosom of one of the company. This man, who naturally was harsh, threw it from him so roughly that he killed it; whereat the court was offended; and a decree was made, by which he was condemned and banished from the Senate: where the judicious may observe, that this company, which was at that time one of the gravest in the world, did it not for the care they had to make a law concerning sparrows; but it was to shew that clemency and a merciful inclination was so necessary in a state, that a man destitute of it was not worthy to hold any place in the government, he having (as it were) renounced humanity.

ANECDOTE

*An illustrious Example of***PATRIOTISM in a NEGRO PRINCE.**

**S**UCH regard is paid to the royal blood in Fouli, a negro kingdom of Africa, that no man can succeed to the crown, but one who is connected with the first monarch, by an uninterrupted chain of females. A connection by males would give no security, as the women of that country are prone to gallantry.

In the last century, the Prince of Sambaboa, the King's nephew by his sister, was invested with the dignity of Kamalingo, a dignity appropriated to the presumptive heir. A liberal and generous mind, with undaunted courage, rivetted him in the affections of the nobility and people. They rejoice in the expectation of having him for their king. But their expectation was blasted. The king, fond of his children, ventured a bold measure, which was to invest his eldest son with the dignity of Kamalingo, and to declare him heir to the crown. Though the Prince of Sambaboa had, in his favour, the laws of the kingdom, and the hearts of the people, yet he retired in silence to avoid a civil war. He could not however, prevent men of rank from flocking to him; which,

X

being

being interpreted a rebellion, the king raised an army, vowing to put them all to the sword.

As the king advanced, the Prince retired, resolving not to draw his sword against an uncle, whom he was accustomed to call father. But, finding that the command of the army was bestowed on his rival, he made ready for battle. The Prince obtained a complete victory; but his heart was not elated. The horrors of a civil war stared him in the face. He bid farewell to his friends, dismissed his army, and retired into a neighbouring kingdom; relying on the affections of his people to be placed on the throne after his uncle's death.

During his banishment, which continued thirty tedious years, frequent attempts upon his life put his temper to a severe trial; for, while he existed, the king had no hopes that his son would reign in peace. He had the fortitude to surmount every trial; when, in the year 1702, beginning to yield to age and misfortunes, his uncle died. His cousin was deposed; and he was called by the unanimous voice of the nobles, to reign over a people who adored him.

ANECDOTE

## A N E C D O T E

O F

Mr. N A S H.

**A** YOUNG lady who was just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, "There is a smart country girl; I will have some discourse with her." Then going up to the lady, "So, Child," says he, "you are just come to Bath, I see?" "Yes, Sir," answered the lady. "And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope?" Yes, Sir." "Pray now," says he, "let me examine you? I know you have read your bible, and the history of Tobit and his Dog; now, can you tell me what was the dog's name?" "Yes, Sir," says she, "his name was *Nash*, and an impudent dog he was."



*HISTORICAL ANECDOTE*

O F

JAMES II. when DUKE of YORK.

**L**ADY Anne Hyde, daughter of the great Earl of Clarendon, having been seduced by James, and complaint being made to the king by her father, of the dishonour done his family, Charles, however easy in his morals, reflected on the injury done to his friend, and with a noble spirit, that added lustre both to the monarch and the man, commanded his brother to make the lady reparation, and receive her hand in wedlock. A marriage under such restrictions, could not but be a matter of inexpressible uneasiness to the duke: the lady's character, however, was restored by the performance of the sacred ceremony; yet, not all the entreaties of her friends could prevail upon her husband to obtain her that precedence her rank now demanded, or to acknowledge her in public as his Dutchess. Some time rolled on in gloomy discontent; the Duke, driven from home by his domestic troubles, sought refuge in the company of some of the bon vivants of that age, and in the arms of dissipation thought to forget his sorrows. Whether it was from the facility he  
himself

himself had found in overcoming the lady's scruples; whether from the disparity of birth and rank, or whether he had entertained some hopes of a future union, more equal to his illustrious station, he listened with the utmost satisfaction to every report circulated to her prejudice, and it would have been indeed a wonder, if in a court, where gallantry and scandal were the reigning topics, this unfortunate lady had escaped the fangs of calumny; envy could not but discern so fair a mark, her illustrious consort, heir apparent to the throne, and the high office of her noble father, rendered her disgrace still keener, and gave the imbittered shafts of malice treble force. The Duke listened to every breath of fame, and wished but an occasion to dissolve a connection, that was now become insupportable; when an incident occurred that changed the system of his thoughts, awaked every sense of honour in his soul, opened his eyes to the virtues of an amiable wife, defeated the malicious designs of her enemies, and placed her infinitely beyond their reach. James had been discoursing one evening on his favourite subject, and lamenting to three of his friends the irksomeness of his situation, at the same time sounding them about their opinion, and wishing them freely to communicate their sentiments of his Dutcheß; these were, the Earl of Arran, Colonel Talbot, and the

the Lord Germain: these court-flies, the insects of the royal sun shine, not only gave into his wishes, in depreciating a character that stood the test of envy, but each related a tale that nearly proved their personal criminality with the lady; disdain- ing the solemn bounds of truth and honour to please the ear, and soothe the humour of their future sovereign. The Duke greedily devoured their information, and departed as if determined to pursue the course they expected; but when upon his pillow he resolved in his mind the malignant absurdity of their attestations, the rectitude of his lady's conduct, together with the undeserved treatment she had met with from him, he, with the morning, resolved to make her reparation for the uneasiness he had occasioned her: on his communicating his intentions, a shower of tears fell from her eyes; the chancellor was sent for to participate in his daughter's joy, and a splendid levee bore witness to this unexpected change. Arran, Talbot and Germain, on being sent for, concluded a very different scene was going to ensue; they saw she had been weeping, and this confirmed their suspicions; a visible confusion appeared in the room, the chancellor stood likewise leaning against the wall in a very pensive position: but how astonished were they when the Duke taking her by the hand, informed his three friends,

friends, that he had sent for them to be present at an act of justice, and as he knew them most particularly attached to his interest, desired they would first salute that lady as the Dutchess of York! Scarce could these time-serving sycophants conceal their confusion, and their compliments were made with an ill grace; however, whether from her goodness of heart, or whether the Duke had concealed the transaction from her she never shewed the least coolness towards her adversaries, but with the peculiar grace that attended all her actions, increased the felicity of every friend about her, and tho' she did not live to attain the regal honours, they graced her offsprings in the persons of the Princess of Orange, afterwards Queen Mary II. and the late illustrious Queen Anne.

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### *A POLITICAL ANECDOTE.*

A CERTAIN nobleman of great property in the kingdom of Ireland, and who had eight members entirely at his devotion, was applied to by the m——l party for his Interest upon the division in the H—se of C——s of Ireland, relative to the augmentation of the troops in that kingdom, to which he made the following curious reply.

“ If

“ If the m——ry will be honest, and pay the demand owing to my father and grandfather, I will instruct my b——gh members to vote for the measure; if not, they shall vote against it, and we shall surely carry it.”

The event was the m——ry refused the terms proposed, and thereby the question was carried against them. It is difficult to determine whether this n——n’s patriotism, or self-interest, was the greatest; but upon Dr. L——’s being acquainted with the affair, he said, *If this was the case, he was sorry they had carried the measure; for if Ireland harboured men of such principles, the kingdom was not worth saving.*

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### ANECDOTE of LORD S——.

THIS Lord, was the favourite of King George II. and one of the Generals of the English army at the battle of Dettingen. The dispositions of the Marshal de Noailles were so judicious, that nothing but the impetuosity of a subordinate French Officer saved the Allied Army from destruction, and even gave them an unexpected victory. The consequence was, that Lord S——, who was the only person that seemed to be sensible

ble of the unskilful movements of the Allies, but whose sentiments were disregarded, lost the favour of his Sovereign, and retired from the army in disgust. On his arrival at London, he proposed to reside on his estate in Scotland; but some days before his intended departure, he received a letter in a very extraordinary style, calculated at once to stimulate curiosity in a mind not easily daunted. It desired an interview at a particular time and place, upon business of the utmost importance, and requiring him to come unattended. His Lordship, who did not pay immediate attention to this letter, received a second, the next day, in terms still more energetic. This second summons appeared too singular to be disregarded. Lord S——, therefore, went to the place appointed, without any attendants, but not unarmed; nor was he absolutely devoid of fear, when he entered one of the bye-places, in the metropolis, that most commonly indicates the residence of poverty and wretchedness. He went up a dirty stair-case into a garret, where, by the glimmering light, he perceived a man, stretched upon a bed, with every appearance of extreme old-age. “My “Lord,” said this unexpected object, “I was “impatient to see you. I have heard of your fame. Be seated: you have nothing to apprehend from “a man a hundred and twenty five years old.”

Y

Lord

Lord S—sat down, waiting with the utmost impatience for the unravelling of this extraordinary adventure, while the centenary proceeded to inquire, whether his Lordship had not occasion for certain writings that related to his family and his fortune. “ Yes,” replied his Lordship with emotion, “ I want certain papers, the loss of which “ has deprived me of great part of my inheritance.—“ There,” returned the old man, giving him the key of a small casket, “ There are these “ writings deposited.”—“ To whom,” said his “ Lordship, the moment he discovered the treasure, “ To whom am I indebted for this ineffable favour?”—“ Oh, my Son,” replied the old “ man, “ come, and embrace your great grandfather.”—“ My great grandfather!” interrupted his Lordship, with inexpressible astonishment. But how much more was he astonished, when this ancestor informed him that he was the masked executioner of King Charles I. “ An insatiable thirst of vengeance,” continued he “ impelled me “ to this abominable crime. I had been treated, “ as I imagined, with the highest indignity by my “ Sovereign. I suspected him of having seduced “ my Daughter. I sacrificed every sense of loyalty and virtue to revenge this imaginary injury. “ I entered into all the designs of Cromwell and “ his associates: I paved the way to his usurpa-  
“ tion

"tion: I even refined on vengeance: I solicited  
 "Cromwell to let me be the executioner, and to  
 "fill up the measure of my guilt; the unhappy  
 "King knew, before the fatal blow, the man that  
 "was to inflict it. From that day my soul has  
 "been a prey to distraction and remorse. I have  
 "been an exile, a voluntary outcast, in Europe  
 "and Asia, near fourscore years. Heaven, as if  
 "to punish me with severer rigour, has prolonged  
 "my existence beyond the ordinary term of na-  
 "ture. This casket is the only remains of my  
 "fortune. I came here to end my wretched days:  
 "I had heard of your disgrace at court, so much  
 "the reverse of what your virtues merited; and  
 "I was desirous, before I breathed my last, to  
 "contribute thus to your welfare. All the return  
 "I ask is, that you leave me to my wretched fate,  
 "and shed a tear to the memory of one, whose  
 "long, long repentance, I hope, may at last ex-  
 "pate his crime."

"Lord S——earnestly pressed his hoary an-  
 cestor to retire with him into Scotland, and there  
 to live, for the remainder of his days, under a  
 fictitious name. He long withstood all these in-  
 treaties; but wearied out, at length, by impor-  
 tunity, he consented, or rather seemed to consent.

The



The next day, however, when his Lordship returned, he found that his repentant great grandfather had quitted the spot; and notwithstanding all the researches that were made, his fate remains a mystery to this day."

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## *THE RAKE REFORMED*

### IN THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

**F**LORINO was young and idle; he gave himself up to all the diversions of the town, and roved wild among the pleasures of sense; nor did he confine himself within the limits of virtue, or withhold his heart from any forbidden joy. Often hath he been heard to ridicule marriage, and affirm that no man can mourn heartily for a dead wife, for then he hath leave by the law to choose a new companion; to riot in all the gayer scenes of a new courtship, and perhaps to advance his fortune too.

When he heard of the death of Serena, "Well, said he, I will go and visit my friend Lucius, and rally him a little on this occasion." He went the next day in all the wantonness of his heart to ful-

fil his design, inhuman and barbarous as it was, and to sport with solemn sorrow. But when Lucius appeared, the man of gaiety was strangely surprized, he saw such a sincere and inimitable distress sitting on his countenance, and discovering itself in every air and action, that he dropped his cruel purpose, his soul began to melt, and he assumed the comforter.

Florino's method of consolation were all drawn from two topics: some from fate and necessity, advising an heroic indolence about unavoidable events, which are passed and cannot be reversed; and some were derived from the various amusements of life which call the soul abroad, and divide and scatter the thoughts, and suffer not the mind to attend to its inward anguish. Come, Lucius, said he, come, smooth your brows a little and brighten up for an hour or two: come along with me to a concert this evening where you shall hear some of the best pieces of music that were ever composed, and performed by some of the best hands that ever touched an instrument. To morrow I will wait on you to the play, or, if you please to the new opera, where the scenes are so surprizing and so gay, that they would almost tempt an old hermit from his beloved cell, and call back his years to three and twenty.

Come,

Come, my friend, what have the living to do with the dead? Do but forget your grievances a little, and they will die too: come, shake off the spleen, divert your heart with the entertainments of wit and melody, and call away your fancy from these gloomy and useless contemplations. Thus he ran on in his own way of talking, and opened to his mourning friend the best springs of comfort that he was acquainted with.

Lucius endured this prattle as long as he was able to endure it, but it had no manner of influence to staunch the bleeding wound, or to abate his smarting sorrows. His pain waxed more intense by such sort of applications, and the grief soon grew too unruly to contain itself.

Lucius then asked leave to retire a little: Florino followed him softly at a distance to the door of his closet, where indeed he observed not any of the rules of civility or of just decency, but placed himself near enough to listen how the passion took its vent: and there he heard the distressed Lucius mourning over Serena's death in such language as this.

What did Florino talk about? Necessity and fate? Alas, this is my misery, that so painful an event cannot be reversed, that the divine will has made it fate, and there is a necessity of my enduring it.

Plays

Plays and music and operas! what poor trifles are these to give ease to a wounded heart! to a heart that has lost its choicest half! a heart that lies bleeding in deep anguish under such a keen parting stroke, and the long, long absence of my Serena! She is gone.—The desire of my eyes and the delight of my soul is gone.—The first of earthly comforts and the best of mortal blessings.—She is gone, and she has taken with her all that was pleasant, all that could brighten the gloomy hours of life, that could soften the cares and relieve the burthens of it. She is gone, and the best portion and joy of my life is departed. Will she never return, never come back and bless my eyes again? No; never, never.—She will no more come back to visit this wretched world, and to dry these weeping eyes. That best portion of my life, that dearest blessing is gone, and will return no more. Sorrows in long succession await me while I live; all my future days are marked out for grief and darkness.

Let the man, who feels no inward pain at the loss of such a partner, dress his dwelling in black shade and dismal formalities: let him draw the curtains of darkness around him and teach his chambers a fashionable mourning: but real anguish of heart needs none of these modish and disguised

fembled sorrows. My soul is hung round with dark images in all her apartments, and every scene is sincere lamentation and death.

I thought once I had some pretences to the courage of a man: but this is a season of untried distress: I now shudder at a thought, I start at shadows, my spirits are sunk, and horror has taken hold of me. I feel passions in me that were unknown before; love has its own proper grief and its peculiar anguish. Mourning love has those agonies and those sinkings of spirit which are known only to bereaved and virtuous lovers.

I stalk about like a ghost in musing silence, till the gathering sorrow grows too big for the heart and bursts out into weak and unmanly wailings. Strange and overwhelming stroke indeed! It has melted all the man within me down to softness: my nature is gone back to childhood again: I would maintain the dignity of my age and my sex, but these eyes rebel and betray me; the eyelids are full, they over-flow; the drops of love and grief trickle down my cheeks, and plow the furrows of age there before their time.

How often in a day are these sluices opened afresh? The sight of every friend that knew her, calls up my weakness and betrays my frailty. I  
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am quite ashamed of myself. What shall I do? Is there nothing of manhood left about my heart? I will resist the passion, I will struggle with nature, I will grow indolent and forbid my tears. Alas, poor feeble wretch that I am! In vain I struggle; in vain I resist: the assumed indolence vanishes; the real passion works within, it swells and bears down all before it: the torrent rises and prevails hourly, and nature will have its way. Even the Son of God when he became man, was found weeping at the tomb of a darling friend. Lazarus died and Jesus wept.

O my soul, what shall I do to relieve this heart-ake? How shall I cure this painful sensibility? Is there no opiate will reach it? Whither shall I go to leave my sorrows behind me? I wander from one room to another, and wherever I go I still seem to seek her, but I miss her still. My imagination flatters me with her lovely image, and tempts me to doubt, Is she dead indeed? My fond imagination would fain forget her death-bed, and impose upon my hope that I shall find her somewhere. I visit her apartment, I steal into her closet: in days past when I have missed her in the parlour, how often have I found the dear creature in that beloved corner of the house, that sweet place of divine retirement and converse with  
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heaven? But even that closet is empty now. I go thither, and I retire in disappointment and confusion.

Methinks I should meet her in some of her walks, in some of her family cares, or her innocent amusements: I should see her face; methinks, I should hear her voice and exchange a tender word or two.—Ah foolish roving of a distressed and disquieted fancy! Every room is empty and silent; closet, parlours, chambers, all empty, all silent: and that very silence and emptiness proclaim my sorrows: even emptiness and deep silence join to confess the painful loss.

Shall I try then to put her quite out of my thoughts, since she will come no more within the reach of my senses? Shall I loosen the fair picture and drop it from my heart, since the fair original is for ever gone? Go, then, fair picture, go from my bosom, and appear to my soul no more. Hard word! but it must be done: go, depart thou dearest form; thou most lovely of images, go from my heart; thy presence is now too painful in that tender part of me. O unhappy word! Thy presence painful? A dismal change indeed! When thou wert wont to arise and shew thyself there, graces and joys were wont to rise and shew themselves:

themselves: graces and joys went always with her: nor did her image ever appear without them, till that dark and bitter day that spread the vail of death over her: but her image drefs'd in that gloomy vail hath lost all the attendant joys and graces. Let her picture vanish from my soul then, since it has lost those endearing attendants: let it vanish away into forgetfulness, for death hath robbed it of every grace and every joy.

Yet stay a little there, tempting image, let me once more survey thee: stay a little moment, and let me take one last glance, one solemn farewell. Is there not something in the resemblance of her too lovely still to have it quite banished from my heart? Can I set my soul at work to try to forget her? Can I deal so unkindly with one who would never have forgotten me? Can my soul live without her image on it? is it not stamp'd there too deep ever to be effaced?

Methinks I feel all my heart strings wrapt around her, and grow so fast to that dear picture in my fancy, they seem to be rooted there. To be divided from it is to die. Why should I then pursue so vain and fruitless an attempt? What? forget myself? forget my life? No; it cannot be; nor can I bear to think of such a rude and cruel



treatment of an image so much deserved and so much beloved. Neither passion nor reason permits me to forget her, nor is it within my power. She is present almost to all my thoughts, she is with me in all my motions; grief has arrows with her name upon them, that stick as fast and as deep as those of love; they cleave to my vitals wheresoever I go, but with a quicker sensation and a keener pain. Alas it is love and grief together that have shot all their arrows into my heart, and filled every vein with acute anguish and long distress.

Whither then shall I fly to find solace and ease? I cannot depart from myself: I cannot abandon these tender and smarting sensations. Shall I quit the house and all the apartments of it which renew her dear memory? Shall I rove in these open fields which lie near my dwelling, and spread wide their pleasing verdure? Shall I give my soul a loose to all nature that smiles around me, or shall I confine my daily walk to this shady and delightful garden? O no: neither of these will relieve my anguish. Serena has too often blessed me with her company both in this garden and in these fields. Her very name seems written on every tree: I shall think of her and fancy I see her in every step I take. Here she  
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prest the grafts with her feet, here she gathered violets and roses and refreshing herbs, and gave the lovely collection of sweetness into my hands. But alas, the sweetest violet and the fairest rose is fallen, is withered, and is no more. Farewell then, ye fields and gardens, with all your varieties of green and flowery joys! ye are all a desert, a barren wilderness, since Serena has for ever left you and will be seen there no more.

But can friends do nothing to comfort a mourner? Come, my wife friends, surround me and divert my cares with your agreeable conversation. Can books afford no relief? Come, my books, ye volumes of knowledge, ye labours of the learned dead; come, fill up my hours with some soothing amusements. I call my better friends about me, I fly to the heroes and philosophers of ancient ages to employ my soul among them. But alas! neither learning nor books amuse me, nor green and smiling prospects of nature delight me, nor conversation with my wisest and best friends can entertain me in these dark and melancholy hours. Solitude, Solitude in some unseen corner, some lonely grotto, overgrown with shades, this is my dearest choice; let me dwell in my beloved solitude where none shall come near me; midnight and solitude are the most pleasing things to a man who  
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is weary of day-light and of all the scenes of this visible and busy world. I would eat and drink and dwell alone, though this lonesome humour soothes and gratifies the painful passion, and gives me up to the tyranny of my sharpest sorrows. Strange mixture that I am made of! I mourn and grieve even to death, and yet I seem fond of nothing but grief and mourning.

Woe is me! Is there nothing on earth can divert, nothing relieve me? Then let my thoughts ascend to paradise and heaven, there I shall find her better part, and grief must not enter there. From this hour take a new turn, O my soul, and never think of Serena but as shining and rejoicing among the spirits of the blest, and in the presence of her God. Rise often in holy meditation to the celestial world, and betake thyself to more intense piety. Devotion has wings that will bear thee high above the tumults and passions of lower life: devotion will direct and speed thy flight to a country of brighter scenes.

Shake off this earthliness of mind, this dust of mortality that hangs about thee; rise upwards often in an hour, and dwell much in those regions whither thy devout partner is gone: thy better half is safely arrived there, and that world knows nothing but joy and love.

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She is gone ; the prophets and the apostles and the best of departed souls have marked out her way to heaven : bear witness, ye apostles and holy prophets, ye best of departed souls bear witness, that I am seeking to follow her in the appointed moment. Let the wheels of nature and time roll on apace in their destined way. Let suns and moons arise and set apace, and light a lonesome traveller onward to his home. Blessed Jesus ! be thou my living leader ! Virtue, and the track of Serena's feet be my daily and delightful path. The track leads upwards to the regions of love and joy. How can I dare to wander from the path of virtue lest I lose that beloved track ? Remember, O my soul, her footsteps are found in no other road.

If my love to virtue should ever fail me, the steps of my Serena would mark out my way, and help to secure me from wandering. O may the kind influences of heaven descend from above and establish and guard my pious resolutions ! May the divine powers of religion be my continual strength, and the hope of eternal things my never-failing support, till I am dismissed from this prison of the flesh and called to ascend to the spirits of the just made perfect, till I bid adieu to all that is immortal, and go to dwell with my God  
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and my adored Saviour; there shall I find my lost Serena, again, and share with her the unutterable joys of paradise.

Here Lucius threw himself on a couch and lay silent in profound meditation.

When Florino had heard all this mournful rhapsody, he retired and stole away in secret, for he was now utterly ashamed of his first barbarous design: He felt a sort of strange sympathy of sorrow, such as he never knew before, & with it some sparks of virtue began to kindle in his bosom. As he mused, the fire burnt within, and at last made its way to his lips and vented itself. "Well, said he, I have learnt two excellent lessons to-day, and I hope I shall never forget them. There must be some vast and unknown pleasure in a virtuous love beyond all the madness of wild and transient amours; otherwise the loss of the object could never have wrought such deep and unfeigned woe in a soul so firm and manly as that of Lucius. I begin now to believe what Milton sung, though I always read the lines before as mere poesy and fable.

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In paradise, of all things common else:

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By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men  
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee  
 Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son and brother, first were known:  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets.  
 Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of harlot's loveless, joyless, unindear'd  
 Casual amours, mixt dance, or wanton mask  
 Or midnight, ball, &c.

Blessed poet, that could so happily unite love and virtue, and draw so beautiful a scene of real felicity, which till this day I always thought was merely romantic and visionary! Lucius has taught me to understand these lines, for he has felt them; and methinks while I repeat them now I feel a strange new sensation. I am convinced the blind poet saw deeper into nature and truth than I could have imagined. There is, such a thing as a union of virtuous souls, where happiness is only found. I find some glimmerings of sacred light rising upon me, some unknown pantings within after such a partner and such a life.

Nor is the other lesson which I have learnt at all inferior to this, but in truth it is of higher and

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more durable importance. I confess since I was nineteen years old I never thought virtue and religion had been good for any thing, but to tye up children from mischief, and frighten fools: but now I find by the conduct of my friend Lucius, that as the sweetest and sincerest joys of life are derived from virtue, so the most distressing sorrows may find a just relief in religion and sincere piety. Hear me, thou Almighty Maker of my frame, pity and assist a returning wanderer, and O may thy hand stamp these lessons upon my soul in everlasting characters!"

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## *GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS*

ON THE

NATURE and CIRCUMSTANCES

OF MAN.

**V**IRTUE has justly been defined as consisting in a conformity of temper and conduct to the general nature and fitness of things. But though there must undoubtedly be some general rule of conduct suitable to every different species of rational beings, yet, with respect to each particular

cular species, the fitness or unfitness of any action must have a more especial reference to their particular nature and constitution. Whatever is upon the whole agreeable to the frame of our nature, must upon that account be incumbent upon us, though there may be other and more general considerations to enforce the same duty. We cannot doubt, that every particular species of rational beings is well constituted by God. We are certain, at least, that our own nature is well adapted to the purposes of rectitude and virtue. It is evident, that whatever is contrary to the dictates of our nature, must be equally repugnant to every kind of real excellence and perfection: and it is impossible that any being should be happy in any way that is not perfectly agreeable to the original bent and tendency of his nature. The moral enquirer must therefore find it well worth his while to examine his own nature as minutely as possible; and in this enquiry let us now attend him.

The first particular that will engage his notice, is, that man is a being capable of many and various kinds of pleasure and pain, the prevalence of which must render him either happy or miserable. From hence it follows, that that course of action

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must be his duty which will procure him the most numerous and the greatest pleasures, and guard him most effectually from uneasiness and pain.

But man is so constituted, that his happiness is very often as much affected by his expectations with respect to what is to come, as by any thing that he actually enjoys or suffers at present. Our present portion, whether good or evil, soon becomes familiar to us. Nor is there any one circumstance in life which can long occupy our attention, so far as to prevent us from seeking after something farther. We cannot help desiring whatever we imagine will prove an advantage to us; and we are anxious to avoid every thing that threatens us with pain and trouble.

To this purpose various passions are deeply implanted in our nature, exciting us vigorously to pursue such objects as will be conducive to our welfare and pleasure, and to fly from every thing that would hurt or distress us. And with respect to those things which are not the object of any natural passion, we soon conceive an inclination or aversion to them, according to the light in which we view them, as advantageous or the contrary. It is evidently our duty to gratify each of our natural passions, as far as can be consistent with our happiness

happinefs upon the whole; and as to thofe things to which we have no original and conftitutional inclination or averfion, we ought to inform ourfelves thoroughly whether they tend to promote our happinefs, or to occafion us pain, and then to purfue or avoid them in fuch manner as is fuitable to our natural defire of obtaining every poffible good, and efcaping every real evil.

There is, however, a far fuperior principal in our frame, the faculty of reafon. By this faculty, which is evidently the chief glory of our nature, we are clofely allied to the moft exalted ranks of beings, even to thofe who are entirely free from the influence of paffions, if any fuch there be. By this faculty we are enabled to form fome judgement upon every object, and upon every idea that can prefent itfelf to our minds; and the decifions of reafon are invariably juft, as far as it is acquainted with the feveral circumftances of the cafes to be determined. Our reafon, if rightly exercifed, will enable us to trace out the various confequences of aétions, to difcern the propriety or impropriety of any kind of temper and behaviour; and to form to ourfelves a regular and confiftent fyftem of conduét for every poffible occurrence in life. Nothing, therefore, can be more evident, than that this principal ought continually

ly to govern within us. It is only at particular seasons that our passions can justly be indulged; but it must always be expedient and necessary to submit to the commands of reason. It is reason alone that can justly determine when and in what degree any of our passions ought to be indulged. It is reason alone that can prevent our original passions from becoming excessive, and securing us from contracting new passions and inclinations towards unsuitable objects. The right use of our reason will render every emotion of hope or fear, of joy or sorrow, and of desire or disgust, advantageous to us upon the whole: but if reason does not predominate within us, the practice of virtue, or enjoyment of happiness, must be wholly out of our power.

The importance of virtue, and the fatal consequences of vice, would be apparent from the deductions of reason: but to excite us the more powerfully to the discharge of our duty; our constitution is abundantly furnished with strong propensities to goodness, till it is corrupted by evil examples and the indulgence of vicious habits. An affection to every thing that is agreeable to reason, may justly be supposed natural to every rational mind: but as the deductions of reason are in some cases extremely slow, and the mind of  
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man liable to be misled by false views of things, we have the additional principles of moral sense and of conscience, and an ardent desire of attaining to the completest possible degrees of every kind of real excellence. These principles lead us to the perception of some duties which reason alone might not so easily have discovered, and afford us new motives to the practice of every thing which reason prescribes. The moral sense convinces us of the beauty of virtue, and engages us to love and practice it as being in its own nature supremely amiable: conscience, with peculiar energy, applies the general truths of morality to every case in which we are more immediately concerned, urges us incessantly to perform what ever we perceive to be right and fit, makes us happy by its applause whenever we have acted well, and condemns us impartially when we neglect our duty: and our natural affection to every thing that is truly great and excellent, must prove a strong incentive to the acquisition of every kind of virtuous perfection. It is true, indeed, that this principle sometimes takes a false turn, and degenerates into a wild ambition, a desire of being distinguished by such attainments as are either of no considerable importance, or of an evil and pernicious nature: but true greatness, and true goodness, are in reality inseparable; and though  
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the human minds naturally aspires to every thing which can be considered as a mark of distinction, the excellencies of virtue must undoubtedly appear to every one, who reflects at all, superior to every other excellence or distinction that can possibly be conceived. Even the most vicious must at times be sensible that virtuous attainments are the highest and most distinguishing honour of which our nature is capable. We must therefore not only bid defiance to our reason, but we must also eradicate from our minds the moral sense, conscience, and every just and natural principle of ambition, before we can be in any degree comfortable and easy in the neglect of our duty.

There is likewise in the human mind a natural love of truth, and a strong desire of increasing in knowledge. We cannot but wish to be acquainted with truth of every kind; but the discovery of those truths, which more immediately relate to our moral conduct, affords us peculiar satisfaction and delight: and as the faculty of reason amply qualifies us for the investigation of truth, our thirst for knowledge must in general tend to incline us to our duty. An enlightened mind cannot fail to discern the excellency and importance of morality; and nothing but absolute ignorance and stupidity, or a wilful inattention to truth, can render us indifferent

different to the glorious pursuits and attainments of genuine virtue.

It is evident that man is a being of an active nature, that his powers of action are many and various, and that he never can be happy in a state of indolence. Each of our active powers, whether bodily or mental, frequently stand in need of relaxation: but when we cease to exert any one power; we necessarily recur to the exercise of some other power or faculty, as the only way in which we can have any real enjoyment. There are but few persons who can long support a vacation from bodily exercise; but life becomes an intolerable burthen, when we find ourselves equally incapable of bodily labour, and of mental application.

Some indeed seem to have found out an art of trifling by which they pass through life without any serious application, without any real business, and yet at the same time perfectly free from inward uneasiness and chagrine. But the truth of the case is, that such persons either apply themselves to mere trifles with all that earnestness which is due to the most important concerns; or else their appearance of ease is only false and counterfeit. There is not a greater contradiction

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in nature, than to suppose a man can be happy whilst he has no object that he judges worthy of his attention; and if his attention be engaged, it will doubtless excite his active powers. To be indifferent towards all kinds of objects, is indeed the fault of but few. Most persons are much rather chargeable with the opposite extreme, of being too keen in their desires, and too eager in their pursuits, though the objects they have in view be of ever so little importance. Hence we see so much agitation and bustle among those who have scarce ever formed one serious and rational purpose in life: whereas half the application and pains they bestow upon the most insignificant trifles, would be sufficient, if rightly directed to conduct them to the highest happiness they could possibly attain.

But though an habitual application to our duty would preserve us from much unnecessary labour and fatigue about trifles, it must however require constant attention and unwearied diligence, and will afford us abundant opportunities of exerting all our powers to the greatest advantage. Nor is it possible that we should exercise the best and noblest powers of our nature in any way but the practice of virtue. Virtue alone can give full scope to our activity; and that which is our highest

est interest, ought to be prosecuted with the most vigorous efforts. If we would wish to make the activity of our nature advantageous to us, if we should not be active and laborious altogether in vain, we must continually be labouring to attain to every possible degree of virtuous perfection.

But man is a free, as well as an active being, and this is one principal source of our happiness. Our will cannot be compelled. We are always capable of exerting ourselves in whatever way we shall chuse. Freedom seems to be an inseparable companion of rational powers: for to what purpose could we be endowed with a capacity for deliberation, if we were not at liberty to chuse, or refuse in every case, as our own will shall determine? It has indeed been said, that man is governed by his own opinions and sentiments, and that his opinions and sentiments must necessarily be such as they actually are, being formed by a concurrence of circumstances entirely independent on his own will and choice. But though the opinions we have entertained must necessarily influence the state of our minds, so long as they continue predominant within us, it is certainly at all times in our power to call in reason to our aid, to examine all our opinions and notions calmly and impartially, and thus to correct our sentiments, and re-



duce them to the standard of propriety. We may by this means convince ourselves, that what we once imagined to be our greatest infelicity, may in reality be most conducive to our welfare; and thus we may render ourselves happy in circumstances of the greatest difficulty. There is, in fact, nothing so much under our power as our own opinions: all other things, but our own opinions and conduct, are absolutely exempt from our power; but whilst we have these at command, we must certainly be free in the most important sense: and we cannot give a more convincing proof of our freedom, than in the choice of virtue, amidst the various difficulties to which it is often exposed; difficulties of such a nature, that though we may reasonably trust they will terminate to our advantage, yet nothing but an absolute freedom of choice could enable us to encounter them with resolution and cheerfulness. It is evident, that every vicious principle tends to destroy our freedom: it limits and confines our choice, and insinuates that every thing which is inconsistent with its own gratification, must be unworthy our regard: but the virtuous principle is ever ready to submit to the closest examination. If, then, we would preserve our liberty, we must be virtuous.

Another

Another leading principle in the frame of man, is his attachment to his fellow-creatures. Exclusive of those connections which he enters into by the voluntary combinations of public societies, he feels that he is nearly related to all mankind, and that he cannot be happy without a generous regard to their welfare. This natural feeling is manifestly conducive to our improvement in virtue, a principal part of which consists in endeavouring to be useful to all around us. And if we are desirous to contribute all in our power to the happiness of mankind, we must cultivate every virtuous disposition; for if we are deficient in any one of the several branches of virtue, it will in some degree lessen our abilities to serve those whom we would wish to assist and befriend. It is not necessary to our present purpose to enumerate the several ways in which our social affections must operate: let us only remember, that our natural relation to one another should lead us to consult the welfare of all men, in every possible variety of circumstances, but especially of those who are most worthy: and every action that proceeds from this principle will afford us such exquisite pleasures as will render it its own reward.

Yet is it possible that our social feelings may become too strong, and expose us to many inconveniencies



encies; and, for this reason, the love of independency is strongly imprinted upon our minds. Every scheme of virtue that consists in retirement, and a state of separation from mankind, is absurd and inconsistent; and every attempt to secure our own happiness, by the neglect of those good offices which our fellow-creatures justly claim from us, must render us incapable of any solid satisfaction and self enjoyment. But whilst we are doing all in our power to promote the welfare of those around us, we must beware of any unworthy compliances with their capricious humours. Our nature forbids us to give way to immediate uneasiness, if, in some cases, our endeavours fail of producing all the good we could wish; or if, in other cases, all our acts of kindness and friendship cannot procure us the approbation and esteem of those whom we have laboured to please and serve. Our nature teaches us to be as useful as possible to others; but at the same time, to live to ourselves: that is, to guard against every connection that might obstruct our progress in virtue, diminish our inward peace and comfort, or defeat any of the great purposes for which we were brought into being: and if, in any case, mankind appear to be generally wrong, we must resolve to adhere to our duty, in opposition to every means they can use to dissuade or deter us from what is right. But

But though we may justly glory in our being thus independent upon man, we ought always to remember, that we are in every possible sense dependent upon God. We have no one source of happiness but what we originally derive from him. To him we are indebted for all the powers of our nature: to his preserving providence we owe the continuance of all our capacities and faculties: and his concurrence is necessary to the success of our best-concerted schemes, and most vigorous efforts for the attainment of happiness. In ourselves we are weak and indigent creatures; our wants are many, and he only can supply them. Our frailties and imperfections are innumerable; and he only can enable us to attain to any thing that is truly valuable, great, and excellent. If his favour and blessing are thus essential to our well being, we ought certainly to cultivate a most humble sense of our constant dependence upon him. And if the disposal of every thing relative to us is entirely in his hands; if all that we are, and all that we have are derived from him; if we have already received the most ample communications of his bounty, and are encouraged to hope for still farther instances of his goodness, it must be incumbent upon us to endeavour to please him in the whole course of our lives: it must be our duty to study his will and to submit ourselves to him

him in all things. The perfections of his nature, and the manifold obligations he has conferred upon us, give him a right to our obedience. We must, therefore, be accountable to him for every part of our conduct; and of this he has given us sufficient intimations in the original structure of our minds: for it is apparent that all the various nations and tribes of mankind, of whom we have any knowledge, have a natural sense of God imprinted upon them, not only as their Almighty Friend and Protector, but also as their Great Sovereign and Judge: and if he is our Judge, it is evident that we cannot secure his approbation by any method but the practice of virtue, righteousness, and piety.

Let us just take notice of another particular in the human constitution, which though little attended to by some, is however capable of affecting our happiness to a great degree. Man is naturally fond of variety and novelty: and what is there that can afford us such diversified pleasure as virtue can? The pursuits of vice are very nearly the same during the whole course of the longest life; and the pleasures of appetite can only be the same transient sensations repeated from time to time, and every time less and less capable of affording us any considerable delight. But virtue ex-  
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pands the mind, enlarges all the powers of our nature, opens within us new avenues of joy, and, by encreasing the extent of our activity, and adding a dignity to our character, purposes, and views, it leads us to such kinds and degrees of satisfaction and joy, as our imagination could not previously have conceived. And here it is also to be remarked, that, in consequence of our love of variety, and the changeableness of our taste, we may soon be disgusted with any of the pleasures of vice; but, if we continue virtuous, our relish for each of the joys that result from true goodness, must perpetually increase.

If a man is fond of variety and change in his pleasures, he is necessarily subject to a vast variety of alterations and changes in his circumstances in life. When we are most at ease, we are every hour liable to the most sudden transitions from joy to sorrow, from health to sickness, and from affluence to want; and when we are under the pressures of affliction, a change for the better may instantaneously take place. This constant uncertainty and changeableness of our circumstances in life, is undoubtedly advantageous to us upon the whole. But to support these changes aright, it is necessary that good principles should be firmly established in our minds. Virtue alone can pre-



pare us for every change, and enable us to preserve a noble steadiness and serenity amidst all the vicissitudes of life.

Of all the changes to which we are subject, that which closes our present scene of existence must demand our chief attention. Whatever our present condition may be it will soon become totally different. Man is a short lived being, and cannot be certain of any more than the present moment. This is a solemn and perpetual call to the most active diligence and zeal for the improvement of our time, for the acquisition of every virtuous excellence and perfection, and for the accomplishment of all our good designs as speedily as possible. And if we habitually exert ourselves to this purpose, we shall not have lived in vain, though our term of life be ever so short. In such a course we must have attained the best and most valuable enjoyments that this state can yield us; and the consciousness of having acted an useful and honourable part in life, must enable us to meet death with fortitude and composure at least, if not with rapture and triumph.

But how incapable of comfort must the vicious man be at the hour of death, even though he should have been uninterruptedly successful in life!

So

So long as we are continued in this state, we must be capable of a constant progress in every thing that is truly good and excellent. No attainments we may have already made, can put it out of our power to make a still farther progress. Our actual attainments must in fact enable us, and lay us under an obligation, to be continually pressing on nearer and nearer to perfection. Were we to live ever so many ages, we might still be improving in wisdom and goodness. But though the utmost attainments man can make in this life are attended with such defects as ought to keep him perpetually humble, yet he that does the best in his power must necessarily make some considerable advances in true goodness, and consequently must be the object of God's approbation, and entitled to high esteem among mankind.

But our consummation in perfection and bliss can only take place in a future state. Our natural feelings lead us to expect some future existence; and Divine Revelation assures us, that this life is only a state of probation, to fit us for a glorious immortality. And if there be a future state, virtue must then be crowned with unfading glory and felicity, and vice be overwhelmed with remediless confusion.—Here then let us make a solemn pause, and let every one give full scope to the



suggestions of his own heart, upon such a subject as the expectations of a blessed immortality.—The nature of man, and the great purposes of his being, are an unbounded field for reflection.

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T H E  
 GENEROSITY, HONOUR,  
 A N D  
*CONTINENCE of SCIPIO.*

**S**CIPIO the younger, when only twenty four years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the command of the army against the spaniards. His wisdom and valour would have done honour to the most experienced general. Determined to strike an important blow, he forms a design of besieging Carthage; then the capital of the Carthaginian empire in Spain. His measures were so judiciously concerted, and with so much courage and intrepidity pursued both by sea and land, that notwithstanding a bold and vigorous defence, the capital was taken by storm. The plunder was immense. Ten thousand freemen were made prisoners: and above three hundred  
 more,

more, of both sexes, were received as hostages. One of the latter, a very ancient lady, the wife of Mandonius, brother of Indibeles, king of the Hergetes, watching her opportunity, came out of the crowd, and throwing herself at the conqueror's feet, conjured him, with tears in her eyes, to recommend to those who had the ladies in their keeping, to have regard to their sex and birth. Scipio, who did not understand her meaning at first, assured her that he had given orders that they should not want for any thing. But the lady replied, "Those conveniencies are not what affect us: In the condition to which fortune hath reduced us, with what ought we not to be contented? I have many other apprehensions, when I consider, on one side, the licentiousness of war; and, on the other, the youth and beauty of the Princesses, which you see before us; for as to me, my age protects me from all fear in this respect." She had with her the daughters of Indibeles, and several other ladies of high rank, all in the flower of youth, who considered her as their mother. Scipio, then comprehending what the subject of her fear was, "My own glory, says he, and that of the Roman people, are concerned in not suffering that virtue, which always ought to be respected, wherever we find it, should be exposed in my camp to a treatment unworthy of it. But you give me a new motive for being more strict

strict in my care of it, in the virtuous solicitude you shew in thinking only of the preservation of your honour, in the midst of so many other objects of fear." After this conversation, he committed the care of the ladies to some officers of experienced prudence, strictly commanding them, that they should treat them with all the respect they could pay to the mothers, wives, and daughters of their allies and particular friends. It was not long before Scipio's integrity and virtue were put to the trial.

Being retired into his camp, some of his officers brought him a young virgin of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprize; and, like one thunder struck, seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession so necessary in a general, and for which Scipio was remarkably famous. In a few moments, having rallied his straggling spirits, he enquired of the beautiful captive, in the most civil manner, concerning her country, birth and connections; and finding that she was betrothed to a Celiberian prince, named Allucius, he ordered both him and the captive's parents to be sent for. The Spanish prince no sooner appeared in his presence, than,  
even

even before he spoke to the father and mother, he took him aside; and to remove the anxiety he might be in on account of the young lady, he addressed himself in these words: " You and I are young, which admits of my speaking to you with more liberty. Those who brought me your future spouse, assured me, at the same time, that you loved her with extreme tenderness; and her beauty left me no room to doubt it. Upon which reflecting, that if, like you, I had thought on making an engagement; and were not wholly engrossed with the affairs of my country, I should desire that so honourable and legitimate a passion should find favour. I think myself happy in the present conjuncture to do you this service. Though the fortune of war has made me your master, I desire to be your friend. Here is your wife: take her, and may the gods bless you with her. One thing, however, I would have you fully assured of, that she has been amongst us as she would have been in the house of her father and mother. Far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the expence of virtue, honour, and the happiness of an honest man. No: I have kept her for you, in order to make you a present worthy of you and me. The only gratitude I require of you for this inestimable gift is, that you would be a friend to the Roman people."

people." Allucius's heart was too full to make him any answer: but throwing himself at the general's feet, he wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture; and remained so, till the father burst out into the following words: "Oh! divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue! Oh! glorious leader! Oh! wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, raptures above all the transports you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person!"

The relations of the young lady had brought with them a very considerable sum for her ransom; but, when they saw that she was restored in so generous and godlike a manner, they entreated the conqueror with great earnestness, to accept that sum as a present; and declared by his complying, that new favour would complete their joy and gratitude. Scipio, not being able to resist such warm and earnest solicitations, told them, that he accepted the gift; and ordered it to be laid at his feet: then addressing himself to Allucius, I add," says he, "to the portion which you are to receive from your father-in law this sum; which I desire you to accept as a marriage present."

If

If we consider that Scipio was at this time in the prime of life, unmarried, and under no restraint, we cannot but acknowledge, that the conquest he made of himself was far more glorious than that of the Carthaginian empire: and though his treatment of the captive prince was not more generous and delicate than what might justly be expected from a person endowed with reason and reflection; yet, considering how few there are in his circumstances who would have acted as he did, we cannot but applaud his conduct, and propose him as a suitable example to future ages. Nor was his virtue unrewarded. The young prince, charmed with the liberality and politeness of Scipio, went into his country to publish the praises of so generous a victor: He cried out, in the transports of his gratitude, "That there was come into Spain a young hero like the gods; who conquered all things less by the force of his arms, than the charms of his virtue, and the greatness of his beneficence." Upon this report all Celtiberia submitted to the Romans; and Allucius returned in a shout to Scipio, at the head of fourteen hundred chosen horse, to facilitate his future conquests. To render the marks of his gratitude still more durable, Allucius caused the action we have just described to be engraven on a silver shield, which he presented to Scipio; a present more esti-

mable and glorious than all his treasures and triumphs. This buckler, which Scipio carried with him when he returned to Rome, was lost, in passing the Rhone, with part of the baggage. It continued in that river, till 1665, when some fishermen found it. It was lately in the king of France's cabinet.

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## THE DEAN AND DUKE,

*By Dean Swift.*

**J**—S B—s and the dean had long been friends;  
James is beduk'd; of course their friendship  
ends:

But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,  
From knowing James, to boast he knows the duke.  
Yet, since just heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,  
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,  
His wings are clipp'd; he tries no more in vain,  
With band of fiddlers to extend his train.  
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,  
The duke and dean seem near upon a level.  
Oh! wert thou not a duke, my good duke Humphry,  
From bailiff's claws thou scarce couldst keep thy  
bum free:

A

A duke to know a dean! Go, smooth thy crown:  
 Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.  
 Well, but a duke thou art; so pleas'd the king;  
 Oh would his majesty add but a string!

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A REMARKABLE

AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

**A**MONG the Hurons, who are much given to thieving, and who perform it with a dexterity which would do honour to our most expert pick-pockets, it was lawful, on discovery of the thief, not only to take from him what he had stolen, but also to carry off every thing in his cabin, and to strip himself, his wife, and children stark naked, without their daring to make the least resistance: And farther, in order to shun all such contestation which might arise on this head, certain points were agreed upon, from which they never deviated. For example, every thing found, were it but a moment after it was lost, belonged to the finder, provided the former proprietor had not before reclaimed it; but on discovery of the least dishonesty on the part of the former, they obliged him to make restitution, which occasioned

D d 2

sometimes





sometimes diffentions, which were with difficulty put an end to: the following is an instance of the sort singular enough. A good old woman had for all her worldly goods but one collar of wampum, worth about ten crowns of our money, and which she carried about with her every where in a little bag. One day, as she was at work in the fields, she chanced to hang her bag on a tree: another woman who had perceived it, and had a desire to filch her collar from her, thought the present a favourable occasion for seizing it, without being liable to be accused of theft: she, therefore, kept her eye continually upon it: in about the space of an hour or two, the old woman, having gone into the next field, she flies to the tree, seizes the bag, and falls a crying how lucky she had been to find so valuable a prize. The old woman turns immediately about, and says, the bag belonged to her, and that it was she who had hung it upon the tree; that she had neither lost it, nor forgot it, and that she intended to take it down when her work should be over: her adversary made answer, that we are not to judge the intentions, and that, having quitted the field without taking down her bag, she was deemed in law to have forgot it. After many disputes between these two women, who never spoke so much as one disobliging word the whole time, the affair was

was brought before an arbiter, who was chief of the village: "According to the rigour," said he, the bag is the property of the finder; but the circumstances of the thing are such, that if this woman would not be taxed with avarice, she ought to restore it to the claimant, and be satisfied with some little present, which the other in reason cannot refuse her." Both parties acquiesced in this judgment; and it is proper to observe, that the fear of being accused of avarice had full as much power on the minds of the Indians, as the fear of punishment could have had, and that these people are generally governed by the principles of honour, more than by any other motive whatever.

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### SCALIGER, *on speaking* LATIN.

SCALIGER, in his three hundred and fifty-second Epistle, says, "Even the best scholars amongst the English speak Latin with so wretched a pronounciation, that I remember being in company with an Englishman of that description, who talking Latin to me for a complete quarter of an hour, and whom I understood no more than *if he had talked Arabic*. I made my excuses for not answering him, as I did not very well understand English.

English. On this my friend who introduced him to me, burst out into a loud fit of laughter; so that I could never afterwards see him without confusion."

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### A N E C D O T E.

**F**OOTE being once at a nobleman's house, his Lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its age, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips, "Is it not very curious?" says his Lordship. "Perfectly so, indeed," says the other, "I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before."

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### F I L I A L L O V E.

**S**IR Thomas More seems to have emulated this beautiful example; for, being Lord Chancellor of England at the same time that his Father was a judge of the King's Bench, he would always, on his

his entering Westminster Hall, go first to the King's Bench, and ask his Father's blessing, before he went to sit in the Court of Chancery; as if to secure success in the great decisions of his high and important office.

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### JOHN HUSS.

**T**HIS intrepid Reformer had many articles of accusation brought against him in the Council of Constance; to all of which he was ordered to answer at once. He remonstrated, that it would be impossible for him to remember every accusation, and much more so to answer them all together. He was ordered to be silenced immediately, by the Officers who attended. He then lifted up his hands to Heaven, and begged the Prelates to let him justify himself in his own manner; "after which," said he, "you may then do with me as you please." But the Prelates persisting in their refusal, he fell upon his knees, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, recommended his cause to the Sovereign Judge of the World, in a prayer which he pronounced with a loud voice.

ANECDOTE

## ANECDOTE

O F

*A GERMAN AMBASSADOR.*

A German ambassador at the French court delivered his message in Tutonick ; which, when a certain Grandee heard, and took notice of its harsh and strong emphasis, he swore 'twas his opinion that this was the language wherein God cursed Adam, Eve, and the Serpent. The German turning to him, answered briskly, " 'Tis possible; Monsieur, it may be so; but then I hope you will grant that French was the occasion of this curse, when the Devil chose to tempt Eve in that language for its effeminacy; wheedling her, a la mode de Paris, to "eat the forbidden fruit."

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 T H E

## PERT AND THE IGNORANT

*Are prone to Ridicule.*

A Gentleman, of a grave deportment, was busily engaged in blowing bubbles of soap and water, and was attentively observing them as they expanded

expanded and burst in the sun shine. A pert youth fell into a fit of loud laughter at a sight so strange, and which shewed, as he thought, such folly and insanity. Be ashamed, young man, (said one who passed by,) of your rudeness and ignorance: you now behold the greatest Philosopher of the age, Sir Isaac Newton, investigating the nature of light and colours by a series of experiments, no less curious than useful, though you deem them childish and insignificant.

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### *CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.*

**D**URING the troubles in the reign of King Charles the First, a country girl came up to London in search of a place, as a servant maid; but not succeeding she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer; observing a well looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and after a while, she behaving herself with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr.

E c

Hyde

Hyde as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne Queens of England.

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*BON MOT of Dr. YOUNG.*

THE celebrated Dr. Young invited old Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, to his country seat several times, but could never prevail on him to undertake the journey. The last time the Doctor was in London before Tonson's death, he asked the bookseller his reason for not visiting him? "Why, really," replied Jacob, "the truth of the matter is I do not like the country:" "I believe you are right," replied the wit "a cucumber thrives best on a dunghill."

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*The Great Earl of Peterborough.*

LORD Peterborough had much sense, much whim, and much wit. He once leaped out of his chariot, on seeing a dancing-master, with  
pearl

pearl-coloured silk stockings, lightly stepping over the broad stones, and picking his way in extreme dirty weather. He ran after him with his sword drawn, in order to frighten him into the mud, which, on the Dancing-master's taking to his heels, his Lordship did not fail to run into himself.

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## VERSES

### *On leaving SCHOOL.*

**T**HOU Gothic structure rising to the view,  
 In ivy mantle, take my last adieu :  
 For me no more thy lofty turrets rise,  
 Or hoarse-hing'd portals greet my wishing eyes ;  
 For me no more thy hearth shall blaze forth bright,  
 Or frowning bustos catch my wand'ring sight  
 Yet may'st thou bloom till time itself decays,  
 From sense till folly shall have won the bays.  
 Still to thy dome may ardent youth repair,  
 Still may instruction be their only care,  
 And may they treasure up the classic page,  
 The boast of Greece, or fair Italia's age ;  
 May learning's gifts the fleeting hours employ,  
 And each new morn behold th' improving boy.  
 And with a grateful heart, farewell to you,  
 To whom more praise than I can give is due,

E e 2

Beneath



Beneath whose eye the infant mind is rear'd,  
 Who're lov'd as teachers, and as masters fear'd,  
 Who've hammer'd in with vast laborious pains,  
 The little knowledge which this head contains,  
 For which my heart with gratitude o'erflows,  
 And truest thanks for former favour shows.  
 Farewell ye youths who shar'd my joys and pains,  
 Ye youths whom study's temple still retains,  
 With whom full many a gladsome hour I've spent,  
 Two fleeting hours! and wing'd with sweet content.  
 Oft high in air the cudgel urg'd the ball,  
 And adverse youths arrest it in its fall;  
 Or stooping down discharg'd the polish'd clay,  
 Which shot unerring, trac'd the dusky way.  
 Now full three feet (a mighty deed) we bound,  
 And now the hoop revolves in many a round;  
 Or sportive strike the shuttle-cock on high,  
 The parchment sounding an abrupt reply.  
 Whilst thus employ'd, the blithest of our age,  
 "To school, to school," exclaims the tutor sage,  
 Terrific words! aghast each youth appears,  
 And every boy a face of sorrow wears;  
 They sigh, and look, they look and sigh in vain,  
 Wishing old Time would run his course again.  
 Too happy lads! if sense did but bestow  
 That precious gift, your happiness to know.  
 If happiness on earth directs its rays,  
 Sure 'tis on schools, where all are halcyon days.  
Sure

Farewell my friends! to whom this breast is fraught  
 With gratitude, which your kind favours taught;  
 Which (grant O heav'n that I may see the day)  
 My thankful soul with interest shall repay.  
 Yet much I fear (so great's my debt) to find  
 My pow'rs unequal, tho' my heart's inclin'd.  
 Long may he live; may hours and minutes fly,  
 Unstain'd, and gladness glitter in each eye;  
 On you may heav'n its choicest gifts bestow,  
 Nor doom the pangs of misery to know.  
 Ye heav'nly damsels, Norfolk's greatest pride,  
 Whose peerless charms my am'rous breast divide,  
 Whose spark'ling eyes emit the beams of love,  
 Whose sense retains what beauty's shafts could  
     move.

Farewell! and tho' I'm ravish'd from your sight,  
 The dear ideas ever will delight:  
 And thou too, Delia, fairer than all  
 The lovely nymphs that grace this earthly ball:  
 Enchanting girl! whose lustre shames the rose,  
 Tho' clad in crimson's purest dye it glows,  
 Whose strong attractions monarchs might obey,  
 And even nations own thy powerful sway,  
 Mankind all fear the lightning of thine eye,  
 And as you smile or frown we live or die.  
 Tho' I were banish'd to Numidia's shore,  
 Where lions ravage, and where tygers roar,

Where



Where whirlwinds choak, where rise unnumber'd  
storms,

And death affails me in a thousand forms:

Place me where sol ne'er shows his welcome light,  
Where all is rob'd in darkest dun of night;

With Delia blest'd, I'd brave each monster's frown,  
And all the horrors of the torrid zone;

Court darkness' veil, tho' darker than the tomb,  
For Delia's eyes wou'd dissipate the gloom.

All wou'd delight, all, all, enchanting be,  
And earth appear a paradise to me.

Adieu, Adieu; and if thy breast believes  
The pangs which absence to a lover gives,

O write, O write, and fir'd with love's soft rage,  
Breathe all thy soul upon th' enamour'd page.

Tell me whate'er thy passion can inspire,  
What wishes prompt, what amorous thoughts can  
fire;

So shall thy kindness mitigate my woe,  
And years fly swift with thinking upon you.

### *ANECDOTE of Dr. JOHNSON.*

WHEN Dr. Percy first published his collection of ancient English ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit he supposed himself  
to

to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe one evening, at Miss Renolds's tea-table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly, in common narrative and conversation. For instance, says he,

As with my hat upon my head  
 I walk'd along the strand,  
 I there did meet another man  
 With his hat in his hand.

Or, to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,  
 That thou wilt give to me,  
 With cream and sugar soften'd well,  
 Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,  
 Shall long detain the cup,  
 When once unto the bottom I  
 Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,  
 Nor hear it with a frown:—  
 Thou can'st not make the tea so fast  
 As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas, till the Reverend Critic cried out for quarter.

ANECDOTE



## ANECDOTE

*Of Dr. JOHNSON.*

**D**R. Johnson being one night at Drury-lane Theatre, to see Garrick play Macbeth, in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box where he sat were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having *a place*, though none was kept for him.—The disturbance continuing for some time, the Doctor cried out with great contempt, “Pshaw! Sir, how can you be so mistaken?—your *place* lies in the *shilling gallery*.”

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 ANECDOTE
*Of LORD MANSFIELD.*

**T**O some Military Gentleman who was appointed Governor of one of our Islands in the West Indies, and who expressed his apprehensions of not being able to discharge his duty as Chancellor of his Province, Lord Mansfield gave him this advice: “Always decide, and never give reasons for your decision. You will in general decide well, yet give very bad reasons for your judgment.”

AN

## AN INSTANCE of INGRATITUDE.

A MACEDONIAN foldier had in many in-  
 stances diftinguifhed himfelf by extraordi-  
 nary acts of valour, and had received many marks  
 of Philip's favour and approbation. On fome  
 occafion he embarked on board a vefſel, which  
 was wrecked by a violent ſtorm, and he himſelf  
 caſt on ſhore, helpless, naked, and ſcarcely with  
 the appearance of life. One of the ſame country,  
 whoſe lands lay contiguous to the ſea, came op-  
 portunely to be witneſs of his diſtreſs, and with  
 the utmoſt humanity and concern, flew to the re-  
 lief of the unhappy ſtranger. He bore him to his  
 houſe, laid him in his own bed, revived, cheriſh-  
 ed, and for forty days ſupplied him freely with all  
 the neceſſaries and conveniences which his lan-  
 guiſhing condition could require. The foldier,  
 thus happily reſcued from death, was inceſſant in  
 the warmeſt expreſſions of gratitude to his bene-  
 factor; aſſured him of his intereſt with the king,  
 and of his power and reſolution of obtaining for  
 him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns  
 which ſuch extraordinary benevolence had merit-  
 ed. He was now completely recovered, and his  
 kind hoſt ſupplied him with money to purſue his  
 journey. Some time after he preſented himſelf  
 before the king; he recounted his miſfortunes and

F f

magnified

magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands where he had been so kindly and tenderly entertained. Unhappily, Philip, without examination, inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request; and this soldier now returned to his preserver, and repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrong, to seek relief, and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner. The king was fired with indignation, and ordered justice should be done; that the possessions should be instantly restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid; and having seized his soldier, caused these words to be branded on his forehead, "The ungrateful guest;" a character infamous in every age, and among all nations, but particularly the Greeks, who, from the earliest times, were most jealously observant of the laws of hospitality.

ANECDOTE

## ANECDOTE

## OF LUTHER.

**A**S Luther felt his strength declining he made his will; the conclusion of which is very remarkable, as it shews how highly he still thought of himself and of his ministry.

“ I have my reasons for omitting the usual formalities in this my last will, and I hope I shall have more credit given to me than to a Notary. For I am well known in the world, since God, the Father of all mercy, has instructed me, an unworthy sinner, with the Gospel of his Son, and enabled me to preach it with truth, fidelity, and perseverance, even to this day; so that many persons have been converted by my ministry, and think me a Doctor of truth, notwithstanding the excommunication of the Pope, the ban of the Emperor and the wrath of many Kings, Princes, and Priests; nay, in spite of the wrath of the Devil. Why should I then not be credited in a matter so insignificant as my will, particularly since my hand-writing is well known, and sufficient, if it can be said, This is written by Dr. Martin Luther, the Notary of God, and the Witness of his Gospel.”



*On the ADVANTAGES*  
OF POVERTY.

**T**HERE is not any consideration would more contribute to render a man easy in the low sphere of life allotted him to move in, than to reflect on the inconveniences which are to be found in superior ones. This maxim is seldom attended to by people in any class, from the highest to the lowest: but if the poor man compares his own condition with his rich neighbour's, and puts conveniences in one scale of his judgment, and the rich man's in the other, he will find the balance preponderate in his own favour. It appears, from the constitution of men and things in this world, that uninterrupted happiness, in any situation in it, is not to be expected. Every condition of life is attended with some evils: the Prince has cares, and the peasant his toils. Amongst the many evils, the supposed evils of Poverty are generally dreaded as some of the most alarming to which human beings in this world are incident. Suppose I am what the world calls a poor man, and acquire but little more daily than what is necessary for the maintenance of life; the rich often take but little bodily exercise, the want of which often subject them to the gout, &c. I take much,  
and

and am a stranger to the gout, and a thousand other ills of body and mind, which the rich are often heirs to. If I earn my morsel before I eat it, it eats the sweeter for it. When I travel abroad, it is on foot, with no other servant than my faithful dog, who bears me company: but then consider that I am in less danger than those who are carried about in a vehicle; for I have nothing to fear from hair-breadth 'scapes when horses run rusty, or from a drunken coachman. How many of the rich, who are too lazy to use their feet, lose the use of them by indolence and luxury. Moreover, I am free from that tormenting passion, envy, often strongly expressed in the features of the gentry; who are so fond of empty pomp, as to sacrifice every domestic and public virtue to the shrine of pageantry. I have no real estate, but a tenant at will to my landlord; and he indeed is not, properly speaking, a proprietor of what he possesses, but in common with the rest of mankind. The highest, as well as the lowest, is a tenant at will to his lord, and may be obliged to quit his large possessions as suddenly, and perhaps more reluctantly, than his reputed vassal, especially if he considers that he must afterwards give an account of his stewardship. I sleep more void of fear in my cottage, than many rich people do in their superb mansions. No enemy lurks within  
doors,

doors, nor does any watch without, to surprize, murder, or plunder me; for I have nothing worth the notice of a house-breaker, nor would any one be benefited by my death, and therefore no one can have any motive to disturb my rest by robbing me of my goods, or depriving me of my life.

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## ANECDOTE

O F

### *A YOUNG LADY.*

**A** Young lady, who lived in the North, was on the point of marriage with a young gentleman whom she was dotingly fond of, and by whom she was greatly beloved. She was at the same time admired by a person of high rank, but whose passion, as he was already married, was consequently dishonourable. He was determined, however, at any rate, to indulge his vicious flame; but as she was a person of the strictest honour, he was obliged to act cautiously, and keep his views a secret. Knowing her propensity to gaming, he laid a snare for her, into which she fell, to the great diminution of her fortune. This he took care to have represented with the most aggravating

ing circumstances to the gentleman to whom she was engaged. His friends painted to him the dreadful inconvenience of his taking a gamester to wife; that poverty, disease, and probably dishonour to his bed, were the likely consequences; in a word, they managed matters so as to break off the match. The villain who occasioned the breach between the lovers, notwithstanding, missed his wicked ends; his addresses and proposals met with contempt and abhorrence; yet, though she preserved her chastity, the loss of her intended spouse, to whom she was so passionately attached, threw her into a decline, which in a few months put an end to her life.

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### A N E C D O T E.

ABOUT the year 1759, a remarkable adventurer, named *Amine*, or *Immen*, found his way from India to London. Though descended from an opulent family, a wild effort of juvenile patriotism incited him to work his passage to Britain, in search of military knowledge and experience. After many distresses he arrived at Wapping, where, on his first landing, the landlady desired to know his name; this puzzled him; he thought



thought that his own name would sound ill in English ears; he determined to give himself that appellation by which the sailors had usually called him; and which though he did not comprehend it, he thought must be entirely applicable to him. He innocently told the landlady, therefore, that his name was *Cock-eyed son-of-a-b—*; which was the term bestowed on him by the sailors.

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## THE PULPIT

### THE

### *ENGINE of REFORMATION.*

THE pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd  
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
 With what intent I touch the holy thing)—  
 The pulpit (when the fat'rifi has at last,  
 Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,  
 Spent all his force and made no profelyte)—  
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
 Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)  
 Must stand acknowledg'd while the world shall  
 stand,  
 The most important and effectual guard,  
 Support

Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.  
 There stands the messenger of truth; there stands  
 The legate of the skies: his theme divine,  
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
 By him the violated law speaks out  
 Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet  
 As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.  
 He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,  
 Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart;  
 And, arm'd himself in panoply complete  
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms  
 Bright as his own; and trains, by ev'ry rule  
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war,  
 The sacramental host of God's elect.

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## ANECDOTE

O F

### *QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

ONE of her purveyors having behaved with some injustice in the county of Kent, one of the farmers of that county went to the Queen's palace at Greenwich, and watching the time when the Queen went to take her usual walk in the morning, cried out loud enough for her majesty

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to



to hear, " Pray which is the Queen?" She replied very graciously, " I am your Queen; what would you have with me?" You (replied the farmer) are one of the rarest women I ever saw, and can eat no more than my daughter Madge, who is thought the properest lass in the parish, though far short of you: but that Queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my ducks, hens, and capons, as I am not able to live."

The Queen, always auspicious to suits made through the mediation of her comely shape, enquired who was the purveyor, and caused him to be hanged.

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## ANECDOTE

O F

*Anne, Queen of England.*

WHEN the husband of this Princess, George Prince of Denmark, joined King William, James the Second merely said, " What, has the little *Fstil possible* left me at last?" But when he heard of Anne's defection he said, " Good God, am I then abandoned by my children?"

It

It appears by the Memoirs of the times, that Anne was very anxious that no violence should be offered to her brother's life, when he fought in the French army against those of the Allies. Had this Princess lived longer, great efforts would most probably have been made to place him upon the throne of these kingdoms after her death. The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Bolingbroke were well affected to his succession; Lord Oxford was wavering. Sarah Dutcheſs of Marlborough, in her "opinions," ſays, "The Queen's journey to Nottingham was purely accidental, but occasioned by the great fright ſhe was in when King James the Second returned to Salisbury; upon which ſhe ſaid ſhe would jump out of the window rather than ſee her father; and upon that ſent to the Biſhop of London to conſult with others what ſhe ſhould do, who carried her into the City, and from thence to Nottingham. She was never expenſive, but ſaved money out of her 50,000£. a-year, which, after ſhe came to the crown, was paid to Prince George of Denmark, which was his by right. She made no fooliſh buildings, nor bought one jewel in the whole time of her reign."





## R E V E N G E.

**H**IDARNES, Statira's father, a Persian of very great quality, was governor of one of the principal provinces of the empire. Statira was a lady of extraordinary beauty, which induced Artaxerxes the king to marry her, who was then called Arfaces. At the same time Teriteuchmes, Statira's brother, married Hamestris, Arfaces sister, one of the daughters of Darius and Parysatis; in favour of which marriage Teriteuchmes, upon his father's death, had his government given him. There was at the same time another sister in this family, no less beautiful than Statira, and who besides, excelled in the arts of shooting with a bow, and throwing the dart. Teriteuchmes her brother conceived a criminal passion for her, and to gratify it, resolved to set himself at liberty, by killing Hamestris, whom he had espoused. Darius having been informed of this project, by the force of presents and promises, engaged Udiastes, Teriteuchmes's friend and confidant, to prevent so black a design, by assassinating him. He obeyed, and had for his reward the government of him he had put to death with his own hands. Amongst Teriteuchmes's guards was a son of Udiastes, called Mithridates, very much attached to his master. The young gentleman upon hearing that his father had

had committed this murder in person, uttered all manner of imprecation against him, and full of horror for so infamous and villainous an action, seized on the city Zaris, and openly revolting, declared for the establishment of Teriteuchmes's son ; but that young man could not hold out long against Darius. He was blocked up in the place with the son of Teriteuchmes, whom he had with him ; and all the rest of the children of Hidarnes were put in prison, and delivered to Parysatis, to do with them as that mother, exasperated to the last excess, by the treatment either done or intended her daughter Hamestris, should think fit. That cruel princess began by causing Rosana, whose beauty had been the occasion of this evil, to be sawed in two, and ordered the rest to be put to death, except Statira, whose life she granted to the tears and most tender and ardent solicitations of Arfaces, whose love for his wife made him spare no pains for her preservation.

Statira, as soon as her husband was upon the throne, causes Udiasles to be delivered up to her. She ordered his tongue to be torn out, and made him die in the most exquisite torments she could invent, to punish the crime which had occasioned the ruin of her family.

Cyrus



Cyrus, the son of Darius and Paryfatis, saw with pain his elder brother Artaxerxes, the husband of Statira, on the throne, and therefore determined if possible to put him to death, and seize the government. With this view an army was raised, and hostilities commenced, the news of which occasioned great trouble at court. Paryfatis was looked upon as the principal cause of this war, and all persons in her service and interest were suspected of holding intelligence with Cyrus. Statira, especially, the reigning queen, reproached her incessantly, in the most violent terms. "Where is now," said she to her, "that faith you have so often engaged for your son's behaviour? Where those ardent prayers you employed to preserve from death that conspirator against his king and brother? 'Tis your unhappy fondness has kindled this war, and plunged us into an abyss of misfortunes." The antipathy and hatred of the two queens against each other were already much inflamed by such warm reproaches. We shall see what consequences they had. Artaxerxes assembled a numerous army to receive his brother, and a battle was fought at Cunaxa, about twenty five leagues from Babylon, which proved fatal to Cyrus, who fell dead at his brother's feet. Some say by the wound given him by the king; others affirm he was killed by a Carian soldier. Mithridates

dates a young nobleman, asserted that he had given him the mortal stroke with a javelin, which entered his temple and pierced his head quite through. As the king believed he killed Cyrus with his own hand, and looked upon that action as the most glorious of his life, he desired that all the world should think the same, and it was wounding him in the most tender part to dispute that honour, or endeavour to divide it with him. The Carian soldier, whom we mentioned before, not contented with the great presents the king made him, perpetually declared to all that would hear him, that none but himself had killed Cyrus; and that the king did him great injustice in depriving him of the glory due to him. The prince, upon being informed of that insolence, determined to revenge the affront, and had the weakness and cruelty to cause him to be delivered to Parysatis, who had sworn the destruction of all those who had any share in the death of her son. Animated by her barbarous revenge, she commanded the executioner to take that unfortunate wretch, and to make him suffer the most exquisite tortures for ten days; then after they had torn out his eyes, to pour molten brass into his ears, till he expired in that cruel misery; which was accordingly executed.

Mithridates

Mithridates also, having boasted at an entertainment, where he had heated his brain with wine, that it was he who gave Cyrus the mortal wound, paid very dear for that sottish and imprudent vanity. He was condemned to suffer the punishment of the *troughs*, one of the most cruel that ever was invented, and after having languished in torment during seventeen days, died at last in exquisite misery.

There only remained for the final execution of her project, and fully to satiate her vengeance, the punishment of the king's eunuch Mefabates, who, by his master's order, had cut off the head and hand of Cyrus. But as there was nothing to take hold of in his conduct, Paryfatis laid this snare for him: She was a woman of great address, had abundance of wit, and excelled in playing at a certain game at dice. After the war, she had been reconciled to the king, played often with him, was of all his parties, had an unbounded complaisance for him, and so far from contradicting him in any thing, prevented his desires, and did not even blush at indulging his passions. But she took special care never to lose sight of him, and to leave Statira as little alone with him as she could, desiring to gain an absolute ascendancy over her son. One day, seeing the king intirely unemployed,

employed, and with no thoughts but diverting himself, she proposed playing at dice with him for a certain sum, to which he readily consented. She suffered him to win, and paid down the money. But affecting regret and vexation, she pressed him to begin again, and to play with her for an eunuch. The king, who suspected nothing, complied, and they agreed to accept five of the favourite eunuchs on each side; that the winner should take their choice out of the rest; and the loser be bound to deliver him. Having made these conditions, they sat down to play. The queen was all attention to the game; and made use of all her skill and address in it. She won, and chose Mesabates; for he was not one of the excepted. As soon as she got him into her possession, before the king could have the least suspicion of the revenge she meditated, she delivered him to the executioners, and commanded them to flay him alive, to lay him afterwards upon three cross bars, and to stretch his skin at large before his eyes, upon two stakes prepared for that purpose; which was performed accordingly. When the king knew it, he was extremely concerned, and violently angry with his mother. All these cruelties seem to have been only essays and preparations for a greater crime Parysatis meditated. She had retained at heart a violent hatred, for

H h

Queen

Queen Statira, which she had suffered to escape her upon many occasions. She perceived plainly, that her credit with the king her son was only the effect of his respect and consideration for her as his mother; whereas that for Statira was founded in love and confidence, the best security of credit with him. She resolved, therefore to rid herself whatever it cost her, of so formidable a rival. For the more certain attainment of her ends, she feigned a reconciliation with her daughter-in-law, and treated her with all the exterior marks of sincere friendship and real confidence. The two queens, appearing therefore to have forgotten their former suspicions and differences, lived well together, saw one another as before, and did eat at each other's apartments. But as both of them knew how much the friendship and caresses of the court were to be relied on, especially among the women, they were neither of them deceived in the other; and the same fears always subsisting, they kept upon their guard, and never eat but of the same dishes and pieces. Could one believe it possible to deceive so attentive and cautious a vigilance! Parysatis, one day when her daughter-in-law was at table with her, took an exquisite bird that had been served up, cut in two parts, gave one half to Statira, and eat the other herself. Statira soon after was seized with sharp pains;  
and

and having quitted the table, died in the most horrible convulsions, not without inspiring the king with the most violent suspicion of his mother, of whose cruelty and revengeful spirit he was sufficiently sensible before. He made the strictest enquiry into the crime; all his mother's domestics were seized and put to the question; when Gygis, one of Parysatis's women and confidants, confessed the whole. She had caused one side of a knife to be rubbed with poison, so that Parysatis, having cut the bird in two, put the sound part into her own mouth directly, and gave Statira the other that was poisoned. Gygis was put to death after the manner the Persians punished prisoners, which is thus: they lay their head upon a very great and very broad stone, and beat upon it with another till they are entirely crushed, and have no remains of their former figure. As for Parysatis the king contented himself with confining her to Babylon, where she demanded to retire; and told her that he would never set his foot within it whilst she was there.

We see here the terrible effects of female revenge, and, in general, of what excesses they are capable, who find themselves above all laws, and have no other rule for their actions than their own will and passions.



THE  
TWO HEROINES  
OR THE  
*SACRIFICES of LOVE to VIRTUE.*  
A MORAL TALE.

THREE years had passed since the Count de Marlines had married the heiress of the house of Thomont. The parents on both sides had resolved on this match, merely to terminate the long quarrels between the two families, and to unite their vast estates in the married pair. Their respective tastes, in course, were not consulted; and yet they lived together in perfect harmony. Marlines, it is true, was one of those benign characters, which nothing can resist, and Matilda de Thomont, formed by the Graces, and tenderness itself, after being married three years, was incapable of comprehending the utility of prescribing as a duty—the supreme pleasure of loving a husband. The tenderness of Marlines was equal to her own; but in vain was every effort to conceal a secret chagrin, which in spite of himself was too apparent, and which tended still more to engage the most affectionate attentions of Matilda. Often involuntary sighs escaped him  
and

and solitude he would seek in the deep recesses of a neighbouring wood: but the moment Matilda appeared, he flew to meet her, and by the tenderest caresses endeavoured to banish the suspicions she might have formed. For a long time she was apprehensive that she herself was the cause of these sad reveries; unable to comprehend that a happy and contented Love could produce effects, which she experienced not.

Having one day, in order to surprize him, concealed herself in a thicket, to which she knew he was to come, she heard him pronounce these words, accompanied with tears: What a wretched fate is mine! In the midst of affluence, beloved by the loveliest of women, on whom I confer all the happiness that can depend on me—and yet I—I myself cannot be happy! Matilda bursting from the hedge, and embracing Marlines: ‘ You cannot be happy!’ she exclaimed, ‘ Oh! Heavens! tell me—tell me what I can do to dissipate your griefs. Tell me what sacrifices you require of me. There are none, my life not excepted, that I am not ready to make.’ Marlines, astonished at this unexpected address, loaded her with caresses, and besought her to be calm. Matilda, trembling, entreated him to inform her whether she was not the innocent cause of his sufferings.

‘ No,’

‘No,’ said he, ‘you alone could dissipate my chagrins, were they not of a nature that no remedy can cure.’

Matilda now became melancholy in her turn. She reproached the Count with not reposing that confidence in her that she merited. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘should you wish me to communicate griefs to you, that ought to be only mine.’—‘Grief insensibly vanishes in the communication; and am I not certain of your love? Of what then can I be apprehensive? Speak I beseech you. Your silence is yet more cruel than the severest truths you can have to tell me.’—‘By our sacred love I entreat you to set some bounds to curiosity. It hath been fatal to many a wife, endued with too much sensibility.’—‘You make me tremble: and with what can my delicacy be alarmed? assure me that you love me, and do not fear to afflict me.’—‘But ah! if in this fatal confidence you should learn that you have a rival?’ ‘No matter; although you should prefer a rival to me, I will yet fear nothing; You have a noble heart, and my unceasing affection shall at length induce you to forget her.’ ‘Oh! my adorable wife, how excellent you are! I will tell you all. A longer silence would be treason to you.’

I love you, my dear Matilda, with the tenderest affection; but before our parents, unknown to us had formed our happy union, Love, Virtue, and Beauty, had conspired against my heart: I loved, without hope an object which is the torment of my life, and which in vain I endeavour to banish from my thoughts.

“ I did not experience the power of Love till I had attained my eighteenth year. One of my friends who was going to be married in Provence, wrote to me to buy some jewels on this occasion. I entered into the first jeweller's shop, and while I was disputing the price with the jeweller, his daughter appeared. I was struck with her modesty and beauty, and some words she spoke to her father affected my whole heart. Her voice, her air, her slightest movement, had something inexpressibly enchanting. Nature has doubtless ordered it, that every man should be sensible to a particular kind of beauty. I had seen women more beautiful than Sophia; but not one had made the impression which I then experienced. She could not fail to perceive the sensations of my heart, and, blushing with unaffected loveliness, she retired. I had all the difficulty imaginable to tear myself from this fascinating spot. The image of Sophia pursued me every where. I  
returned

returned many times to her father's shop, under pretence of buying more jewels. I contracted an acquaintance with her mother, and was charmed to see every thing virtuous in this family. I had been hitherto unable to speak to Sophia, but in the presence of her parents; but one day the happy moment arrived, when she was alone in the shop. I entered trembling. As soon as she saw me, she seemed disconcerted, and before I could ask her a single question, she told me with a faltering voice and downcast eyes, that her parents were gone out. "Charming Sophia," said I, "it is not them I seek: it is you only, you, who have robbed me of my repose and my liberty; you without whom I cannot exist."—"I am quite concerned," answered Sophia innocently, "that I have been the cause of such uneasiness, since it is not in my power to remove it."—"Ah! Sophia, you alone can remove it. Tell me only that my passion does not displease you, and I shall think myself the happiest of men."—"Your passion! Ah! Sir, young as you are, and formed to please the handsomest of women of your own rank, I can never imagine that you seriously think of a girl in my situation."—"Rank my Sophia, is nothing. Nature and Love never knew any other than Virtue and Beauty. You possess these; you are formed to reign in every heart," "Ah! Sir, at  
your

your age one may be inattentive to the prejudices of the world.—“ No, Sophia. You are the first that has taught me that I have a heart, and I know my heart too well not to swear to you, that these sentiments can never be effaced.”—“ I believe you are sincere, and I will speak to you with equal sincerity. I confess, that, without being ambitious, you lead me to wish that my rank were equal to yours, or that yours were as low as mine. But as this circumstance is unalterable, it is with regret that I see the necessity we are under of absolutely renouncing each other. I am determined never to encourage a passion, that would fully my honour, or destroy your fortune. Adieu, Sir, we must avoid each other.”

At these words, Sophia called some person into the shop, and immediately retired; but I perceived, notwithstanding her seeming firmness, some marks of agitation, and some tears, which she could not conceal. I left the shop a moment after, overwhelmed with grief. From this moment she avoided all conversation with me. In vain were all my efforts, till I learned one day, that she was to go to a ball with her mother, on occasion of the marriage of one of her friends, the daughter of a rich goldsmith. This was an entertainment to which the father had invited all the

persons of quality whom he served, as is customary in Paris. I contrived that the Marquis de—, who was invited, should introduce me into the party, but without acquainting him with my views. The master of the house received us with a noble welcome; and I could not but observe, that the easy gaiety, the respectful manners, and the good sense, which reigned in this assembly, were far preferable to the airs of importance without dignity, and the unintelligible small talk of what is called good company.

I had no difficulty to discover Sophia in the crowd. I approached her under cover of my mask, and snatching the first moment in which I could speak to her at liberty, I described all my sufferings since she had condemned me to forget her. ‘Command me,’ said I, ‘what is within my power to obey. And is it then such a crime to love you? Can the most rigid virtue be offended with a secret homage? Even the most powerful monarchs have no empire over hearts. Forget you! No, Sophia.” never. In vain, when I follow you, do you affect indifference and disdain. In vain, when I meet your eyes, do you avert them with anger.”—‘Ah! Sir, how remote is my heart from the harsh sentiments you imagine! Happy would it be for me if I could entertain  
such

such in reality.”—“What do you say my charming Sophia? And have I been so supremely happy as to inspire you with similar sentiments. But, why then do you thus avoid me?”—“Because I owe it to your happiness; we can never be united!”—“Love has worked greater miracles than this. Ah! if the tenderest affiduities, if the sharing of my fortune could but conquer these prejudices.”—

At these words, Fortune and Prejudices, Sophia gave me a severe and chilling look. “Do, I understand you rightly? Would you have the baseness of those wretches, who never approach our sex but with dishonourable views? What opinion must you have formed of me, if you can imagine that I would grant that to your degrading gifts, which I would refuse to your virtues?”—Ah! I exclaimed, ‘on what foundation do you accuse me of entertaining such humiliating ideas? If I offer to divide my fortune with you, it is with the title of wife to the most ardent of lovers.’—“Oh! no, that can never be. I should disgrace the man I love.”—“Treat me with as much rigour as you please, but never impute such unworthy sentiments to me. Yes, tell me this moment that you will be mine, and to-morrow I will



demand your parents' consent. I will marry you in spite of mine."

Joy seemed to sparkle in Sophia's eyes. But it was momentary. A melancholy reverie succeeded, and some tears stole down her lovely cheeks. At length, breaking a painful silence, she desired a month in order to consider of this important step; and that I might have all the time that was requisite to deliberate on the consequences of such an unequal match, she required that during this interval I should absolutely avoid her. "Believe me," she added, "what I demand is essential to your happiness. These words which I interpreted as favourable to my hopes, induced me to accede to her demands, and the next day I retired into the country.

Never was an absence from the object of the most passionate love supported more agreeably. The given period I doubted not would be the commencement of my happiness. Three weeks had passed, and I counted the hours that delayed our union, when I received this letter.

The Count, presenting the letter to Matilda, entreated her to read it, as the subject was too affecting for him. It was as follows.

"The

“ The sacrifice, which I owed to the most generous of men, is now accomplished. Your love was on the point of ruining you, and all my life I should have had to reproach myself with being the cause of that ruin. I had every thing to fear for myself: a little more, and perhaps I had become your accomplice. But for the sacred principles of religion of the two expedients which remained to deliver you from me, perhaps I might have preferred death itself to the step which I have taken. Whatever tenderness you might have for me, I question whether it can equal that which I feel for you. I have hesitated to make this confession. If, on the one hand, it may heighten your regrets, on the other it gives you an example of the duties which honour requires. Such a marriage as you had determined upon would have embroiled you with your family beyond the hope of reconciliation. And with what face could you have seen me exposed to the contempt of your relations? Could we have remained unmoved by the consideration that we were the cause of unspeakable grief to a venerable mother, and perhaps even of her death? For that grief, which has its source in rooted prejudices, how absurd however, is more exquisitely pungent than that which springs from the real misfortunes incident to human life. Your Uncles of whose vast estates  
you

you are now the heir, would have altered the succession in favor of other relations. You would have plunged into a variety of misery, and I should have had the guilty consciousness of being the author of your distresses, by having taken an unworthy advantage of an inconsiderate passion. Perhaps this passion would have enabled you, in the earlier years of marriage, to support these misfortunes; but beauty fades away, and while passion cools, the force of prejudice remains. And though you might have continued superior to prejudice till death, your children would yet be sensible to its force. They would have had a right to reproach their mother with having sullied the nobleness of their blood. You think too justly not to regard these prejudices in the same light that I do: but ridiculous as they are, they reign with universal sway; and the wise man, who despises them, is not less obliged to make them the rule of his conduct, than the fool who applauds them.

“ A man of my own rank had demanded me in marriage a long time since. I esteemed, but could not love him, and my heart was quite averse to this union. My parents, who had not a wish but for my happiness, and who perceived how little I was disposed to favour this young man, attempted

ted not to importune me. You had no sooner left Paris, than I furnished him with an opportunity of renewing his addresses. He eagerly embraced it, and I delighted him with an unexpected attention to his professions: but incapable of dissimulation, I opened my whole heart to him. I avowed that I did not feel that love for him which his passion for me so truly merited. I added, that if he had such a favourable opinion of me, as to hope that my unceasing attachment to my duties, with time, and gratitude for his affectionate attentions, could inspire me with sentiments more worthy of his delicacy, I was ready to give him my hand. The poor young man, who loved me to distraction, snatched this hand, and bathed it with his tears: he then led me to my mother, and scarce able to express his joy, "She is mine," he exclaimed, "if you consent." From this moment the marriage was concluded upon. But my fortitude now abandoned me. For fifteen days my struggles had nearly terminated my life. But I triumphed at last, and but yesterday I swore a fidelity to my husband that can end only in the grave. I am sensible how severely you will feel this blow, but it was necessary; and it is perhaps the greatest effort of which true love was capable. Had I loved you for myself alone, I should have accepted your offer without hesitation; but I have been

been intent upon nothing but your felicity. My heart enjoys the noble triumph, while it is yet sensible to severe regrets, and I suffer more from the idea of your griefs than of my own. Adieu, Sir. Recollect the sacred obligations into which I have now entered. They are irrevocable. Recollect what you owe to yourself, to your family, and to the world. Your esteem will ever be dear to me.

‘ You see,’ resumed the Count, ‘ the cause of that melancholy which has so long distressed my happiest moments with you. The letter you have read affected me to such a degree, that for twenty four hours my senses failed me, I fell into a kind of lethargy, which lasted several days. However, Nature and youth prevailed at last, and the first use I made of my recovery, was to seek for this fatal letter, in order to read it again. I then wept for the first time, and wept incessantly. I wrote to Sophia, but she returned my letter unsealed, with this answer on the back of it. “ I will never open any of your letters. Your reproaches may awaken my sensibility, but can never excite repentance. If you have any friendship for me, you will carefully avoid every opportunity of seeing me. Adieu. Forget me.”

I have attempted a variety of means to see her again, but without effect. In the mean time I led a lingering life. My mother, who was apprehensive that I should pine away, often urged me to marry. For a long time I combated her views. They recommended you in the warmest terms. They dwelt on all your excellencies. In your character I fancied a similitude to that of Sophia: and I hoped that you would be the means of diverting my chagrin. They dragged me to the altar. My tenderness, however, answered your fondest hopes, but you divided with Sophia. Heaven is my witness, that you are dearer to me than life; that in you I find again a mistress and a friend; that there is not a sacrifice I would not make to your happiness, and every effort will I exert to forget Sophia."

"But why should you forget her?" interrupted the Countess. "This would be an ingratitude, and I require it not. I love, I revere, this uncommon woman, and I would fain know her, that I might demand her friendship. Put no longer this constraint upon yourself. Speak to me often of Sophia. Pour your regrets into my bosom. I shall be the first to applaud a love so pure, and so worthy of a better fate."

K k

Love

Love dictated this discourse to the Countess, and the most refined philosophy could not have advised a discreeter conduct. The passions rankle in concealment. Like a fire, that keeps alive under the ashes that cover it, it is necessary to give the passions vent in order to weaken them. To persecute a rival is not the way to banish her image from the fond recollections of the lover. It only leads him to defend her, and to attach himself to her with invincible perseverance. But to speak in her favour, to interest one's self in whatever relates to her, is to win the regards of the patient we would cure. It is to inspire him with confidence in his physician, with friendship, with gratitude, and in a word, to triumph over an enemy without a combat.

The Countess soon experienced this. She perceived a livelier ardour in the tenderness of her husband. His complaisance was more endearing every day, and he often adverted to the conversation in which the excellent Matilda had at first opened her sentiments on the subject of Sophia. When she had attained this point, she formed a plan that was to effect a total change.

The Countess procured secret information of the situation of Sophia. She discovered, that during the illness of Marlines, the Marchioness's mother

mother had found the letter of this unfortunate woman, and that, treating even her virtue as a crime, she had not blushed to solicit her to become the mistress of her son, hoping that enjoyment would cure her passion and the miseries she had occasioned; that, having found her inflexible, she had compelled her through persecution to retire to an obscure place in the extremity of one of the suburbs; that her parents were dead; that her husband, from an excess of confidence in others, had become a bankrupt, and was in the power of merciless creditors, who threatened him every moment with a prison; that, overwhelmed with his misfortunes, he was seized with a slow fever, which was leading him to the grave; that his young wife never quitted him; that, occupied in her endeavours to soothe him, and unable to provide for the subsistence of two children, she had sold the little necessary furniture their creditors had left them; and, in fine, that the whole family was involved in the deepest misery.

Matilda melted into tears at this melancholy recital. She sent every kind of relief to Sophia, by a trusty friend, who concealed the name of her benefactress. She did more. She called all the creditors together, took the debts upon herself, fixed the proper periods of payment, and when every thing was arranged, unknown to Sophia, she embraced the first moment of mentioning this



virtuous woman to her husband. She expressed an impatience to know her. 'More than three years have elapsed since you have lost her. How is it that you have made such few efforts to see her again?'—'Alas! all my endeavours have been ineffectual. Do you think, my dear Matilda, that I have not attempted every thing, not so much from a desire to see her, as from I know not what anxiety inseparable from my situation?'—'I will assist your endeavours to discover her. Who knows what events may have happened? Perhaps she is not happy.'—'Heaven would then be unjust: Sophia is too virtuous not to draw a blessing on all around her.'—'Yes, Heaven is just, but men are not so, and virtue which is its own reward, suffers not less from them.'—'These reflections distress me; but would you wish me to expose myself to the hazard of seeing her again?'—'Why not?' I confess I am apprehensive that the sight of her would revive my first impressions. Alas! who can answer for his virtue?'—'He who can mistrust himself. But leave every thing to me. Give me a *carte blanche*. I will not abuse your confidence; and we shall have news of her.' The Count obeyed her without hesitation.

Matilda had no sooner obtained the signature of Marlines, than she caused a letter to be written  
in

in a strange hand to Sophia, as if dictated by the Count himself. He was made to reproach her with having suffered him to remain ignorant of her distresses; she was assured that her happiness should not be restored; and the papers which the Countess had obtained from the creditors were enclosed in the letter, in which moreover some passionate expressions were designedly inserted. Marlines was made to protest, that neither time, or the tenderness of a wife, who adored him, had been able to efface the ardent sentiments he entertained, and that he would never cease to hope.

Sophia wept over this letter; but she was exasperated at the price which the Count appeared to fix upon his generosity; and, embracing her children; "Oh! my poor babes, you would not have me receive these bounties on conditions that would dishonour your mother, and render your father wretched." Then taking what remained of the money she had received by the hands of an unknown person, and the creditors papers that had been just sent to her, she flew to the house of Marlines, whom she no longer dreaded, and who could not suspect such a visit. What was his surprise in seeing Sophia before him. 'Alas! could I ever have foreseen that the Count de Marlines would take advantage of my misfortunes, to per-

suade

suade me to sell to him, what the most ardent love could not obtain! Take back your odious bounties. Carry these notes again to our creditors, and see, when they have dragged us to a prison, whether extreme misery, and the loss of liberty, can induce me to comply with your guilty desires. Chains,—death itself—the death of my husband, and of my babes, will be far more supportable than the infamy you propose.

The Count was at a loss to understand these reproaches: ‘What mean you, Sophia, by odious bounties, creditors’ notes, and infamous proposals? Explain a mystery I am unable to comprehend’—‘For these eight days past, I have received the most seasonable relief. There are generous minds, whose delight it is to enjoy in secrecy the unspeakable happiness of consoling the wretched. I had been desirous to suppress my curiosity, when I received these bounties; but I confess that I sometimes thought they could come from no one but you; and as I believed them to be tendered by a pure and noble mind, I received them with gratitude; but your letter, while it discovers the benefactor, but too well explains his guilty views. It has contributed more to deliver me from an unhappy passion, than all the efforts I have been able to make. I can at length see you  
without

without danger.—I can despise you, and I can tell you so.—Sophia, Sophia, suspend your anger. I have not written to you. For three years I have been unable to discover your retreat. I thought you happy, and was very far from thinking that you could want my assistance.'

Sophia put the letter into his hands. The Count on opening it, recollected his signature. 'Oh Heavens!' he exclaimed, 'this is the contrivance of my wife. What can have been her views? he sent to request the presence of Matilda. He told Sophia with what an interest this excellent woman had entered into her concerns, the respect and friendship which she had conceived for her, the earnest desire she had so often expressed to see her, and, finally, he mentioned the *carte blanche*, which she had requested him to give her, and which had led Sophia into this error.

The moment Matilda appeared, the Count exclaimed: 'See the consequences of your letter: Sophia believes me to be a monster, and returns all your presents.'—'I expected this,' answered the Countess embracing them: 'You will each forgive me for having thus deceived you.' She then related the various steps she had taken in order to discover Sophia's retreat; the persecutions  
which

which she had discovered this virtuous woman to have suffered from the Count's mother, and, in a word, all that she had learned of the misfortunes of Sophia and her husband. 'Reduced to such extreme misery,' added Matilda, 'I was desirous of knowing to what an exalted height a woman might carry virtue. She has not deceived my hopes. Vanquished by her misfortunes, by your favours, and by your constancy, perhaps, without a crime, she might have amused you with hopes. But, in the very depth of misfortune her triumph is complete—her disinterestedness unexampled. Do not imagine, Madam, that I have been influenced by any motive of jealousy. No. My views are of a nobler kind. Receive me into the number of your friends, and strengthen for me the endearing ties that unite me to my husband.'

The Countess then desired them to accompany her to the husband of Sophia, whom they found in the midst of his children, impatient for the return of their mother. Having provided every thing, she took them away from their wretched dwelling, and conducted them to a decent house in the neighbourhood of her own. 'I have received from you,' said she to the Count, 'a great proof of confidence indeed in the *carte blanche* which you have given me. You see the use I have

have made of it. Will you indulge me with a second, by signing this contract?' Marlines instantly signed before he read it. But what emotions he felt, when, on reading it, he found it to be a deed of gift of an estate of one hundred louis d'ors a year, which Matilda had purchased near Paris, but which she could not alienate without his consent. 'O my adorable wife,' said he, embracing her, 'what heart would you not conquer? How delightful is it to be overcome by you!'

The grateful sentiments which Matilda inspired in the hearts of Sophia and Marlines, extinguished their passion for ever, and changed it into a sweet and tender friendship. But the Count now became as much in love with his wife as he had been with Sophia. That charming union subsisted between the happy parties, which no difference of rank or situation could disturb, and which was ever after supported by that virtue by which it had been formed.

L I

AN



## A N E C D O T E.

**D**URING a hot press the different presses-gangs having taken the hint, began to make free with several of the supernumerary *Knights of the Rainbow*; for as a lady of fashion was driving by Charing-Cross, London, with two of those heroes stuck up behind her vis-a-vis, a gang stopped the carriage, and securing one of them, began to carry him off; but on the man's remonstrating with the Lieutenant on the hardship of taking him in preference to his fellow servant, the officer replied, "Avast! avast! that's right; you shall both prick for your beef alike." On this taking a shilling from his pocket, he bade the other servant, who remained behind the carriage, call *head* or *tail*, as he tossed up on the leathern cushion,"—" *Head*," says the servant.—"its *tail* (rejoined the Lieutenant) so unship yourself, and let your mess-mate come aboard in your room; and I hope your mistress will find one powdered *cock-swain* enough for such a gingerbread barge as this."—Having said this, the gang marched away with their silver-laced captive amidst the acclamations of a great number of spectators.

ANECDOTE

## A N E C D O T E

O F

*HENRY IV. of FRANCE.*

**H**ENRY reduced the city of Paris to obedience without the loss of blood, except two or three burgesſes who were killed. “ If it was in my power (ſaid the good King) I would give fifty thouſand crowns to redeem thoſe citizens, to have the ſatisfaction of informing poſterity, that I ſubdued Paris without ſpilling a drop of blood.

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## C O N S C I E N C E.

**W**HAT treasure ſo comfortable as that of a good conſcience, which as a faithful mirror, reflects nothing to us that can create uneaſineſs!

What a heart-felt and glorious delight to ſurvey all one’s life in an uniform point, and not to have to reproach ourſelves with the tears or miſfortunes of others! There are undoubtedly weakneſs inseparable from humanity; but the recollection of thoſe faults does not deſtroy our interior peace, when one can ſay he has not offended himſelf or others.—The good man is abſolved in his



own breast, and forms the design of rising to greater perfection.—Compare this happy state to the storm that remorse, fear, and dread drag after them, and you will see realized the true and terrible picture of the furies that pursue the profligate wretch, and overwhelm his soul with hellish despair.

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A

*Wife saying of a BISHOP.*

A BISHOP in King Charles the Second's reign, eminent for piety and good works, often made use of the following saying: *Serve God, and be chearful.*—The due observance of which, he said, would preserve a person both from presumption and from despair.

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### ON POVERTY.

OH! Poverty! of pale consumptive hue,  
 If thou delight'st to haunt me still in view;  
 If still thy presence must my steps attend,  
 At least continue, as thou art my friend!  
 When Scotch example bids me be unjust,  
 False to my word or faithless to my trust,

Bid

Bid me the baneful error quickly see,  
 And shun the world to find repose with thee ;  
 When vice to wealth wou'd turn my partial eye,  
 Or int'rest shut my ear to sorrow's cry,  
 Or Courtier's custom wou'd my reason bend,  
 My foe to flatter,—or desert my friend :  
 Oppose, kind Poverty, thy temper'd shield,  
 And bear me off unvanquish'd from the field.  
 If giddy Fortune e'er return again,  
 With all her idle-reflects, wanton train,  
 Her magic glass shou'd false ambition hold,  
 Or avarice bid me put my trust in gold,  
 To my relief, thou virtuous Goddess, haste,  
 And with thee bring thy daughters ever chaste,  
 Health!—Liberty!—and Wisdom, sisters bright!  
 Whose charms can make the worst condition light,  
 Beneath the hardest fate the mind can cheer,  
 Can heal affliction—and disarm despair!  
 In chains, in torments, pleasure can bequeath,  
 And dress in smiles, the tyrant hour of death!

## A

## YOUNG KING

*Taught Wisdom by a Shepherd.*

**A** YOUNG King of Persia, named Behram,  
 succeeded to the throne of his father at an  
 age when he was more fit to be governed than to  
 govern ;

govern; and thinking he was a King for no other reason but to consult his own happiness, delegated to the Vizier the whole government of his empire. This Vizier imagined he should never be called to any account for what he did, and therefore greatly abused the trust reposed in him. The persons whom he employed under him, followed the example of their master, considering only their private interest, instead of the public good; for which they were responsible. The troops were ill paid, and therefore neglected their duty: all sorts of order, justice, and œconomy, were now no more, and the people began to revolt. The Prince was too late informed that his subjects would no longer obey him: he roused himself from his lethargy, and considered how he could prevent the evils that threatened him. His Counsellors, who were awed by the presence of the Vizier, acquainted him with the complaints of the people, but were afraid to discover the cause.

One day, as the Prince was walking in a pensive mood, reflecting upon the misfortunes that surrounded him, he observed a shepherd hanging up his dog upon a tree. "What has the poor dog been guilty of, (said the King to the shepherd,) to deserve that ignominious death?" What has he done, (replied the shepherd,) why he has abused  
the

the confidence that I reposed in him. I bred him from a puppy, and furnished him with food, that he might defend my sheep from the wolves: instead of that, he has entered into a league with these voracious animals and is a partaker with them in the booty. My flock has been destroyed by the perfidy of my dog: the misfortunes of the multitude will always fall upon the governor or leader."

These words opened the eyes of the King: he comprehended that he had done wrong in submitting all to his Vizier, who, he was convinced was as perfidious as the shepherd's dog. He therefore ordered him to receive the same chastisement that the dog had so lately merited. — This example intimidated all those who, like the Vizier, had abused the portion of authority with which they were entrusted. Order and regularity were established in Persia, and a king was instructed by a poor shepherd how he ought to govern mankind.

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## THE KNOWING ONE. A MORAL TALE.

WITH a pretty little compact estate of six hundred a year, in a fine sporting country, and a few thousands in the funds, George Grimstone

stone might have lived in a very comfortable and respectable style, if Constitutional good-nature, undirected by reason, had not prompted him to make a figure disproportioned to his circumstances: but it was his passion for the turf which accelerated his velocity to ruin.

George, having from his infancy been strongly addicted to the stable, acquired, as he grew up, a considerable deal of equestrian knowledge; yet, for want of knowing Men as well as Horses, he was perpetually duped whenever he had any turf transactions with the former. Repeated losses and disappointments, however, did not correct his ruling passion: he was weak enough to attribute them all to unlucky accidents, and not to the superior skill, cunning, or, in plain English, knavery of his competitors.

George, at last, finding his affairs embarrassed, began to feel himself in a very disagreeable situation; but instead of disentangling them by making proper retrenchments in his household, and selling off every thing that was not really useful about him, he determined, with his usual wrongheadedness, to *stake* his last thousand, and to ride himself.

The

The moment he declared, one night, at his jockey-club, that he would ride his Achilles so many miles in so many minutes, for a thousand pounds, against any man in the room, Bob Oats took him up, and the decisive day was immediately fixed. When that day was fixed, the conversation during the remainder of the evening turned immediately upon Achilles and Atalanta.

While George was in a *sweating state*, in order to reduce himself to the weight agreed upon, an old gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a greater regard for him than he deserved, made him a visit, though he had given him no encouragement to come to his house, as he had neglected a great deal of his good advice, and behaved indeed in a manner rather affronting. Mr. Miles certainly gave the most striking proof of his friendship for George, by not resenting his behaviour: but no man can ever be a friend to him who thinks he never stands in need of admonition.

When Mr. Miles was announced, George felt his blood rise a little, because he expected a *lecture*; but as his monitor was a man of importance, and much respected by every body (though not loved by those whose modes of thinking were op-

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posite to his) he did not chuse to be absolutely rude to him: he therefore ordered his introduction. George found himself, upon the entrance of Mr. Miles into the room, precisely in the situation of a refractory school-boy at the sight of his master, and his situation was the more distressing to him as he was alone. Had any of his sporting acquaintance been with him, he could have, by talking to them in their way, prevented his old *Mentor* from coming to a close *engagement* with him.

“I see, Sir, by your looks, said Mr. Miles, that my presence is unwelcome; but though you have hitherto refused to listen to my advice, I hope I shall prevail on you, before I go, to save yourself from the destruction with which you are nearly threatened.”

George, during this introductory address, shifted from one side of his chair to the other, and appeared to be in every posture extremely uneasy. At the conclusion of it, he started up, and said, “Why, to be sure, Sir, I *have* been an unlucky fellow, that is the truth, but I flatter myself that with the assistance of Achilles, I shall, next week, put a thousand pieces into my pocket. Bob Oats rides his Atalanta, and Bob is no jockey. I *think* I shall beat *him* hollow.”

The

The few last words were uttered in a tone so violently expressive of self-sufficiency, that Mr. Miles could not help feeling a concern for the speaker of them. "It is on account of your wager with Mr. Oats, Sir, replied the worthy old gentleman, that I now trouble you with my company. You say he is no jockey: I never, indeed, heard of his shining in a horse-race: but you may be outwitted by the person who is much inferior to you in horsemanship."

George had sagacity enough to perceive the justness of that assertion; but as he had as slight an opinion of Bob's understanding as he had of his riding, he answered in the same conceited tone, "O let *me* alone to deal with Bob, I am too *knowing a one*, to be outwitted by *him*, I hope."

"The most knowing ones, Sir, replied Mr. Miles have been taken in. But to come to the point, I must acquaint you with the immediate cause of my visit. While I was sitting in my arbour at the bottom of my Garden, I overheard a short dialogue between Mr. Oats and a friend of his, in which, if I am not mistaken, you are interested. "Don't you think, Jack, said the former, that my scheme to win this thousand of George is a good one?" "It is a very good one, to be sure, answered he, considered politically:

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but



but morally, I think it is a very bad one.”  
 “ Pshaw, d—n morality, returned Mr. Oats, I never trouble my head about *that*: I am for improving my fortune in every possible shape, without endangering my neck.” I could hear no more distinctly: it may, however, be reasonably imagined that the continuance of his discourse did no credit to his head or to his heart. And now, Sir, as you cannot be safe with a man who is actuated by such principles, let me prevail on you to break off all connection with him.

“ Connection! I have no connections with him: but a wager is a wager: my honour is staked with my thousand, and I shall be mounted in a manner sufficient to make me very easy about any of *his* schemes.”

“ Well, Sir, I have acted the part of a friend by giving you this information, and if you will not make a proper use of it.”—

Here, being interrupted by the entrance of four of George's sporting companions, Mr. Miles, as they were full as unsuitable to him as he was to them, retired.

The young fellows who quickened Mr. Miles's departure by their appearance, contributed to  
 make

make George still less inclined to follow his salutary admonitions, by their animating conversation, by their panegyrics on his horsemanship, and by their encomiums on Achilles.

When the day arrived which was to decide a wager of no small importance to George, he mounted his fleet courser with great agitation, occasioned by his eagerness to win it. His competitor backed his swift-footed mare, not without feeling his spirits in a flutter. They started from the post with the rapidity of lightning, and, for some time, seemed to fly over the plain with equal celerity. At length Achilles appeared very much a-head of Atalanta: George then secretly exulted, but his exultation was soon over; a ball thrown with no friendly hand to him, struck Achilles between the eyes. By this manœuvre concerted by Bob, and executed with all the wished-for address, Atalanta arrived first at the goal.

It is impossible to describe the state of George's mind, when he found himself in the rear of his rival. The loss of his wager gave him the most cutting disquiet: his disquiet would have been doubled, had he known that his rival triumphed over him by a successful stratagem.

George,

George, in consequence of this severe blow, resolved to get rid of his estate, to convert all his moveables into money, and to retire to France, in order to live there unmolested by his creditors. By this resolution he thought himself a very *knowing one* indeed; but unluckily for him, the auctioneer whom he employed to furnish him with cash for his *French* expedition, and to whom he hastily communicated his continental intentions, was nearly related by marriage to one of his principal creditors. Like a good auctioneer Mr.—fold his estate and his household furniture advantageously: like a good man, he acquainted his brother-in-law with the use to which Mr. Grimstone proposed to apply the money arising from the sales, and that gentleman took care to have it circulated among those who were intitled to it: but as there was not enough to satisfy every man who had demands upon him, poor George, instead of making Boulogne the place of his residence, was obliged to occupy no eligible apartments in the King's Bench.—Ye Grimstones, ye Knowing Ones of the age, be warned, if ye will not be advised!



T H E  
*L A S T J U D G M E N T:*  
 A PICTURE.

**T**HE toiling ocean groans, the stars grow pale,  
 And vengeance bids her fiercer fires prevail,  
 The trumpet sounds, the startled dead arise,  
 And the last day the sick'ning sun supplies:

Jehovah comes, and bids the world draw nigh,  
 His saints selecting for the realms on high;  
 Of pure religion now compleats the plan,  
 And now he vindicates his ways to man.  
 His angel swears that time shall be no more,  
 And strikes eternity's tremendous door:  
 It opens --- God, invifible fo long,  
 Appears; the great, the terrible, the ftrong!  
 Around him thunders roll, and light'nings blaze,  
 His glitt'ring throne the wings of cherubs raife:  
 The veil is drawn, to God the nations bow,  
 Unhappy thofe to whom unknown till now!  
 A fecond time commanded from the duft.  
 In whom, in what fhall guilty mortals truft?  
 Around they roll their eyes, no hills appear;  
 Above no azure fky, no circ'ling fphere,  
 The judge and criminal alone are found,  
 'Tis all vacuity, or flame around;

The

The wretch in agonies of strong despair  
 Would shun the glories which he cannot share.  
 Before his guilty face his hands display'd  
 Those hands intolerable beams pervade;  
 Depart, he hears, irrevocable doom!  
 And sinks for ever to infernal gloom,  
 Where grief no ease from ceaseless tears can know,  
 Nor groans express unutterable woe.  
 But he whose blameless life religion blest,  
 Looks up, and feels no terrors in his breast;  
 On that august tribunal he perceives  
 The God in whom unseen the faint believes,  
 His love's chief object, and his hope's sole end;  
 At once his judge, his advocate, and friend;  
 But hope and faith, shall now his breast resign,  
 Love only lasts, immortal and divine!

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T H E  
 B A D E F F E C T S  
 O F

*An imprudent Matrimonial Connection.*

**W**HILST the rest of the company were  
 viewing the curiosities of the place, Hor-  
 tensius, for some reason or other, had strolled at  
 some distance behind the convent, where he spied

a young wood-nymph cros the glade, with a pitcher of water in her hand. She was a genteel shaped girl, and seemed about fifteen; and though her tresses hung loose about her neck, and her coats were grown too short for her, yet they shewed her limbs to such advantage, and gave her such an artless appearance, that a young templar could not view so amiable a figure without some emotions of pleasure, which tempted him to approach her with an eager curiosity: but the poor girl was so frightened, that she threw down her pitcher, and ran like a young fawn, and made her escape to a little cottage, almost concealed by the wood; whither Hortensius ventured to pursue her.

The cottage stood in a little garden, which was over run with weeds; though here and there a rose-bush and one or two currant trees, forced their way through the wild convolvulules that twisted round them. When he came to the house, it seemed to be the habitation of poverty and wretchedness. A tall, fair woman, however, who appeared to be between thirty and forty, dressed in a gown which seemed to be silk, with her hair about her ears, and breasts almost bare, was sitting in a broken chair, and combing a little boy's head, with another child asleep in the cradle, and a third

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hanging

hanging in a swing. She looked at Hortensius with a mixture of anger and confusion, as being ashamed and vexed at being seen in such a wretched situation. After a kind speech or two from Hortensius, however, she got up; her features softened, and she discovered, amidst her rags, an air and manner of speaking which a little surprised him, as also the remains of a good face, though distress and vexation had rather soured her features. After some importunate enquiries from Hortensius, she told him that she had been bred up in a manner somewhat different from what her present circumstances and appearance might give room to imagine. In short, on Hortensius's urging her to acquaint him with some particulars of her story, she with some reluctance thus began:

“ My father (says she) was a younger brother of a gentleman's family, and was bred to a genteel business in London; but soon after he was out of his apprenticeship, a distant relation died, and unfortunately left him an estate of about five hundred pounds a year. I say, unfortunately, because, instead of pursuing his profession in town, as in prudence he should have done, and encreasing his fortune, he retired into the country and spent it. He married a genteel woman of good family, but of small fortune; and living the life of an idle country

try 'Squire, keeping dogs, horses, and a great deal of middling company, he soon dissipated his slender revenues, and in a few years was reduced to a state of indigence, which broke my poor mother's heart; and he himself took to drinking, and died by the time he was five and forty.

“ During our prosperity, however, my mother had taken care to give me and my two brothers a tolerable education; but when she died, we were left to the care of the servants, and indeed spent as much time as we pleased amongst them in the kitchen, as my father was generally engaged with one or two sottish companions in the parlour.

“ My father always took a pride in having genteel men-servants about him, whom he expected always to appear *clean*, as he called it; so that the butler and footman were always dressed and powdered up like gentlemen.

“ We had one footman in particular, who appeared so genteel in his person, blew the German flute so well, and even danced a minuet with so good an air, (for I once saw him do it,) that I really suspected him to be some young gentleman in disguise. For though my mother would never let me read romances, yet I had read several plays, and a good deal of poetry, which I found



in my father's study; and was particularly pleased with the *Beaux Stratagem*, *Love in a Village*, with Prior's *Henry and Emma*, and Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, and the like romantic tales.

"In short, Sir, I saw so little difference between the external appearance of this man, when he dressed and that of several country gentlemen who came to the house, but what was in *his favour*, that I was easily drawn in to listen to the nonsense which the familiar footing that we were upon encouraged him to talk to me; and this inspired him with hopes which he would not have presumed to entertain but from my imprudence."

"Why (says Hortensius) your mistake was natural enough; and I have often wondered that any gentleman who have daughters, and much more any old gentlemen who have young wives, should be so fond of having about them the handsomest fellows they can find; and instead of confining them to their liveries, and other mark of their servile condition, should suffer them to dress more like gentlemen than themselves. But please to proceed in your story."

"The sequel of my story (says she) is pretty obvious, and contains but a few more particulars. I must acquaint you, however, that about this  
time

time a young Clergyman of good fortune, who had lately got a Living in our neighbourhood, and who came often to dine with my father, saw me, and liked me, and actually made overtures of marriage to my father; who, as he was conscious he could not give me two hundred pounds for my fortune, listened *eagerly* to the proposal; but as my affections were pre-engaged, and the young Clergyman was rather a plain person, I saw so much difference in the mere outward appearance of my two lovers, that I foolishly gave the preference to Mr. William, and thought I could live *happier* in a *cottage* with the man I loved, than in the greatest splendor with one whom I fancied I disliked. I was continually repeating to myself,

*Fame, Wealth, or Titles, what are you to love?*

“ As I could give no other reason for refusing the young Clergyman’s offer, my father was extremely angry, as he had good reason; and even threatened me with the severest effects of his resentment, if I did not comply. But while the affair was in agitation my poor father was attacked by a violent fever, and died in a few days.”

“ As my father had made no will, I expected to come in for a share of what money and personal

nal estate he had left behind him. But it was soon discovered that there was a little more than enough to pay his creditors: so that my elder brother (whom he had put apprentice to a linen-draper in London) was not able even to set up in his trade, and is at this time only a foreman in the shop. My younger brother is a Clergyman, but has only a curacy to depend upon; not one of those *friends* who shared my father's fortune in his prosperity, having taken any notice of him.

" As I was now my own mistress, and had not above fifty pounds for my fortune, I thought myself very happy that William proved true to his engagements; who, though he might have expected me to have been a more advantageous match to him, yet, as I believe he really loved me, did not use me with less kindness on that account.

" As my fortune was just sufficient to buy a little furniture, and to stock a little shop, we opened in a market-town not far from my native place, where we went on tolerably well for some time: but as William had a taste for sociable company, and all sorts of country diversions, he was always from home; and I being very awkward in the management of my shop, we soon discovered that we traded to great disadvantage. In short, in a very few years we found that a  
great

great part of our money was spent; and we thought it prudent to give up our house and shop, and retire to a cottage in the country, at a small rent; where William pretended he could get more, and live better, by taking a little garden ground, and by his own labour, than he could do in a town.

“ After having lived two or three years in a dirty part of a miserable country town, I was much pleased with the thoughts of retiring again to shades and solitude, and formed to myself romantic ideas of a neat cottage and a little garden in the country: and as I flattered myself I should have more of my husband’s company in a lonely place, I was quite happy in the prospect of such a retreat.

“ But here alas! I soon found my hopes of happiness again disappointed. My husband soon grew tired of home and continual labour, and let his garden run to ruin, as you see it, Sir. He now and then did a day’s work for the ‘Squire’s gardener; but as soon as he received his weekly pay, he perhaps brought me—and the children a couple of loaves, and spent the rest in an ale-house. My brothers now and then contrive to send me a guinea, but that answers no other end than

than to make my husband idle for a week or a fortnight, 'till it is all spent. He is now gone to a cock-fighting, with half a crown in his pocket. If he should happen to have good luck, and win a few shillings, I shall not see him again for a week: if he loses his money, he will probably come home fuddled, and use me ill; then perhaps he will work for two or three days, and then be gone again. And this, Sir, is the comfortable life which I lead in this *delightful solitude*.

Hortensius was greatly affected with the poor woman's unhappy situation; and as the young nymph who had left her pitcher of water, and escaped to the cottage, (having smoothed her locks and adjusted her tattered dress as well as it would admit of,) stood behind her mother peeping at the stranger, he called her to him, and slipped two half crowns into her hands; for which the mother was going to thank him; but her tears bursting out, she put her apron to her eyes, and turned away her face: which moving sight made Hortensius hurry out of the house, and return to his company with great expedition, reflecting on the melancholy effects of a young lady's indulging so romantic and imprudent a passion.

A N E C D O T E  
O F  
*OLIVER CROMWELL,*

A FEW nights after the execution of King Charles the First, a man covered with a cloak, and with his face muffled up, supposed to have been Oliver Cromwell, marched slowly round the coffin, covered with a pall, which contained the body of Charles, and exclaimed, loudly enough to be heard by the attendants on the remains of that unfortunate monarch, " Dreadful necessity!" Having done this two or three times, he marched out of the room, in the same slow and solemn manner in which he came into it.

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A N  
A N E C D O T E  
*Related by Dr. HUNTER.*

A LADY in an advanced age, and declining state of health, went, by the advice of her physician, to take lodgings in Islington. She agreed for a suite of rooms, and coming down stairs, observed, that the bannisters were much out of  
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of repair: these, she said, must be mended before she could think of coming to live there. "Madam," replied the landlady, "that will answer no purpose, as the undertaker's men, in bringing down the coffins, are continually breaking the bannisters." The old lady was so shocked at this funeral intelligence, that she immediately declined all thoughts of occupying the apartments.

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ANECDOTE  
OF THE  
EARL OF ORMOND.

WHEN Lord Strafford was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he made an order, that no Peer should be admitted into the House of Lords in that kingdom without leaving his sword with the door-keeper. Many Peers had already complied with this insolent order, when the Duke, then Earl of Ormond, being asked for his sword, he replied to the door-keeper, "If you make that request again, Sir, I shall plunge my sword into your body." Lord Strafford hearing of this said, This Nobleman is a man that we must endeavour to get over to us."

BON.

## BON MOT

O F

*Sir Francis Blake Delaval.*

SIR Francis having married an extreme ugly lady, though very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? "Look ye," said he, "I bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for *fashion*."

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ON THE

## F E A R O F D E A T H.

THE certainty of death is so hourly evinced, that one cannot, without surprise, observe the indifferency of the greatest part of mankind to that awful event. They treat it as something at a distance, and forget that not a moment passes but many of their species resign their last breath to its original Author. Nay, when the solemn knell announces the departure of some neighbouring, long-known friend, and puts them in mind of their own speedy mortality; a downcast look, which vanishes with the succeeding day, or perhaps an involuntary sigh is the whole sorrow expressed on the trying occasion. The deity wisely

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ordained



ordained, that death should not at all times dwell upon our recollection, and disturb our worldly avocations; for then the duties of life, incumbent on us in our respective situations to perform, would have been entirely neglected, and the ends of our being rendered nugatory and ineffectual. But it is certain from the Sacred Writings, that he never intended the fear of death should be so totally erased by an attention to worldly objects, as to be thought of only upon a bed of sickness, or, occasionally, as a disagreeable occurrence to the memory. For it is necessary, and to us (as creatures designed for immortality) the most essential consideration that can engage our study. It is an opening to a vast unknown scene—the entrance into two states, where all mankind must take up an eternal residence—the one abounding with every felicity possible for us as immortal beings to experience—the other surrounded with darkness and inexpressible misery. Revelation and our own reason so fully confirm this belief, that the most daringly infamous are ashamed to own a contrary doctrine: and though the world has produced monsters of impiety who have not blushed to propagate the most erroneous and abandoned tenets, yet, on a near prospect of death, their cowardly souls have shrunk from their assumed greatness, and made them secretly confess what they had before

fore publicly affected to deny. To live well, and to act in conformity to the precepts of the Divinity, is the only possible means to leave the world in comfort. The real Christian sees with rapture a glorious immortality, and longs to rid himself of a cumbersome body, to attain the completion of his promised bliss; but very different is the situation of the man of the world!—scared and confounded at his past conduct, he is tired of existence, and wishes for total annihilation—he sees an eternity before him, but he sees it with horror—he shrinks back at the unwelcome view, and laments, without relief, that he had not early in life obeyed the dictates of his now accusing conscience.

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## HEROIC ACTION

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*Fabricius a Roman General.*

THE Physician of Pyrrhus having offered to Fabricius, the Roman General, to poison his master, Fabricius sent back that traitor's letter to Pyrrhus with these words: "Prince, know better for the future how to chuse both your friends and foes." To requite this benefit, Pyrrhus sent back

back all the prisoners: but Fabricius received them only upon condition that he would accept of as many of his; and writ to him, " Do not believe, Pyrrhus, I have discovered this treachery to you out of particular regard to your person, but because the Romans shun base stratagems, and will not triumph but with open force."

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## THE WISH

*Written by a Gentleman*

IN THE EAST INDIES, 1750.

O H, once again, ye gentle gales,  
 Waft me to Albion's shore;  
 To where Dorinda glads the dales,  
 Oh once more waft me o'er!

There circl'd in the fair one's arms,  
 My heart wou'd be at rest;  
 Secure of peace; and all that charms  
 Or calms the troubl'd breast.

But why this wish? 'tis fond, 'tis vain,  
 Since here I range the grove;  
 Self-vanish'd from Britannia's plain,  
 And from the fair I love.

Yet

Yet here, kind heav'n, and grant me this,  
 How hapless e'er my fate ;  
 May health, and each transcendant bliss,  
 Still on my charmer wait.

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## ANECDOTES OF MORVILLIERS,

### *Keeper of the Seals.*

**T**HIS high-minded Magistrate was ordered by his Sovereign (Charles the Ninth) to put the seals to the pardon of a Nobleman who had committed a murder. He refused. The King took the seals out of his hands, and having put them himself to the instrument of remission, returned them immediately to Morvilliers, who refused to take them again; adding, " The seals have twice put me in a situation of great honour; once, when I received them; and again, when I resigned them."

After the execrable day of St. Bartholomew, Charles the Ninth was inclined to throw all the odium of that detestable transaction upon the House of Guise; but was prevented by the suggestions of Morvilliers, who told him, that by acting thus he would conciliate the affections of the Catholics to the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine,

Lorraine, instead of preserving them entirely to himself. Charles took the advice, and immediately ordered a *process* to be instituted against the dead body of the venerable Admiral de Coligny, as against that of a heretic and a rebel.

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### KING GEORGE I.

A GERMAN Nobleman was one day congratulating this Monarch on his being Sovereign of this Kingdom and of Hanover. "Rather," said he, "congratulate me on having such a subject in one, as Newton; and such a subject in the other, as Leibnitz."



